★April 24, 1948

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THE NEW YORKER

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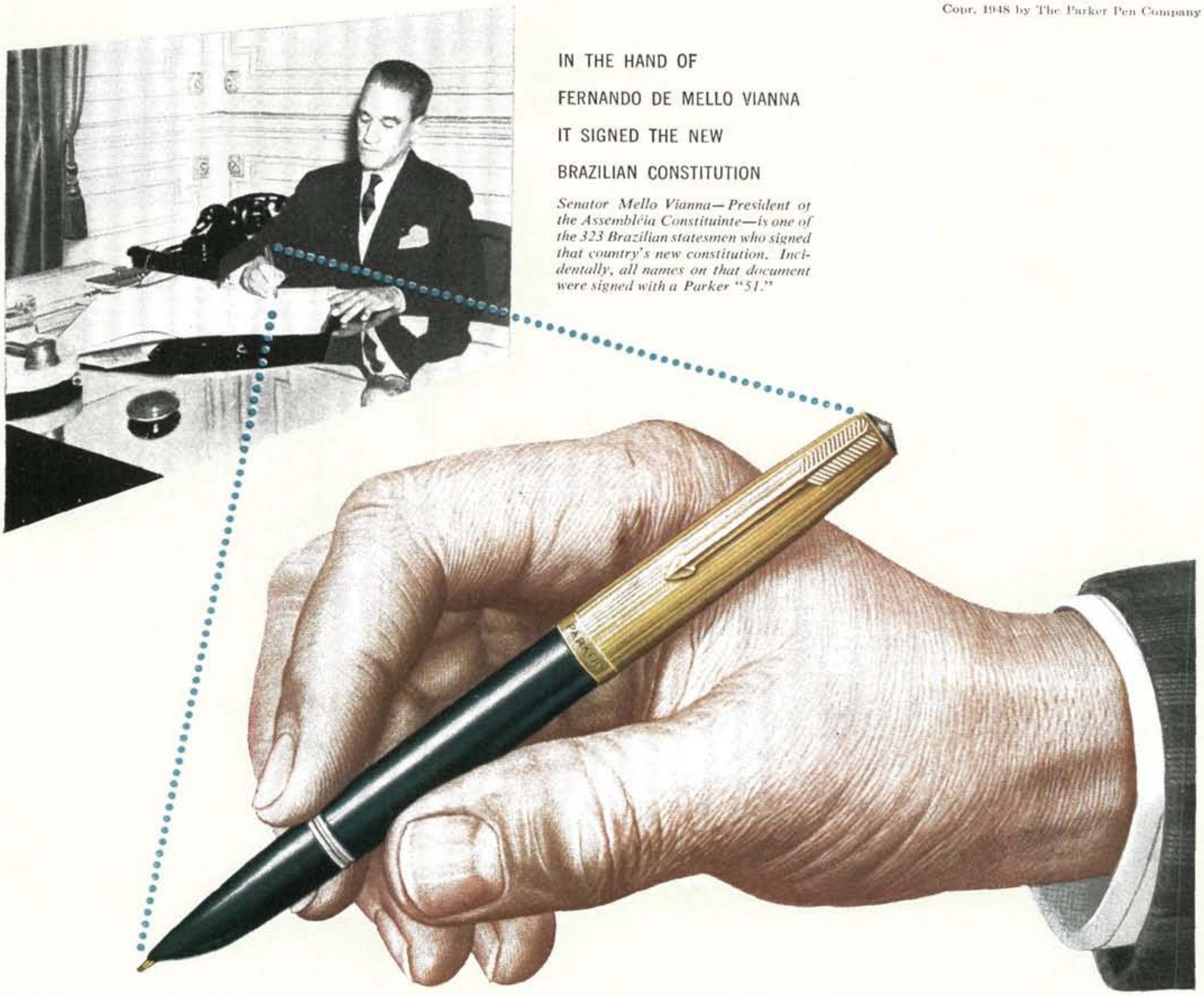

IN THE HAND OF FERNANDO DE MELLO VIANNA IT SIGNED THE NEW BRAZILIAN CONSTITUTION

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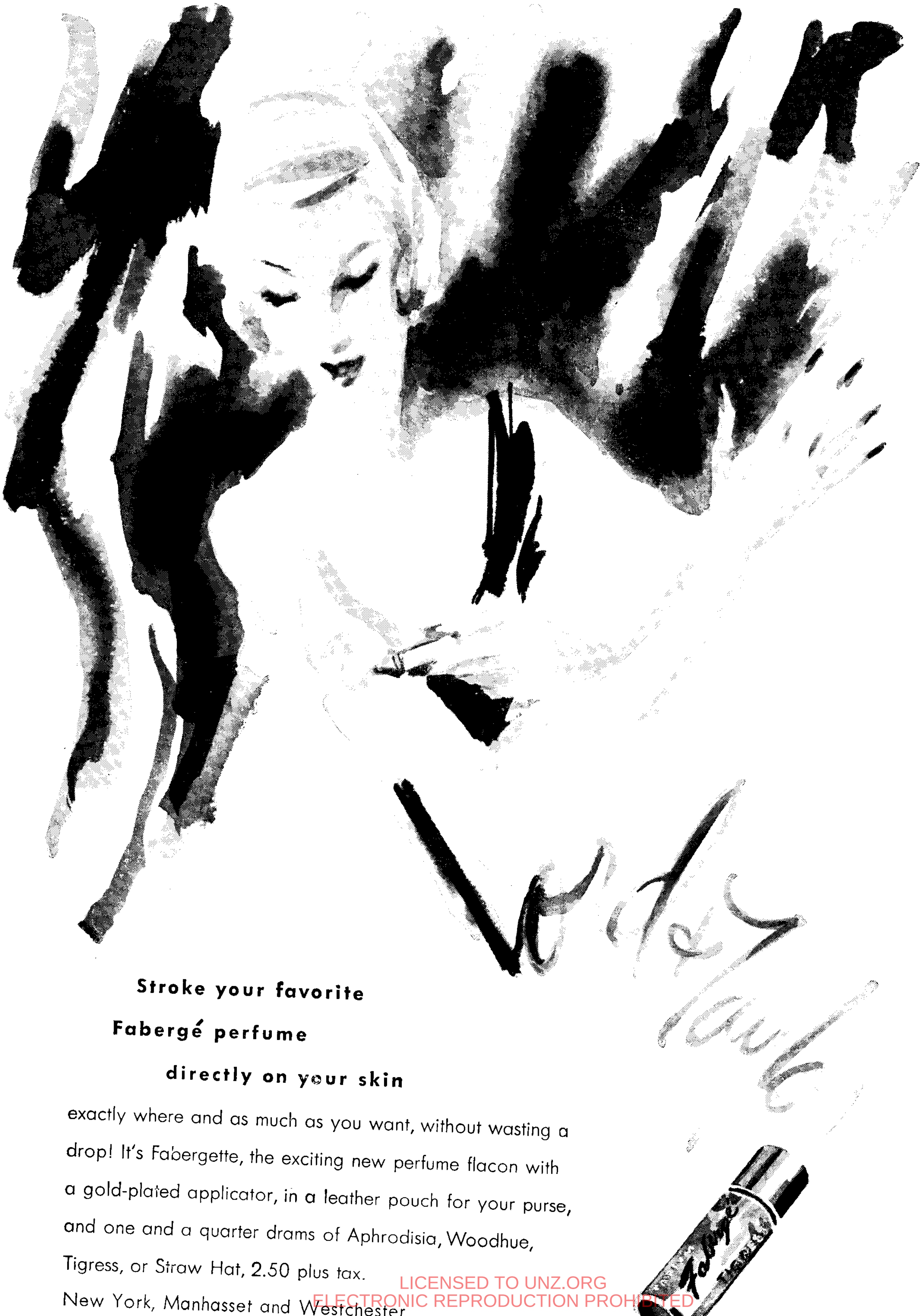

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New York, Manhasset and Westchester

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm does a great deal to alleviate a somewhat mechanical play. Also with John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and a heady play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent in a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—Standard but quite funny ribbing of Hollywood, combined with a social message that could hardly be delivered more childishly. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt do nice, decorative jobs as the hero and heroine, and Morris Carnovsky, Myron McCormick, and Mary Welch are also on hand. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Macbeth—Still a pretty exciting evening, though Michael Redgrave and Flora Robson seem rather lacking in power and Norris Houghton's staging may be unnecessarily eccentric from time to time. Also with Russell Collins, Geoffrey Toone, Whitfield Connor, and Beatrice Straight. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

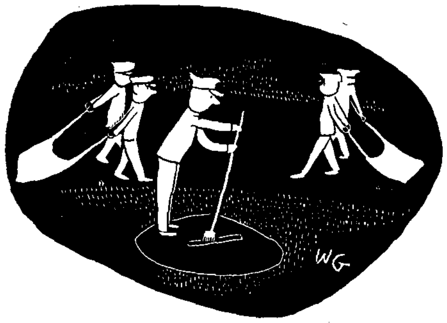
Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the theme a very pleasing production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, April 25.)

Me and Molly—A comedy distilled from a radio serial. It still sounds too much like a radio serial for its own good, but may entertain you spasmodically. The cast is led by Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Medea—Judith Anderson is overpowering as the bloodiest heroine in literature. Robinson Jeffers did the "free adaptation," and in the supporting cast are Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mister Roberts—A fine, funny, compelling job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, of turning a war book into a war play. Henry Fonda is at the top of a remarkable cast, which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's melodrama about a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Meg Mundy's performance is tremendous. "The Happy Journey," a monotonous bit by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

Strange Bedfellows—Ladies of tolerance and suffragettes are wildly mixed up in this comedy, and the total effect, unfortunately, is quite strained. Joan Tetzel and John Archer lead the big, enormously active cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' play about a woman's disintegration is one of the best things to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the major role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Winslow Boy—Except for a little interpolated romance, this Terence Rattigan play, based on a famous British trial, is most satisfactory. The cast, brought over from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** James Stewart, Josephine Hull, and that invisible, now aging rabbit. Starting Monday, April 26, Jack Buchanan will take over from Mr. Stewart. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Cup of Trembling—Elisabeth Bergner in Louis Paul's adaptation of his novel "Breakdown." The cast, directed by Paul Czinner, also includes Beverly Bayne, John Carradine, Hope Emerson, and Arlene Francis. Produced by Mr. Czinner and C. P. Jaeger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, and Roberta Jonay. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six extremely comic numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is fairly discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—This admirable company, which includes Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, is winding up its engagement here with "The Mikado." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 24.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a highly agreeable confection by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—This comedy about a wandering troupe of ballet dancers is handicapped by a silly story, but some of Jerome Robbins' choreography is very attractive, and Nancy Walker is a nice, indignant comic. Also with Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make a really engaging evening out of this revue. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, April 25.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **brigadoon:** Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun-

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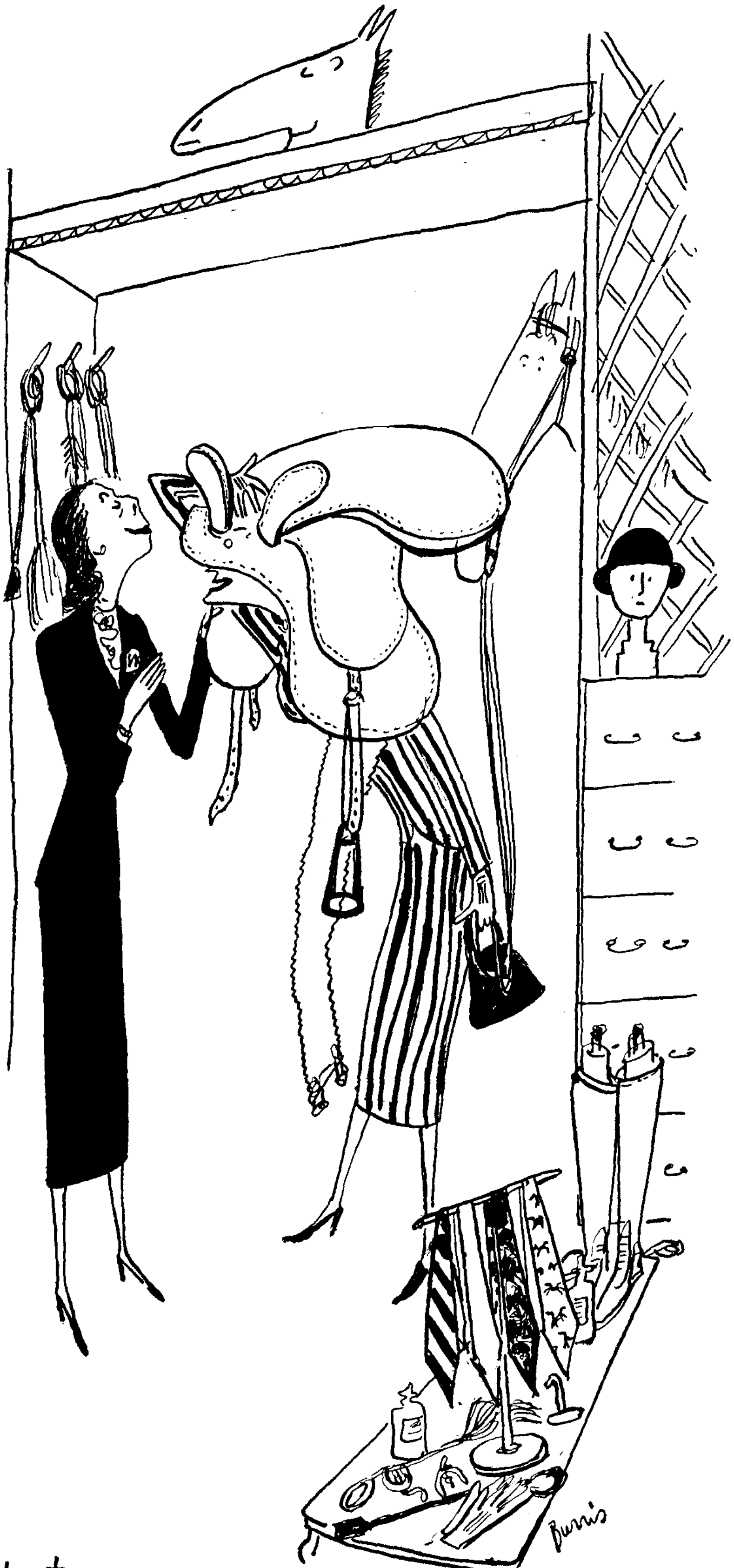
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 9, April 24, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. year $7.00; Philippine Is., Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

This is our Mrs. Whingait

MRS. WHINGAIT, an unbridled lover of horses, is Master of Hounds and Merchandise in Saks Fifth Avenue's Riding Shop. During leisure hours she chases foxes over fences in Westchester County, but at Saks she confines herself to giving advice on riding gear, and feeding the balkier customers lumps of sugar.

Most of the customers are as horse-happy as Mrs. Whingait. For instance, there was the blonde Kentucky filly who wanted a riding costume to harmonize with a dappled gray Pevine mare. Mrs. W. outfitted her in a dappled gray tweed, and according to latest reports, the mare seems to love it. There is also the Maryland woman who lugs her side-saddle up to Saks everytime she has a new riding skirt made, so that Mrs. Whingait can see the garment draped in its natural habitat. Once the woman offered to send her horse too, for the fitting, but Mrs. W. said whoa on that one. She's also inclined to curb novices who just want to hack around Central Park or a dude ranch and think they need a whole riding trousseau. She tells them tolerantly to start with inexpensive britches that won't bruise easy, and to dunk in a tub of hot Epsom salts immediately after dismounting.

Recently a fine strapping figure of a customer disregarded Mrs. W's aesthetic tip-sheet and insisted on ordering a canary yellow vest, royal blue jodhpurs, and uproariously plaid coat. Turned out she was a lady lion-tamer and wanted the costume strictly for business. Mrs. Whingait promised to go watch her tame some kings of the jungle, but she's nervous about how the lions will react to that color scheme. She can't help feeling they'll resent it as deeply as a horse.



Oh Mrs. Whingait — where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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25	26	27	28	29	30	1

days, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!**: Now and, apparently, forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(Since there are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, it's a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING—Louis Calhern in P. G. Wodehouse's adaptation of the Molnar play. Directed by Gilbert Miller and produced by Mr. Miller, James Russo, and Michael Ellis. Opens Wednesday, April 28. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

INSIDE U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley in a musical revue with sketches by Arnold Auerbach, Moss Hart, and Arnold B. Horwitt. The music is by Arthur Schwartz and the lyrics by Howard Dietz. Produced by Mr. Schwartz. Opens Friday, April 30. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HABIMAH—The National Theatre of Palestine, presenting a repertory of four plays in Hebrew. Opens Saturday, May 1, with "The Dybbuk." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The birds and the beasts are there, and the big baboon, by the light of the moon, is combing his auburn hair. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M. The doors open at 1:30 and 7, to accommodate those who like to amble around among the sideshows in the basement.)

BILLIE HOLIDAY—Up from the night clubs, this blues singer is putting on a show that's pretty much just Billie Holiday, but there are two or three supporting acts, too. Opens Tuesday, April 27. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesdays, at 9; extra performance Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida;" a benefit for the Lenox Hill Hospital. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday evenings, April 22-23, at 8:45. For tickets, call SA 2-8338.)

VAUDEVILLE SHOW —Willie Howard, Luba Malina, Myron Cohen, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday evening, April 24, at 8:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET THEATRE—Thursday evening, April 22: "Swan Lake," "Fall River Legend" (première), and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "Six Waltzes," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Shadow of the Wind." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "Six Waltzes," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "Billy the Kid," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 25: "Giselle" and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 25: "Romeo and Juliet," "Fall River Legend," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 27: "Petrouchka," "Apollo," and "Fall River Legend." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 28: "Interplay," "Billy the Kid," "Undertow," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 29: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Shadow of the Wind." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Princess Aurora," "Fancy Free," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Aleko," "Pas de Quatre," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Fancy Free." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

CHARLES WEIDMAN—With his company, in a brief engagement. (Mansfield Theatre, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, through Saturday, April 24, at 8:45. Matinée Saturday, April 24, at 2:45.)

BALLET SOCIETY—Presenting six new ballets—Thursday evening, April 29: "Renard," "Elégie," "Orpheus," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Renard," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Punch and the Child," "Renard," "Elégie," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Punch and the Child," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:45. Matinée at 2:30.)

DANCE RECITAL—Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, and William Bales, with their dance group. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, May 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—The orchestra of Lary Siry, who's as much of a Park Avenue landmark as the Ambassador itself, plays for dancing in the Trianon Room. No dancing on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Carlos Molina's rumba band and Harold Nagel's orchestra supply dance music all evening in the Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—The entire violin choir of Musicians' Local 802 at work on a relentless hearts-and-flowers repertoire. Mata and Hari's dances will make you laugh, though.

LE DIRECTOIRE, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers, proving that if they'd been around twenty years ago, vaudeville wouldn't be dead. Elegant dance music by Ted Straeter's orchestra; bustling dance music by Gao's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious country-club atmosphere, with cuisine and dance music (Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras) of a superior grade. Closed Sundays.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Hollywood exploding on your doorstep. Peter Walters is at the piano during cocktails and dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a new rumba band will take over on Wednesday, April 28.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The hamburger-and-champagne snack-bar some East Siders couldn't do without. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's an unassuming dinner-and-supper show in the Cotillion Room. Also Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room, Florence Desmond prances through some astringent, well warranted impersonations. Stuart Ross is at the piano. Dance music is supplied by Florian ZaBach's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the period-piece Rendez-Vous Room, the show, a good one, is provided entirely by the dressy clientele. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras alternate for dancing. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—The serenity of the expansive Oval Room is ruffled only slightly by the dinner music of Emery Deutsch's string orchestra; *no dancing.*

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Bouncy music by Johnny Guarnieri's trio and more romantic music by Hal Saunders' orchestra in the opulent Iridium Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Downstairs, against the background of the handsome Maisonette, Frances Maddux, serving up some of her words to the wise, along with the customary bland dance music. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, playing for a rather Continental audience in the Café Lounge. There's a brief and not especially noticeable show, too. Tea dancing every afternoon. No show on Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The eternal sophomore and the eternal prom trotter taking their ease, or what passes for it. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Brisson, making his suave way through his reliable repertory of songs. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At suppertime, the Sert Room has Tito Guizar, singing soulfully. Richly inlaid dance music all evening by Emil Coleman's orchestra, plus, at the supper hour, Mischa Borr's band. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Sparkling piano playing after nine o'clock (except Sundays) by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dance music after eight-thirty by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio in this pleasant corner. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A high-style background for (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) Les Crosley at the piano. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Dimly lighted and sedate, which is just right for Roger Stearns' piano music. *Closed* Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-

STAGE ENTRANCE

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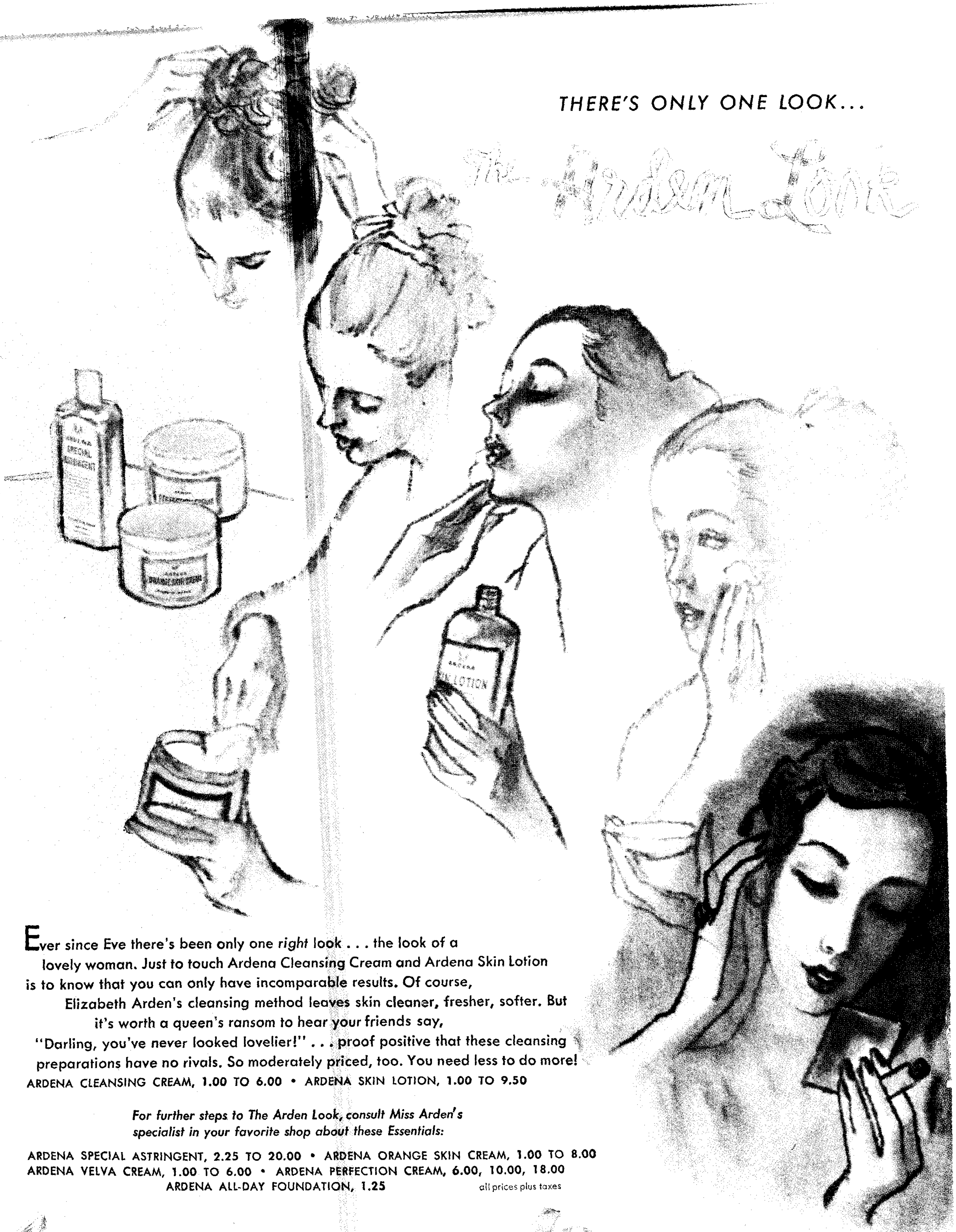

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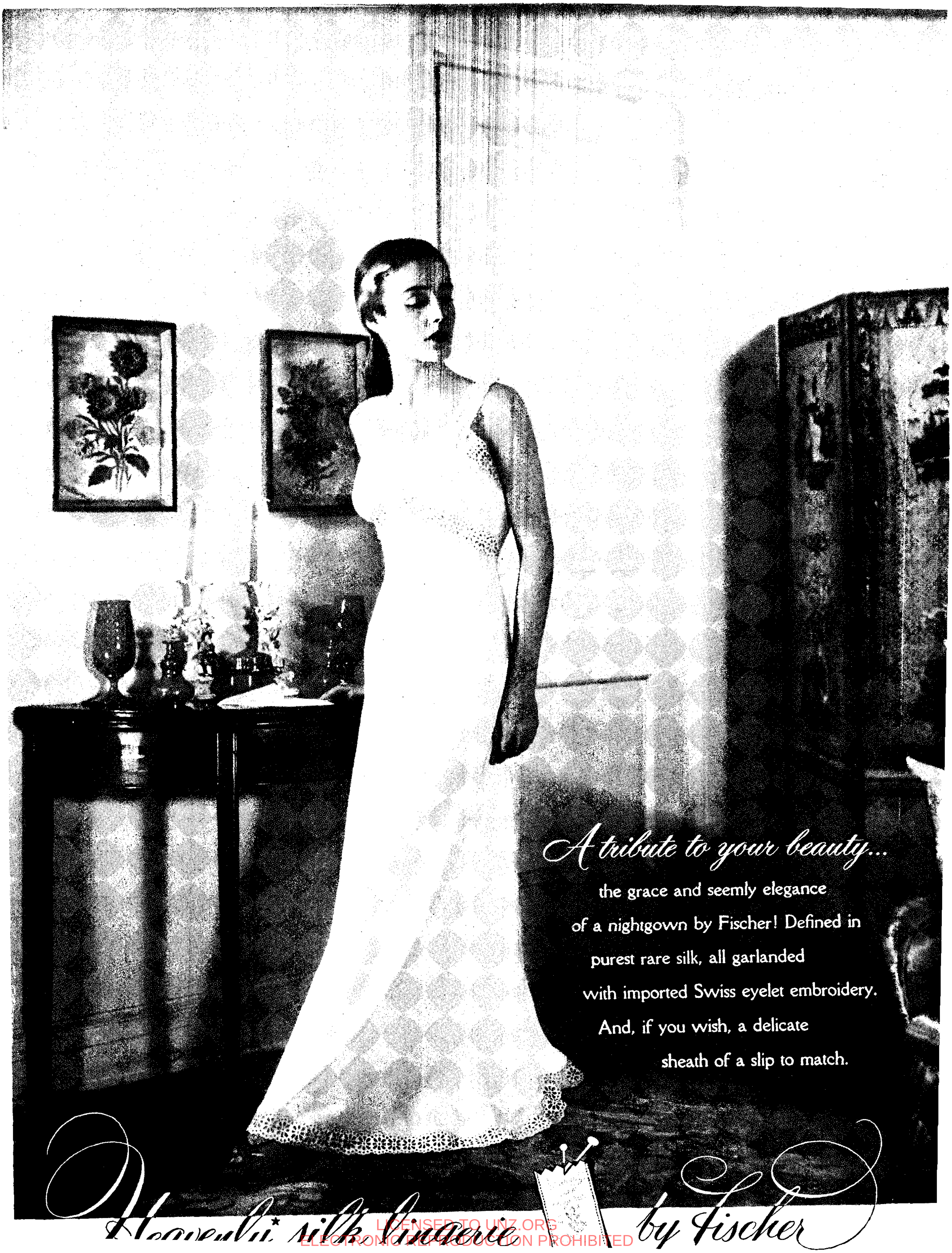

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirty, when things have quieted down here. No music Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Except Sundays, Maxine Sullivan, twinkling ever so brightly, from ten-thirty on, in this mountain bower. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Bunty Pendleton is back home, playing piano and singing, at cocktail time; Harry Taylor takes over later in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Facony, playing his violin, at dinnertime; the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **PERROQUET**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): Around ten every night except Monday, Julius Monk and Hugh Shannon tee off at their pianos, and later Mr. Shannon essays some neat torch songs. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, the old Left Bank chanticleer, shepherding Garland Wilson, Norene Tate, and Mae Barnes through their winning paces. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ JAMES**, 42 E. 50th St. (PL 9-3606): An appealing young meadowlark, Betty Lou Barto, making her first flight; Daphne Hellman's conversation piece at her harp. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty in this prehistoric but comfortable glade. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russian rambunctiousness, but of the Very Old School, of course. Twentieth-century dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborly level, with spirited indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A good enough show, starring Patricia Bright and Tony Craig. No show Sundays. . . . **ENCORE**, 9 E. 48th St. (EL 5-8226): Carroll Boyd, who has been playing piano here for years, will be involved (starting Wednesday, April 28) in an after-dinner show that includes Mervyn Nelson, the Deep River Boys, and the Cedric Wallace Trio. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A Broadway song-and-gag routine by Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, as well as Vivian Blaine, a strawberry blonde, with a topical ditty or two. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

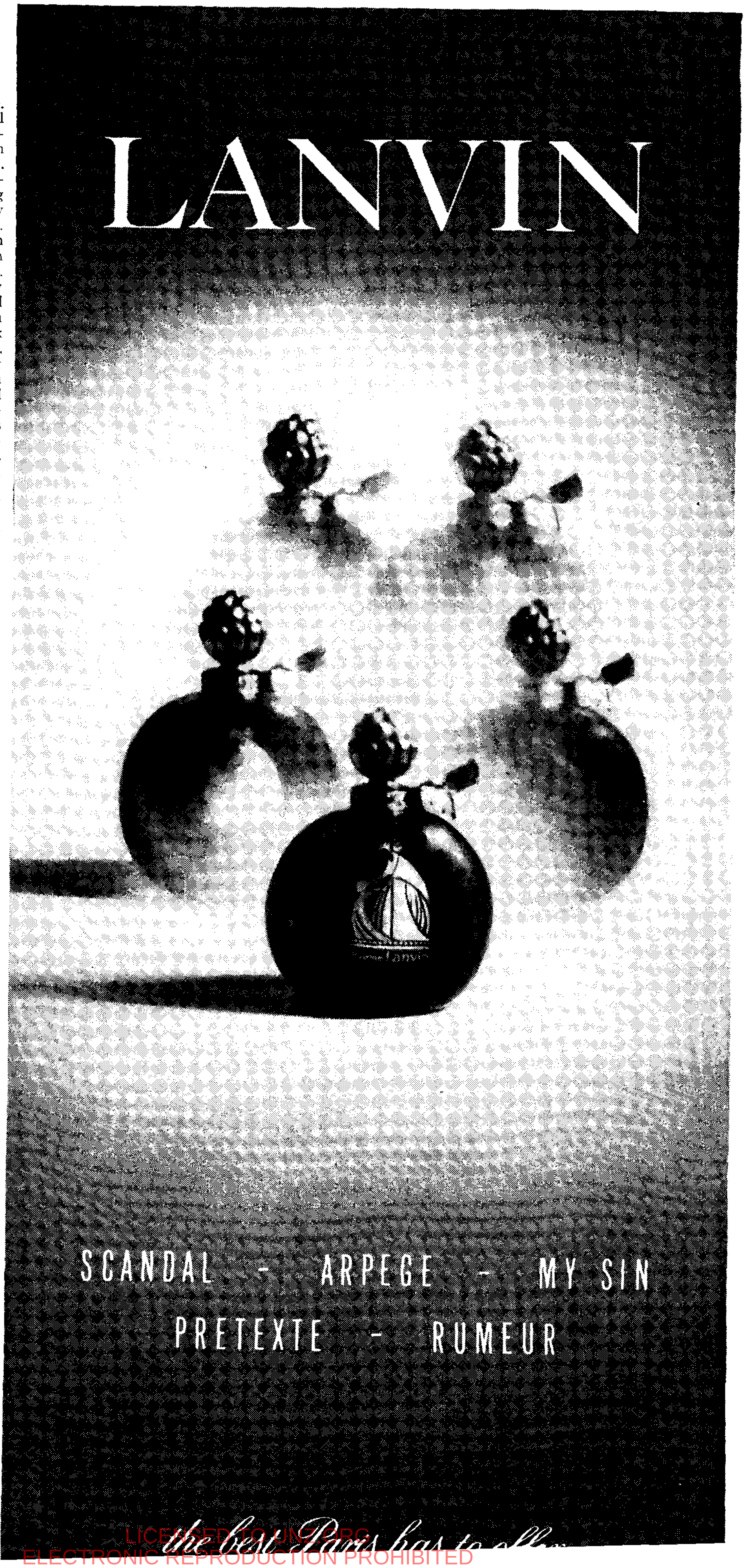
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5908): Alice Pearce, Irwin Corey, and Phil Gordon, all in a very merry state of mind. Latin songs by Monica Boyar, background music by the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Principally Paula Drake, a lass with some not very delicate but highly comic airs. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A Vanguard veteran—the folk singer Pete Seeger—and Melrose Colbert and Mary McCarty, two interesting newcomers. On Friday, April 23, Louise Howard replaces Miss McCarty. Dancing; closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A triphammer show, made up of Timmie Rogers, Gene Rodgers, Ginnie Powell, and the dazzling dance band of Ed Hall. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and those songs her mother never taught her. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless *noted.*)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his Admiral Farragut, or damn-the-torpedoes, trumpet style, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. Now and then, Joe Sullivan plays piano, in enviable fashion. On Tuesday nights, eminent visitors add to the uproar. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Freddie Ohms, Billy Butterfield, and their colleagues, making the neighborhood welkin



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Johnny Blowers' trio, and songs by Laura Leeds. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon. Dancing. . . . **Childs Paramount**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Every night but Monday, the Harlem rhythms of the ingenious dance band headed by Wilbur de Paris, which also affords Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. . . . **Royal Roost**, Broadway at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): This matter-of-fact cellar has the Three Flames to keep things simmering. . . . **Three Deuces**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): The eminent Errol Garner heading up a new trio.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

Commodore, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Woody Herman's orchestra. On Mondays, dance music only until nine, by a fill-in orchestra. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays and only after ten on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. . . . **New Yorker**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Shep Fields' orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Dick Jurgens' orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

Gifford Beal—New paintings, conventional in theme and showing proficiency in technique and composition. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

Hyman Bloom—Emotional and effective oils, most of them macabre, done in the last two years. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

Philip Evergood—New paintings, ranging in subject from vociferous social commentary to wholly delightful wry fantasy. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

John Ferren—Abstract paintings, pleasantly patterned, if at times a little devious in their expression. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

Maurice Freedman—Boldly painted, well-organized canvases, chiefly of Maine-coast subjects. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through April 24.)

French—At the **Perls**, 32 E. 58th St.: A new show of paintings and drawings by Utrillo, Dufy, Matisse, and others; through April 24. . . . **Marquié**, 16 W. 57th St.: A group of paintings by some lesser-known contemporary French artists, plus small works by Corot and Pissarro; through April 24.

Michel G. Gilbert—American scenes by a young Frenchman, done with restraint and taste. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 30.)

Raphael Gleitsmann—Sombre, reticently done oils of war ruins in Europe. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

George Grosz—A series of new, vivid, nightmarelike water colors, portraying the artist's conception of mankind's approaching doom. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 1.)

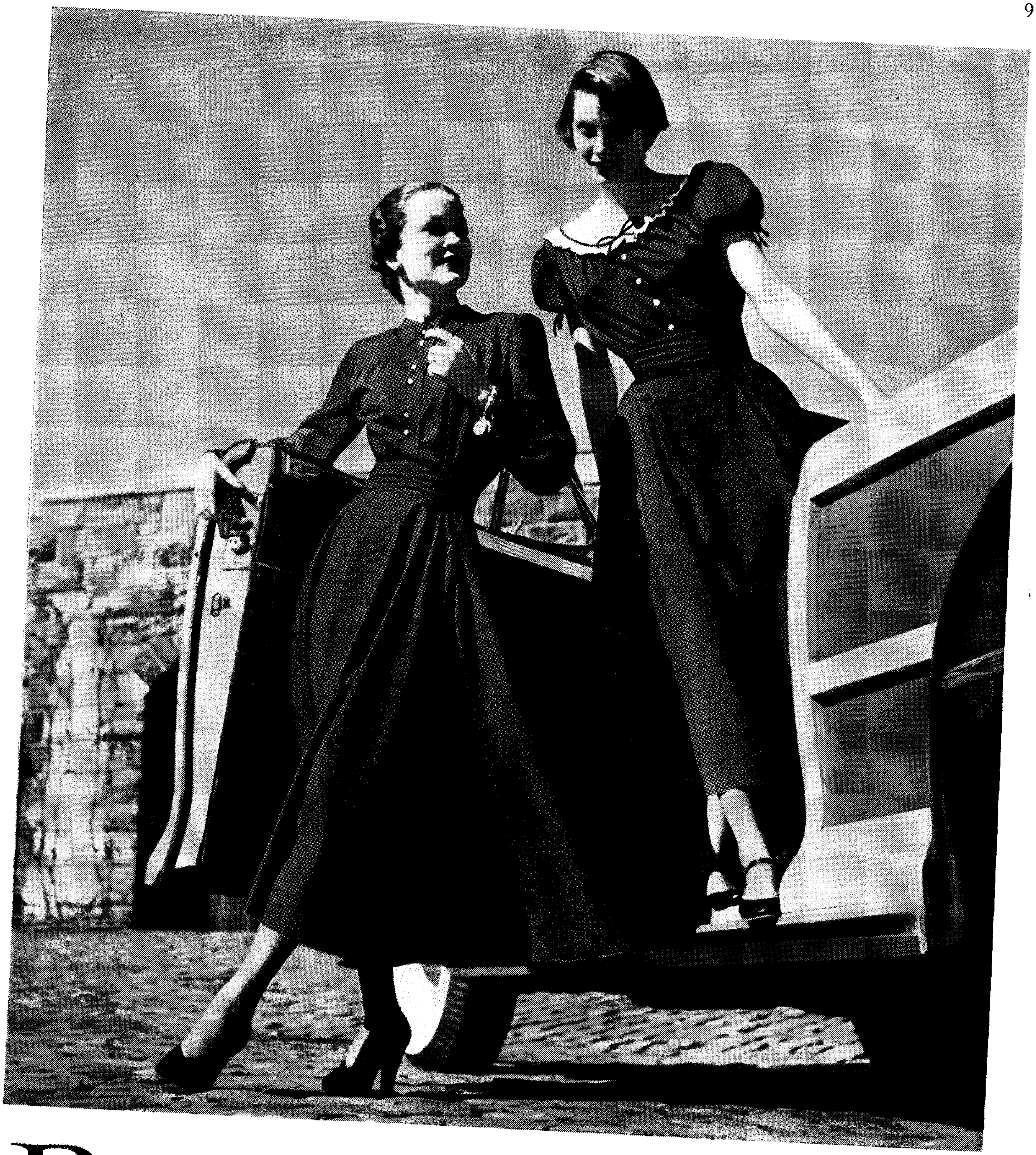
William Harnett—An unusual opportunity to see a roomful of this nineteenth-century American's strict and unerringly designed still-lifes. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through May 8.)

Lawrence Kupferman—Non-objective paintings, unusually handsome in their color and integration. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through May 1.)

Richard Lippold—Abstract wire sculptures in a delicate and unique style. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 8.)

Mariano—More of this Cuban painter's lushly colored and intricately filled canvases. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through May 1).

paintings in large



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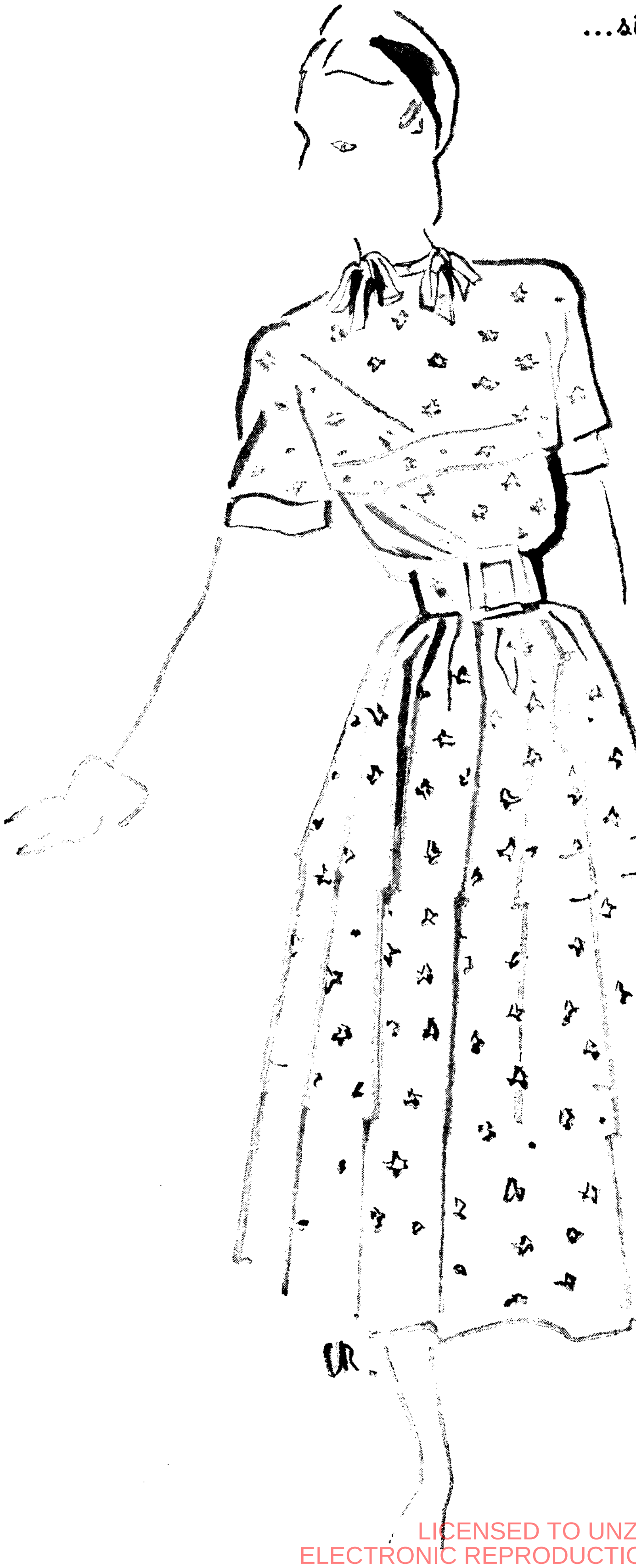

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

simple patterns, occasionally garish in color. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

Paintings of Ships—Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, and other Impressionists, in a series of ingratiating marine studies. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through April 24.)

Post-Impressionists—A generous, carefully selected loan show of works by Cézanne, Gauguin, van Gogh, Seurat, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Rousseau, for the benefit of the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through May 8.)

Morris Shulman—Figure pieces, expressively done in encaustic. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St., through April 23.)

Vlaminck—Eighteen oils and a couple of water colors, some early, some recent, and all of them rewarding. (Lilienfeld, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 1.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Wifredo Lam; through May 8. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paul Klee; through May 15. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.: David Hare; through May 8. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and trophies of the race track; through May 1. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Clifford Odets; through May 8. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Siv Holme; through May 8. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Modern French tapestries; through May 8. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Seymour Lipton; through May 8. . . . **SALPETER**, 128 E. 56th St.: Richard Peter Hoffman; through May 8. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Jan Gelb; through May 19. . . . **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57th St.: Marjorie Phillips; through May 8. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.; through May 1. **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.; through May 15.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's second annual show of prints. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—A Passover exhibition of paintings, lithographs, and antique ceremonial objects. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through May 1.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective showing of non-objective sculptures by Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner; through April 25. . . . ¶ A show by eighty contemporary photographers; through July 11. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum has inaugurated a policy of occasional one-man showings by contemporary artists with an excellently arranged retrospective of works by Yasuo Kuniyoshi. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances—Thursday evening, April 22: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 25: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 25: "Tosca." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée at 2:30.)

San Carlo Opera Company—Thursday evening,

Van Raalte

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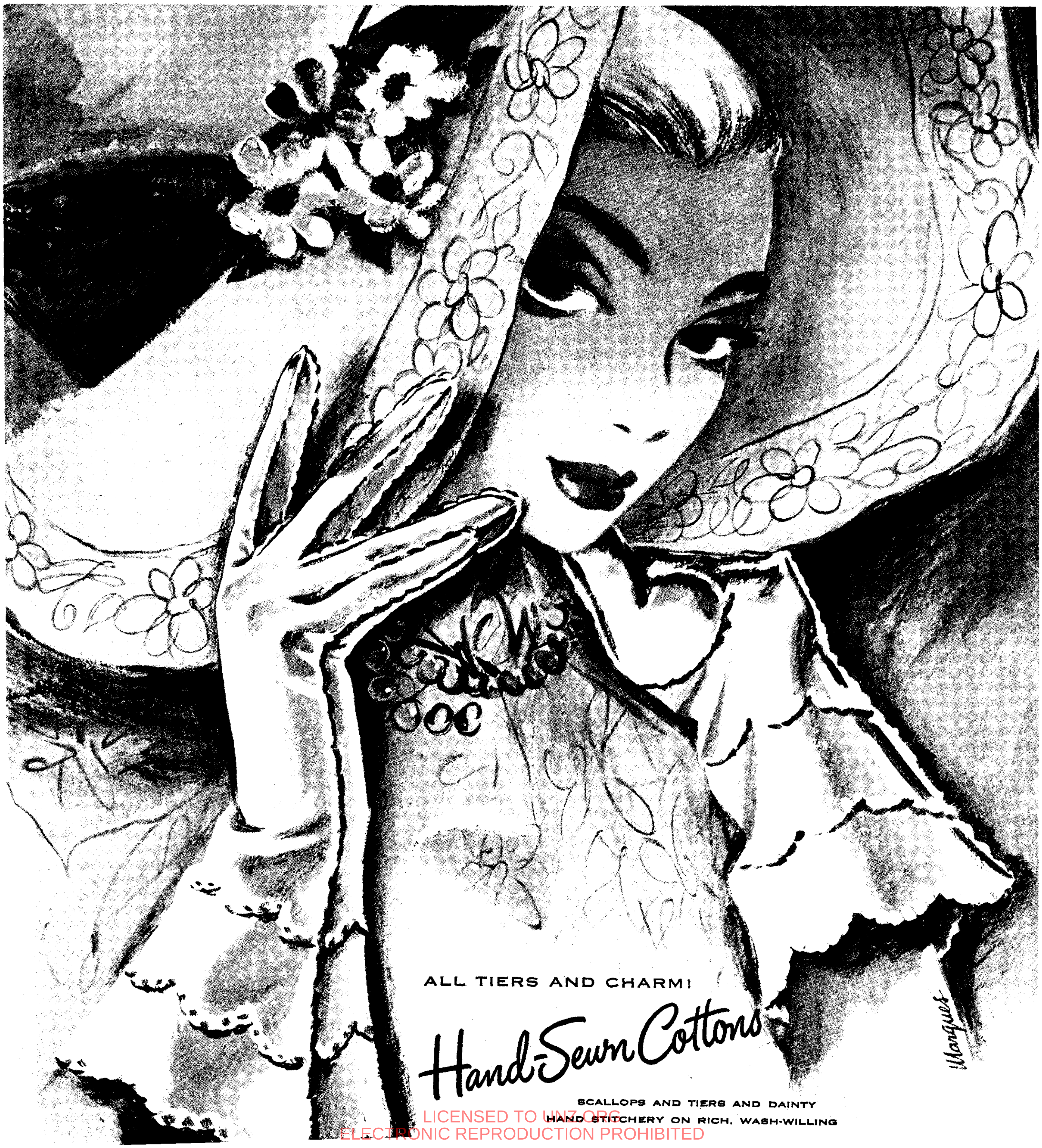

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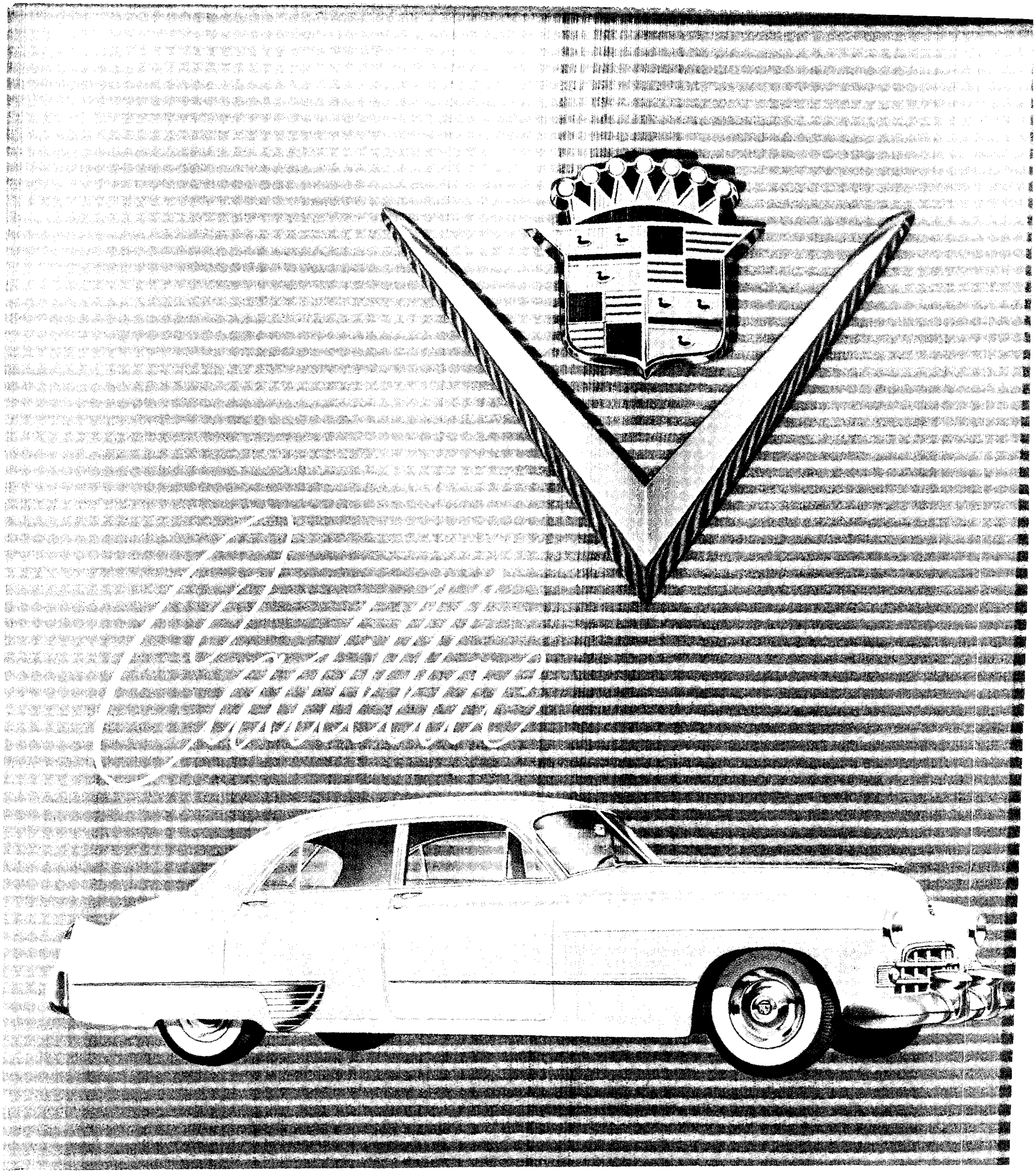

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ORATION ★

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, April 23: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 24: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 24: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 25: "The Barber of Seville." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 25: "Il Trovatore." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 29: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "Rigoletto." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:20. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

N.B.C. Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Arturo Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Requiem" and "Te Deum," with Nan Merriman and Herva Nelli, sopranos; William McGrath, tenor; Norman Scott, bass; and the Collegiate Chorale. A benefit for the New York Infirmary Building Fund. (Monday evening, April 26, at 8:40. For tickets, call PL 3-5242.) . . . ¶ Fritz Reiner conducting, with the finalists in the Rachmaninoff Fund's piano contest as soloists. (Thursday evening, April 29, at 8:30.)

National Orchestral Association—Paul Boepple conducting, and directing the Dessoff Choirs in Haydn's "The Creation." (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, April 23, at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 7-1228.)

Glee Clubs—Town Hall—Marymount College, Dr. Giovanni Camajari directing. (Friday evening, April 23, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Manhattan College, Brother Basilian directing. (Friday evening, April 30, at 8:30.)

University Women's Chorus—Morris Watkins directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, April 23, at 8:45. For tickets, call WA 3-8057.)

Carnegie Hall Pop Concerts—This year's series will open with a concert by sixty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Laszlo Halasz, with Maggie Teyte, soprano soloist. (Saturday evening, May 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Count Basie and his band, plus Buddy Rich and Billy Eckstine. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, April 24, at 11:30.)

George Gershwin Memorial Concert—Ray Bloch directing an orchestra and choir, with Genevieve Rowe, soprano; Stanley Freeman, piano; and others, in a program for the benefit of B'nai Brith. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday evening, April 22, at 8:30.)

Folk-Music Concert—Pete Seeger and Hally Wood. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, April 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday through Sunday, April 23-25, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 2 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, April 22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Monday and Tuesday, April 26-27, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Boston, Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, April 23, at 2:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 2:30 P.M.

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club. (Scarsdale, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25.) . . . ¶ Essex Troop Horse Show. (Newark, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, April 29-May 2.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 24.) . . . ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, May 1.)

Racing—At Jamaica—Weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Wood Memorial, April 24; the Interborough Handicap and the Youthful Stakes, May 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 24-25, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) . . . ¶ Junior Dramatic Workshop of the Walt Whitman School: "Midsummer Night's Dream Interlude," directed by Maria Ley-Piscator. (Walt Whitman School, 25 E. 78th St. Sunday, April 25, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call RE 4-0004, Ext. 11.)

COLUMBIA OPERA WORKSHOP—Presenting "Hänsel and Gretel." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 24, at 3 P.M. No reserved seats.)

MOVIES—Films of interest to small fry are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) . . . ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films every Saturday from noon to 5 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—A special session of the General Assembly, to discuss the Palestine question, is now in progress at Flushing Meadow. Four or five hundred seats for each plenary session are available to the public. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go.

PARADE—On Friday, April 23, there will be a parade of thirty thousand school children, some in folk costume, plus floats and a hundred bands, in behalf of the American Overseas Aid-United Nations Appeal for Children. Starting at 10:30 A.M., at Broadway and 40th Street, the marchers will proceed up Broadway to 59th Street.

FLOWER SHOW—The annual exhibition of narcissus. (Horticultural Society of New York, 598 Madison Ave., at 57th St., 16th floor. Thursday, April 22, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Spring Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—French provincial furniture and decorative objects, from the collection of Mme. Anna Guérin. (Exhibition, Thursday, April 22, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, April 23-24, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ English and American eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, owned by the late Mrs. Henry I. Riker and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, April 24, and Monday through Wednesday, April 26-28, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday, April 29, at 2 P.M.)

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Clocks should be set ahead one hour at 2 A.M., Sunday, April 25.

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, April 27, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Saturday, April 24, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Maggie Teyte, soprano, Monday, April 26, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—Charles Laughton in "Laburnum Grove," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, April 25, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Charles Laughton again, in "South Riding," Tuesday, April 27, at 10 P.M., WCBS.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

SPORTS—Racing: The Wood Memorial, from Jamaica, Saturday, April 24, at 4 P.M., WOR, WCBS.

TELEVISION—Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, April 25, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ The Circus, Sunday, April 25, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Dodgers are shown on WCBS, of the Yankees on WABD, and of the Giants on WNBT.

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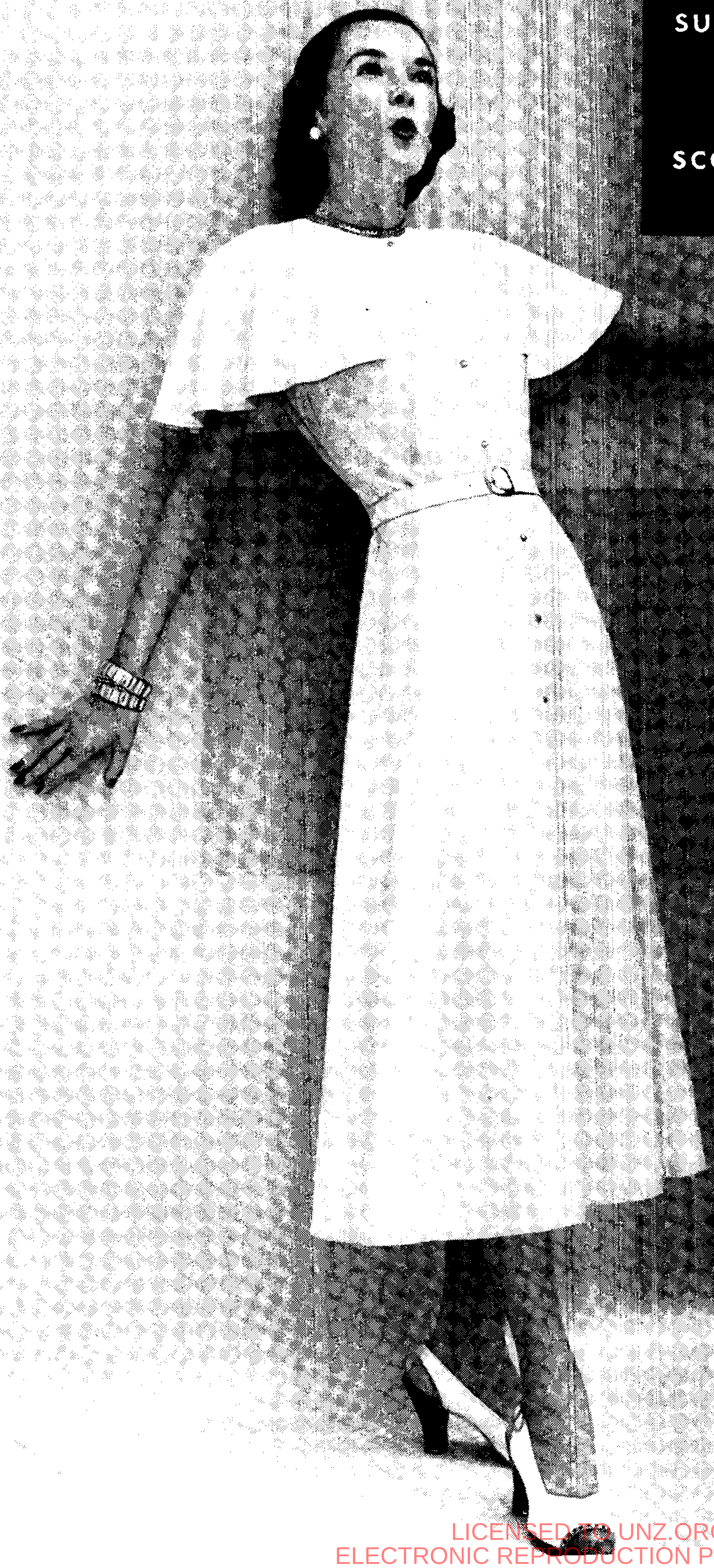

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

All My Sons—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play dealing with the danger of trying to make profits out of shoddy materials in wartime. The picture has a solid dramatic impact after it has got past a few fumbling initial scenes. The cast includes Mady Christians, Edward G. Robinson, Burt Lancaster, and Louisa Horton. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839.)

Call Northside 777—A pseudo-documentary recording the efforts of a scrubwoman to get her son out of a penitentiary. Not as taut as some films of this type, but often exciting. With James Stewart, Richard Coute, Lee J. Cobb, and Betty Garde. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting April 28.)

Captain Boycott—A demonstration of how the Irish used to handle oppressive landlords in the eighteen-eighties. Good acting, lovely scenery, and lots of rousing action distinguish this pleasant British item. Stewart Granger and Kathleen Ryan head the Anglo-Irish cast. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through April 25. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 23-26.)

Farrebique—A study of French farm life that gets under way slowly but soon stirs up a pretty intense interest in agrarian matters. The actors are French peasants. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Fugitive—Dudley Nichols wrote the screen play for this version of Graham Greene's novel "The Labyrinthine Ways," and John Ford directed it, but out of the highly promising collaboration has come more sound than substance. As a priest harried by an anticlerical government in Latin America, Henry Fonda is something less than persuasive, and the rest of the cast never manage to do much better. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 27.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attack on anti-Semitism that frequently offers homilies instead of drama but is, nevertheless, a short step in the right direction. Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire are in the cast. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas have a fine time in this film about the housing difficulties, urban and rural, of people in and around Manhattan. Funny stuff, based on the book by Eric Hodgins. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Nicholas Nickleby—Most of the old, familiar characters from the novel, presented neatly and fetchingly by a top-flight cast. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, Bernard Miles, and Alfred Drayton figure prominently in this British importation. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 26.)

Paisan—An arresting Italian account, in six episodes, of some of the results of the invasion of Italy. Directed with vast skill by Roberto Rossellini, who created "Open City." The cast is made up mostly of amateurs, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Pearl—The cloudy philosophy of John Steinbeck's parable about a pearl fisherman hasn't been quite cleared up in this screen version of the story, but the film is pictorially magnificent, and the cast of Mexicans conducts itself with impressive dignity. In English. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Search—A glimpse of the awful effects of war upon the lives of the children of Europe. As a small, stricken Czechoslovakian boy, Ivan Jandl, a nine-year-old refugee from Prague, is utterly convincing, and the professionals who surround him—Aline MacMahon, Montgomery Clift, and Jarmila Novotna—are first-rate, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

Shoe-Shine—The simply told tragedy of two Roman boys who get mixed up in the city's black market during the American occupation. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 22.)

Volpone—A Gallic version of Ben Jonson's comedy about an antic miser, which is one of the funniest movies in years. In the title role, the late Harry Baur is altogether hilarious, and he is given marvellous support by Louis Jouvet and the others in the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 28.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through April 23. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; April 24-27.)

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting April 27.)

A Cage of Nightingales (1947)—A French story of a schoolteacher who transforms a gang of juvenile hoodlums into lyrical cherubs. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 22.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 27.)

The Flame of New Orleans (1941)—Marlene Dietrich as a wicked siren. Also with Roland Young and Bruce Cabot. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 25-26.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-0304; through April 28.)

Hitting a New High (1937)—Lily Pons singing in a jungle, with antics by Jack Oakie, Eric Blore, and Edward Everett Horton. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 24.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 27-28.)

It Happened at the Inn (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; April 25-27.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 26-28.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through April 25: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Starting April 26: "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through April 28: "The Naked City," Barry Fitzgerald.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
ALL MY SONS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Kings of the Olympics," documentary film of the 1936 Olympics.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"State of the Union," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Farmer's Daughter," revival, Loretta Young, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"The Big Clock," Ray Milland, Charles Laughton.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through April 27: "The Miracle of the Bells," Fred MacMurray, Valli, Frank Sinatra
From April 28: "Letter from an Unknown Woman," Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
April 22: "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!," June Haver, Lon McCallister.
From April 23: To be announced.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through April 28: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"To the Victor," Viveca Lindfors, Dennis Morgan.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
THE SEARCH.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Winter Meeting," Bette Davis.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Are You With It?," Donald O'Connor, Olga San Juan.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
FARREBIQUE.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Who Killed Santa Claus?" (in French), Harry Baur.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"The October Man," John Mills, Joan Greenwood.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
"Antoine and Antoinette" (in French).

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through April 23: "Die Fledermaus" (in German).
From April 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"The Lost One" (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through April 23: "This Wine of Love" (in Italian).
From April 24: "Day of Wrath" (in Danish).

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-0583)
"Not Guilty" (in French), Michel Simon.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE MIKADO, revival.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
Through April 23: "The Smugglers," Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent.
From April 24: "The Damned" (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE PEARL.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

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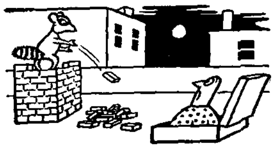
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

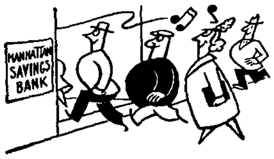
RECENT STRAWS IN A HIGH WIND: An official of the Canadian Department of National Health issued a warning that overenthusiastic carrot-juice drinkers are apt to turn yellow. A woman in Massachusetts announced that she has a mouse that trills like a canary; a family in Kentucky revealed that its pet woodchuck will stand for only one brand of cologne and soap; a man in Maryland was awakened in the night by the sound of thumping on the roof and found a raccoon tearing down the chimney, brick by brick; and a man in Ladysmith, South Africa, was reported to have a pet chicken that hates chickens and climbs in bed with the children every chance it gets. The nuns of the Myoshin Temple of the Zen sect, in Japan, demanded equal rights with the monks, and eight lay brothers of the Zenko Temple in Nagoya went on strike for an eight-hour day. A custom tailor in St. Paul reported that there are 29,888 stitches in a jacket, 9,561 in a pair of pants, and 7,740 in a vest. The title of a film being produced in Hollywood was changed from "The Pittsburgh Escapade" to "The Baltimore Escapade." A Maurice River, New Jersey, woman ate a hundred and eighty-six cherrystone clams in thirty minutes. A scientist stated at a meeting of the American Chemical Society that what bees feed their queens on is a kind of vitamin extract. Chief Wild Horse, of the Wampanoag Indians, in Massachusetts, quit as head of the tribe, announcing, "I've never been appreciated and I received absolutely no coöperation;" and the superintendent of the Seminole Agency, in Florida, reported that the Indians there have taken to wearing cowboy costumes copied from the movies. The Governor of Rhode Island deplored a law of the State of Massachusetts that makes residents of Rhode Island liable to arrest upon entering Massachusetts. James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, wrote to the *Times* protesting that local revolving doors go around too fast. A gang of child burglars in London turned out to have a member two years old. A Florida hunter developed a first-rate imitation of a wild-turkey call, went off to the woods to try it, and was hit by a load of bird shot.



AT 26 Broadway, in the offices of Socony Vacuum, the secretaries have been instructed to write letters in a new way. Everything starts at the left-hand side of the page. Salutation is omitted (no "Dear Sir"). Complimentary close is omitted (no "Yours very truly"). The new system saves two seconds per letter. Saves maudlin phrases. Imagine an oil company calling anybody "Dear," or even "Dearie." Just the same, the new letter form reminds us of the old saying: Nature abhors Socony Vacuum. So long, everybody!

"I'VE got somebody at Bergdorf Goodman's," we overheard a young man say at a cocktail party the other day. "She's marvellous! The things she tells me!" For an instant, we were back in the full-bodied days of Diamond Jim Brady, Lillie Langtry, and the Florodora Sextette. Then someone at our elbow said, "He's Cholly Knickerbocker's leg man," and the dream was dissipated. The epicene present closed in on us, and we snatched a tomato juice from a passing tray.

THE Eighty-sixth Street Branch of the Manhattan Savings Bank, in Yorkville, is believed to be the only banking establishment in the civilized world with an organ and a staff organist. The latter is a handsome, high-spirited lady with gentian-blue hair named Rosamond Tanner, a former student at the Eastman School of Music and a graduate of innumerable local cocktail lounges, and she has occupied her present post, which is commandingly situated in a grove of potted palms on a narrow balcony overlooking the banking floor, since August, 1946. "I arrived with the organ," Miss Tanner informed us when we called on her the other afternoon as she was playing a medley of conservative tangos. "The Hammond people were kind enough to recommend me. I can truthfully say that I've never for a minute regretted coming. My hours are noon to three, five days a week, and Friday evenings from five to eight. But anything is better than that racking, rat-a-tat-tat drinking-club life. Apparently, the bank doesn't regret it, either. Mr. Vettel, the senior officer in this branch, tells me that there's been a wonderful increase in new accounts in the last eighteen months. This makes me very happy. He's that nice-looking gentleman down there with the glasses who's humming and tapping his foot. 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' and Rimski-Korsakov's 'Scheherazade' are his favorites. I generally manage to work in one or the other of them every so often. But not too often, of course."



Miss Tanner's glance travelled appraisingly around the banking floor. Then, abruptly extricating herself from the music of the Argentine, she struck up the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." "In case you didn't notice," she remarked, "a lady just came in with a little boy. Children least, parents think they do. The really fascinating thing about my work here is that it's so psychological. I'm a lot more than an entertainer. I'm supposed most of all to offset all the cold-blooded marble and iron bars downstairs. The president of the Manhattan Savings Bank, Mr. Denton, thinks that banks should unfreeze and start acting human. I understand we were the first bank to put vases of fresh flowers on the writing counters. I'm one of Mr. Denton's most progressive ideas—I mean this organ is. Our other branches just have Muzak. This one used to, until Mr. Denton decided that live music would be more effective up here. This is probably the most musical neighborhood in town. You know, it's full of Germans and Viennese and Hungarians and Poles, and so forth. Another thing is this room happens to have practically concert-hall acoustics. Mr. Denton was intelligent enough to realize that it would be a crime to waste them on that poky old canned music. Why, if I ever let this instrument out, the roof might blow off. I had a little trouble of that kind at the start. The poor tellers had to almost shout at the depositors, and the officers had a terrible time with telephone calls. In a way, though, it was good, for it broke the ice. Now I play so they can listen to me with one ear and to the customers with the other."

A guard approached us on tiptoe, handed Miss Tanner a slip of paper, and departed reverentially. "Oh, dear," she murmured. "Another request for 'Near You,' and I played it only yesterday." She flung an ingratiating smile over the balcony railing and sailed gamely into the melting opening chords. "I try not to keep playing the same things over and over," she continued. "About a year ago, I deliberately went through fourteen sessions—six hundred different compositions—without a single repeat, except 'Say It with Music,' which is my opening theme song, and a few 'Happy Birthday to You's for special depositors. I must know well over a thousand things now. My specialties are pops, standard semiclassics, and groany mood music." We asked Miss Tanner if her employers ever attempted to guide her hand. "Certainly not," she replied sternly. "They have perfect confidence in my integrity. Mr. Vettel did ask me once never to play 'No More Money in the Bank,' but I'm sure he was just joking."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There's a picture of a Brahma bull on the cover of the current issue of *Holstein-Friesian World*, and on the table-of-contents page there's a line giving due credit: "Cover by Brahma Bull."

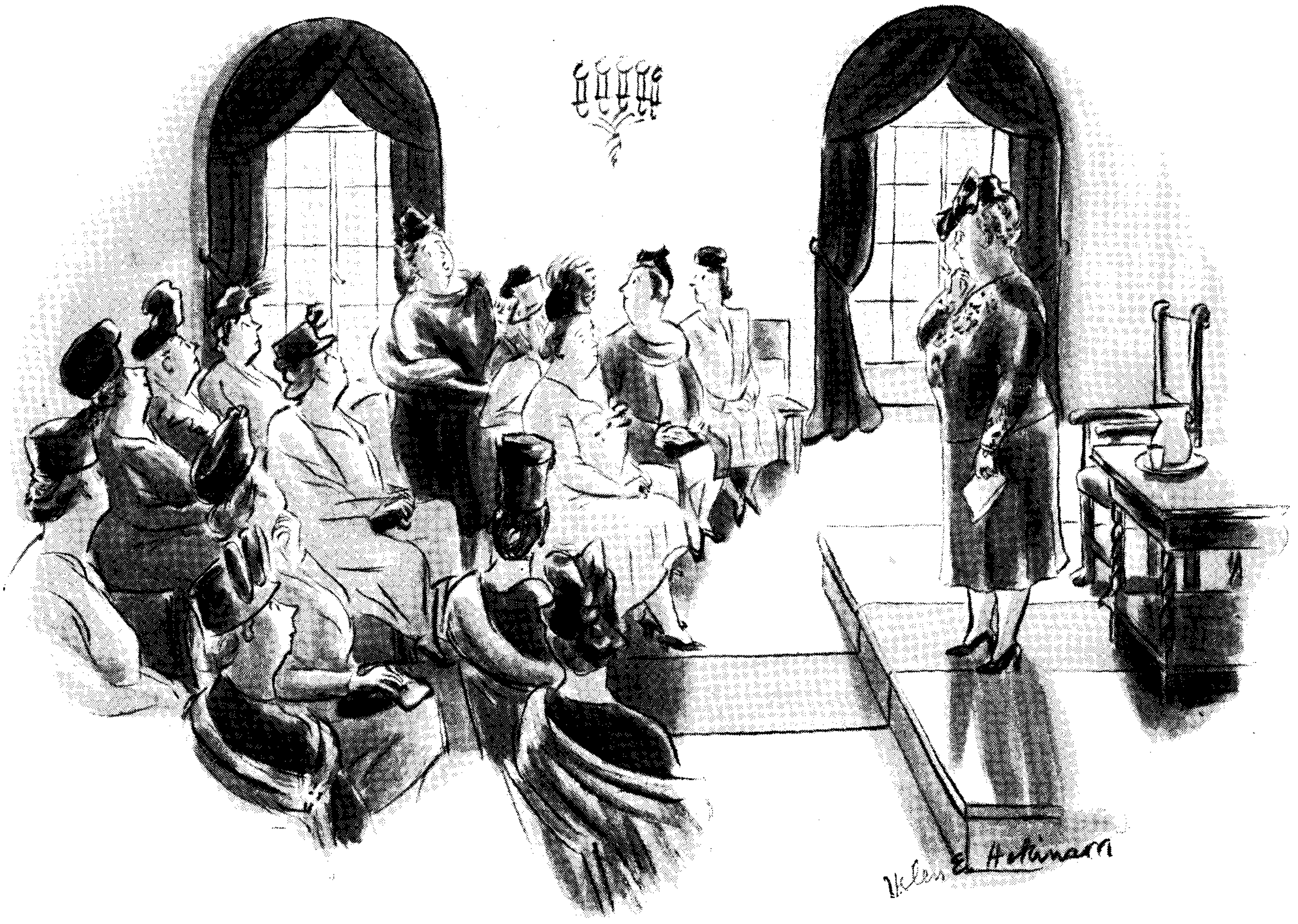
A sign posted beside the ticket window of the Monroe Theatre, First Avenue and Seventy-fifth Street, admonishes its patrons: "No ice cream, charlotte russe, or Jell-O allowed in this theatre."

Our Own Baedeker

COLOMBIA is South America's northernmost nation, thanks to a cape that juts above Venezuela; the continent's third largest in population, with an estimated 10,545,000 ordinarily peaceable souls; the fourth largest in size, with an area three times that of Montana; and the only one that touches both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. It was named for Christopher Columbus, but Christopher Columbus never saw it. Topographically, the country varies from steamy tropical jungles and savannas, which comprise over half its territory, to a mountain system composed of three Andean ranges with snow-covered peaks, some of which are more than eighteen thousand feet high. Four-fifths of the people live in the mountainous region, well back from the coast, at an altitude of from five to nine thousand feet, where the climate, despite the nearness of the equator, is invigorating. Because of the difficulty of getting overland in such country, the best way to travel is by air, a fact recognized as early as 1919, when South America's first commercial airline, the Sociedad Colombo-Alemana de Transportes Aéreos, was started there by a group of Germans. Colombia is the world's greatest source of emeralds, its output coming mainly from the crater of one particular extinct volcano. Among other products are oil, gold, bananas, platinum, little boxes lined with rabbit fur, and coffee, which is generally considered one of the best coffees grown anywhere. It is mild. Imported here, it costs half again as much as Brazilian coffee.

The conquistadors took possession of Colombia for Spain in 1538, calling it New Granada. They found Indians of the Chibcha race, who were almost as highly civilized as the Incas and Aztecs, and at once liberated them, although the Chibchas were not entirely clear from whom or what. Thereafter, things ran reasonably smoothly in Colombia for several centuries, except for the repeated sacking of the Caribbean port of Cartagena by pirates. This led to a decision of the local administration to build a wall fifty feet thick around the city. This was completed in a hundred years, by which time half a million Negro slaves had worked on it. In 1819, Simón Bolívar proclaimed Colombia the Republic of Gran Colombia and free from Spain, and in the next sixty-seven years the country probably set a world's record by changing its name five times, becoming, successively, the Republic of New Granada, the Granadine Confederation, the United States of New Granada, the United States of Colombia, and, in 1886, the Republic of Colombia, which it still is. Despite this apparent political unsteadiness, Colombia has had only four dictatorships in its history, all short. No Colombian president has ever been assassinated, and in general the country has been considered one of the most peaceful and liberal of our neighbors to the south, a state of affairs we trust will not be jinxed by this mention.

Colombia has jaguars, panthers, bears, armadillos, amphibious rats, and guacharos, or oilbirds, which are large, red-brown, cave-dwelling birds whose fat is used instead of butter. One of the spectacular oddities of the country is a series of connecting caverns inhabited by these creatures, called the Cave of the Oilbirds. The natives make no wine, being quite content with *chicha*, or corn beer. Bogotá, the capital, is 8,700 feet above sea level and is the cultural center of the country. It is a chilly city of four hundred thousand persons, most of whom are given to complementing the weather sartorially by wearing gray or black. A century or so ago, it was more or less known as the Athens of the New World, and to this day it is one of the few places in the hemisphere where a poet can fill a big recital hall. It has a



"I just want to say that I'm perfectly willing to serve as treasurer, provided every penny doesn't have to come out exactly even."

• •

fine bull ring, with a record of more accidents to fighters than any other in the whole Hemingway belt. Until lately, about the only notable violence in Bogotá has occurred in movie theatres. It is the custom there for members of a cinema audience who are disappointed in a film to stick the bases of lighted matches under their fingernails and then hold their hands aloft, as a warning signal. If the film isn't stopped by the time the matches burn down, the patrons start tearing up the seats. Among the smaller Colombian communities are dreamy old Popayán, whose tradition-bound inhabitants put on miracle plays that have never been changed since the place was founded, and Medellín, the nation's principal industrial city, which is doubly blessed by having a constant springlike climate and families of twenty children, circumstances that may not be unrelated. In the eastern area, near the Venezuelan border, dwell Indians of the fierce Motilone tribe, who have frustrated anthropologists by never allowing, as far as the anthropologists can learn, any outsider to study or adopt their culture. Certain other Colombian Indians are famous for making pottery with their feet.

Narrow Escape

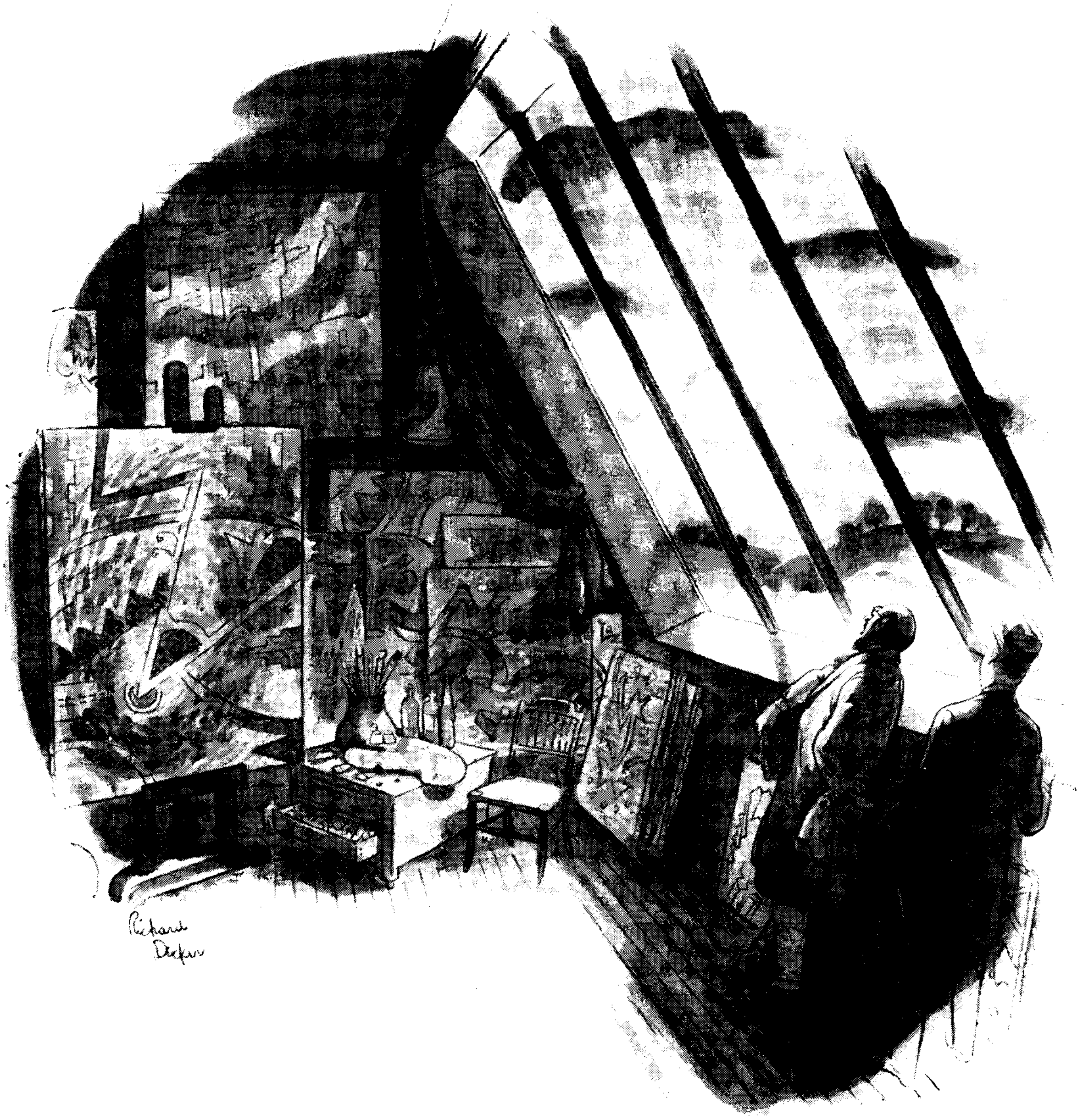
A GENTLEMAN with a place in the country that he likes just as it is, and on which he intends to make no changes whatsoever, visited it for the first time this season a week or so ago and was gravely perturbed by the following note, which he found tucked under the front door:

DEAR FRIEND:
We were here to build your lake, but you weren't home.
Very truly yours,
WILLIS JAMESON

Hair Microscopist

WE recently came upon a copy of "Birds of Prey of Northeastern North Amer

Hausman, professor of zoology at the New Jersey College for Women, Rutgers University, and read on the dust jacket, "Mr. Hausman is an authority not only on birds but also on the microscopic study of hair. He has served as consultant and investigator in many legal cases involving identification of hair." We got in touch with Professor Hausman, and presently, at lunch (he comes into town once a week to confer with his publishers), we extracted from him a brief account of his double-barrelled life. "My real interest is hair," he said. "I've written four ornithological books, but this bird business is really an avocation. I'm getting drawn into it more and more, though. It's a vortex. The tail is almost wagging the dog." Hausman, a serious, intense man who has a decided limp, got interested in hair microscopy at Cornell, of which he is a 1914 graduate, a 1916 M.A., and a 1919 Ph.D. He taught zoology there for three years and then went to Rutgers. He began turning out pie



“It certainly is beautiful. Sometimes I regret it isn’t the sort of thing I do.”

• •

Commercial Fur Hairs” in 1920 and has long acted as an expert witness, generally for the state, in court cases requiring hair identification. In some of these, a man’s life may literally hang by a hair. Called in by the State of Oklahoma on a rape-murder case in Tulsa, Hausman examined hair found on objects in the murdered woman’s room and reported that none of it belonged to a suspect who had been held in jail two years. Largely because of his testimony, the man was freed. Hit-and-run cases have increased Professor Hausman’s hair-identification activity. In Rochester, for example, a pedestrian hurrying across a street ran into the side of a jeep driven by a soldier and was knocked down. The soldier, who was trying to get to his feet, he had been run over by a limousine, which hadn’t stopped. No one else had seen the accident. The pedestrian was found to be dead. The soldier had taken the license number of the limousine. A hair discovered in a bloody dent on one of the fenders was flown to Rutgers, along with several of the victim’s hairs. Hausman pronounced them from the same scalp. The jeep driver was cleared. “A funny accident,” Hausman said to us. “Gracious!”

On another occasion, a fourteen-year-old boy was killed by a mountain lion near Okanogan, Washington. Two mountain lions were subsequently shot in the vicinity, and hair balls from their stomachs and hair from the boy’s head were sent to Professor Hausman. He identified the contents of one of the hair balls as having come from the dead boy. “I got the hunter who had shot this animal to dig up its entrails, which he had buried, and they yielded fragments of the boy’s clothing,” he told us. “The man got a thousand-dollar reward the state had posted for the guilty mountain lion. They attack humans only when they’re too old to overtake their usual game.” Professor Hausman said that four elements—the medulla, the cortex, the cuticular scales, and the pigment granules—vary in shafts of hair. “They rarely vary in precisely the same way in hairs from two persons,” he said, “or from two animals of any kind.”

Professor Hausman often testifies in cases involving furs. One of these centered on a lady who was bequeathed a mink coat by her mother and rigged up a crooked appraisal of it as “dyed mink;” value, $1,000. She listed it this way for inheritance-tax purposes. The internal-revenue collector called in Hausman, who pronounced it natural mink, fibres untreated. It was reappraised at $6,500. The lady was reappraised by her friends. “Not only was she trying to keep the tax down,” said Hausman, “but she had planned to sue the company that had sold the coat for overcharging her mother. That was a funny one.”

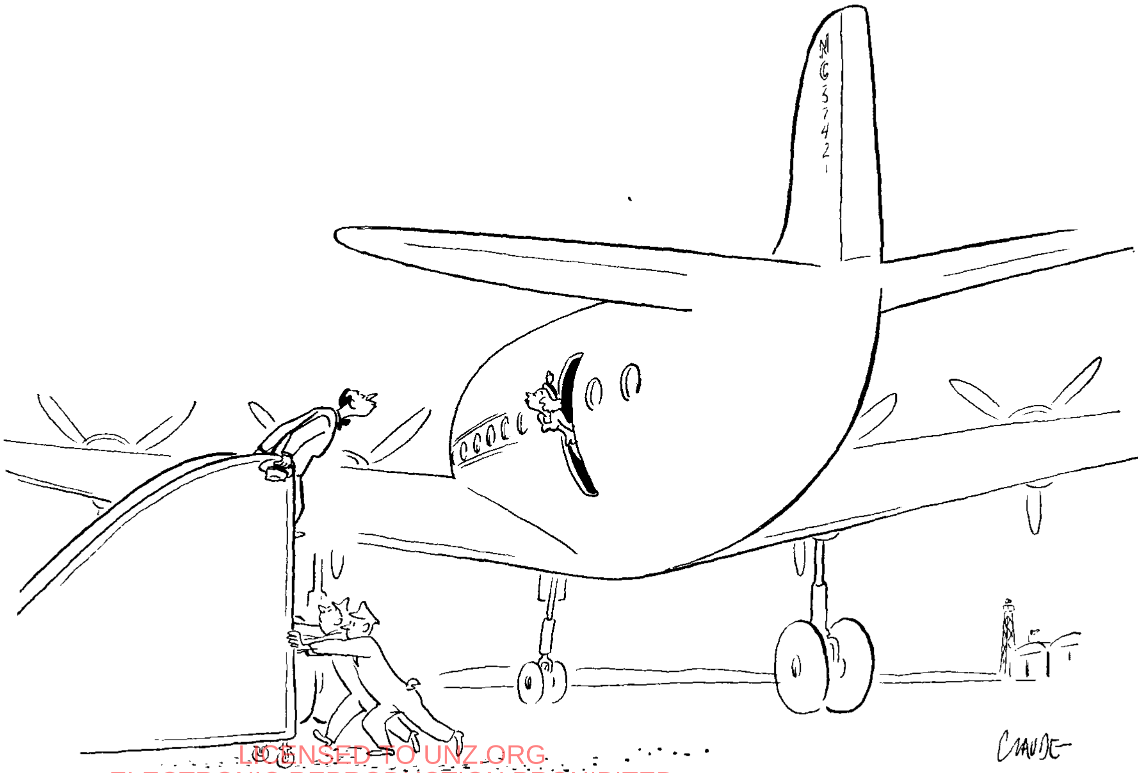
Now, as to birds, Professor Hausman, who was born and bred in New Haven, became aware of these creatures there and at a country place his father owned on the Sound. “My parents loaded me up with books on natural history,” he said, “and gave me my first pair of bird glasses when I was ten. A couple of years later, I became permanently lamed from an infected foot. It seemed the most awful curse then, but it was an absolute blessing—made me cut out baseball and gave me more time for birds." Hausman is married to a botanist, Ethel Hinckley Hausman, whose "Beginner's Guide to Wild Flowers" will be published at the end of May. He also has a book, called "Beginner's Bird Guide," coming out next month. He thinks the combination constitutes a kind of connubial publishing record. He is the author of many pamphlets, such as "The Vireos, Cuckoos, and Shrikes of New Jersey" and "The Swallows, Goatsuckers, and Swifts of New Jersey," and of the "Bird of the Week" column in the Newark Sunday *Star-Ledger*. Despite his lameness, he and his wife tramp around every summer—they've covered the White Mountains, the Yorkshire moors, and the southern Apennines—studying birds and plants. "Hair microscopy and birds make a wonderful pair of interests," he said. "After intensive indoor winter work with the microscope, it's a great relief to get out of doors with a pair of binoculars."

Bewilderment

A WHILE ago, in these columns, we took note of a stern manifesto issued by the Institute of Contemporary Art, in Boston, complaining about a "cult of bewilderment" that the Institute accused other modern, or contemporary, museums of art of fostering. We have just heard from a lady who looked in on the Institute's current exhibition of the work of Le Corbusier up there. She reports that a placard explaining a set of the architect's designs for the League of Nations Palace proclaims, "No other plans of Le Corbusier present such a fusion of the dynamic and the imaginative—such a challenge to belief." A few feet away, some of Le Corbusier's designs for the Palace of the Soviets are on display, with their own accompanying placard. It declares, "No other plans of Le Corbusier present such a fusion of the dynamic and the imaginative—such a challenge to belief."

Magic Blend

WE tactfully tossed aside a Chesterfield and entered the Rockefeller Center offices of the advertising firm of Ted Bates, Inc., one day last week to investigate the genesis of Life, the new cigarette. We presently were in the company of a pair of Life enthusiasts, the Messrs. William Kerns and Benson Inge. "Life," said Mr. Kerns, "was not born yesterday. It took Brown & Williamson two years to evolve this cigarette, and Brown & Williamson are the firm that makes Raleighs, Viceroys, Kools, Wings, and Avalons. The cigarette was extensively tested at the University of Louisville by Dr. R. C. Ernst, a Brown & Williamson consultant, who undertook to find a smoke that wouldn't be too long—men think long cigarettes are effeminate—and yet wouldn't be as short as an ordinary cigarette. You can imagine the work that went into Dr. Ernst's studies, and don't forget that, into the bargain, he had to test the taste of blend after blend after blend." "These cigarettes got any apple honey in them?" we inquired. "That I wouldn't know," said Mr. Kerns. "Got any latakia?" we continued. "I wouldn't know that, either," said Mr. Kerns. "How are they on the T-Zone?" Under our hammering, Mr. Kerns admitted that Life cigarettes have but three principal distinctions—their length (they're about a third of an inch longer than regular cigarettes), their blend (a combination of domestic and Turkish tobaccos), and their paper, which is "wet-proof." "You can plunge a Life into a glass of water," said Mr. Kerns, "and the paper won't get wet. Of course, the tobacco gets wet, so it's not a very good idea, except to demonstrate the wet-proofing." We inquired as to the point of bringing out a new cigarette when there are so many on the market already. "Listen," said Mr. Kerns. "Procter & Gamble have soap in every category. But do you think that prevents them from bringing out new soaps? No. The keystone of marketing is to be aware of the great variety in American taste." "Absolutely right," said Mr. Inge. "In five days," said Mr. Kerns, "I've become sold on Life." "Five days?" we murmured. "Well," said Mr. Kerns, "this agency has only had the Life account since last Thursday. You see, Foote, Cone & Belding gave up the Lucky Strike account, which then went to Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, who had the Life account. Just so they wouldn't have conflicting company accounts, B.B.D. & O. surrendered Life to us. It's their campaign we're using now. Of course, we've had to check and implement it." At this point, a well-tailored Southern gentleman entered the office, and he turned out to be William Cutchins, vice-president in charge of advertising of Brown & Williamson. "Terrific, terrific, terrific," said Mr. Cutchins, about Life cigarettes. "They look hotter than a ten-cent-store pistol. Orders, orders, orders pouring in, pouring in." Mr. Cutchins picked up a telephone and asked for a gentleman he called Ros. "Ros," he said, "they are nuts about the wet-proof,



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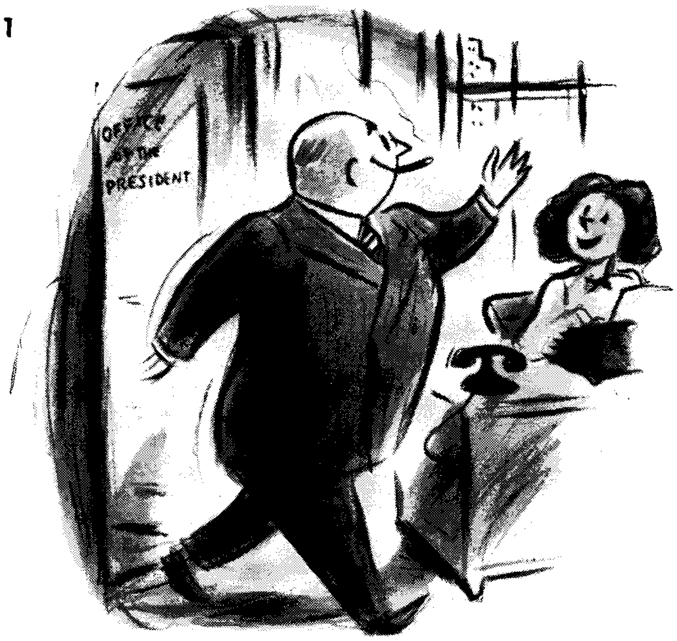

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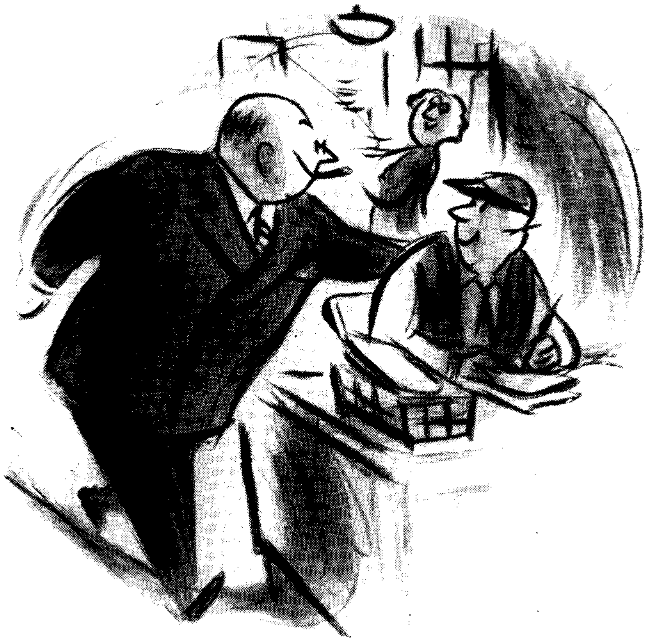

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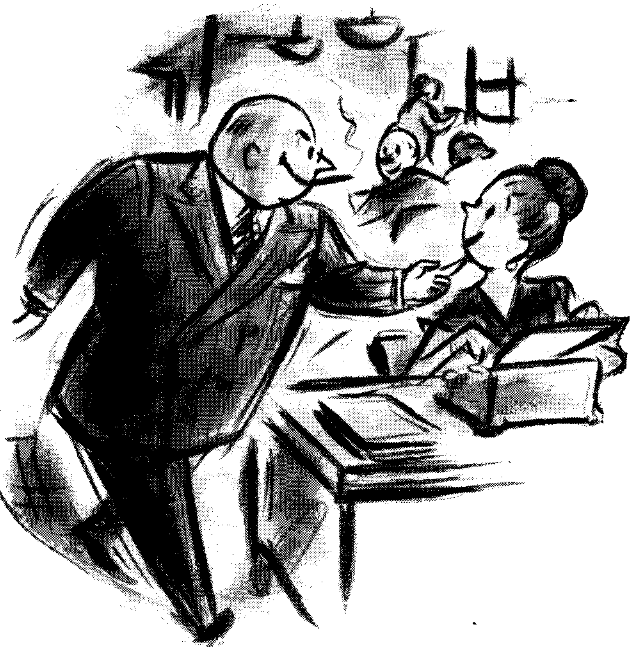

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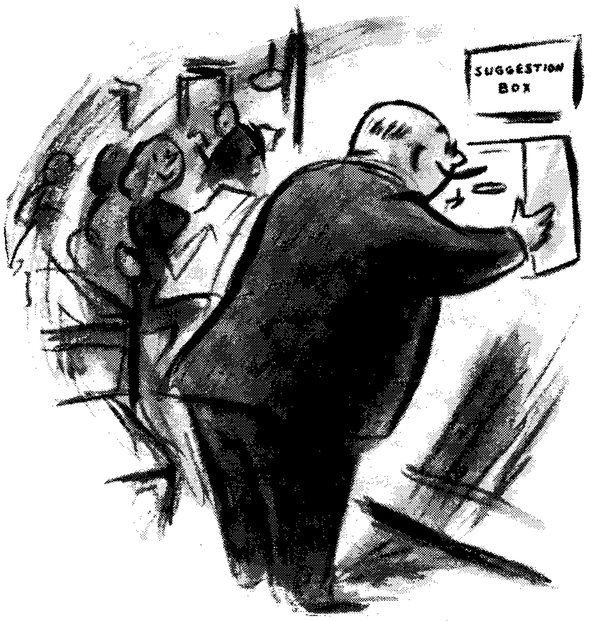

they are crazy about the flavor, and I guess we've just hit a bonanza. Never saw anything more spectacular." Mr. Cutchins hung up, turned to us, and said, "The supply, sir, is so far from catching up with the demand that it's become our biggest problem. We're testing only in New York City and upper New Jersey, but I tell you I never saw anything like it. We've got a flavoring formula, developed by our research department, that other companies would give their shirts to get hold of." "Did you get any complaints from *Life*, the magazine, about this name?" we inquired. "Brown & Williamson had a copyright on 'Life' before Henry Luce ever thought of his magazine," said Mr. Mr. Cutchins. "Indeed it is," said Mr. Inge. "The tests have been sensational," said Mr. Kerns. As we prepared to depart, Mr. Kerns said, "Before you go, I want to show you the most revolutionary thing in cigarette packaging today." He reached into his drawer and pulled out a pack of Raleighs. "That package," he said, "is made out of aluminum and is the best way ever discovered to keep cigarettes fresh." We asked if it was to be used for Lifes. "Not fully tested yet," said Mr. Kerns. "Trying it out now in the Detroit area." We waited for the elevator in the company of a couple of space salesmen. "You hear the gag about Lifes?" one of them asked the other. The second one shook his head. "When you're tired of Life L.S.M.F.T.," said the first. They both had a good laugh.

Higher Mathematics

A FRIEND of ours motoring on Long Island last Saturday stopped at a modest roadside restaurant for lunch and was pleased to note that the menu listed "Blue Points (4) . . . 35c." He asked his waitress if he might have half a dozen Blue Points. She nodded agreeably and went off, and then returned in a few moments empty-handed and apologetic. She was sorry, but the cashier couldn't figure out how much six Blue Points would cost. "He wants to know if you wouldn't just as soon take eight," she said.

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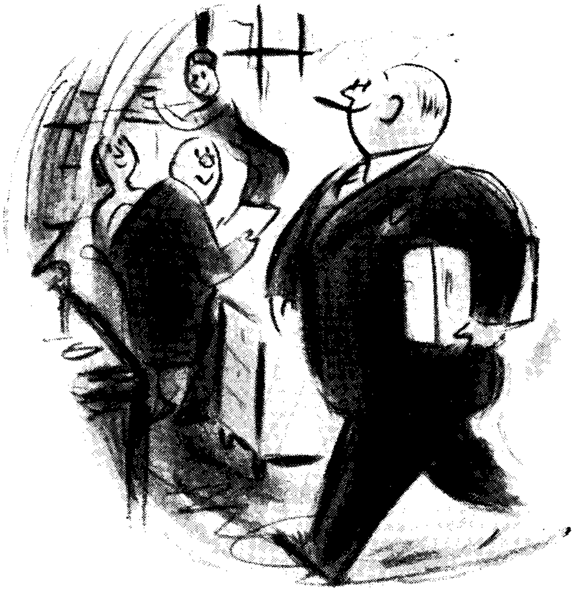

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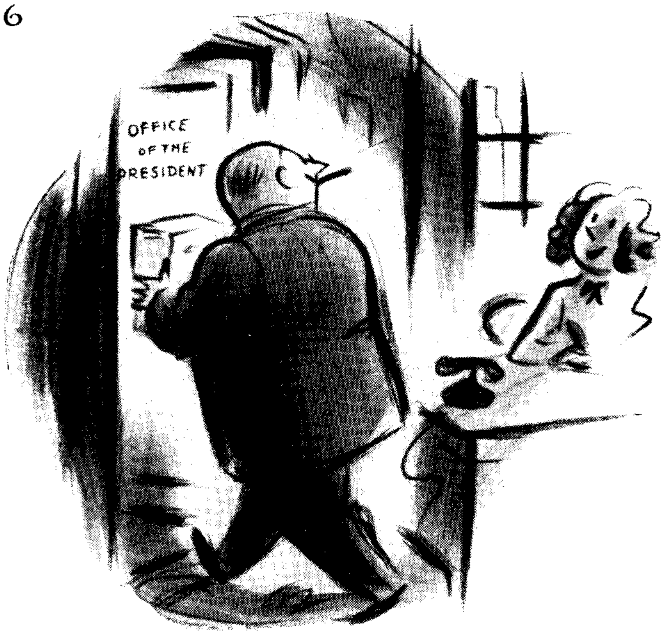
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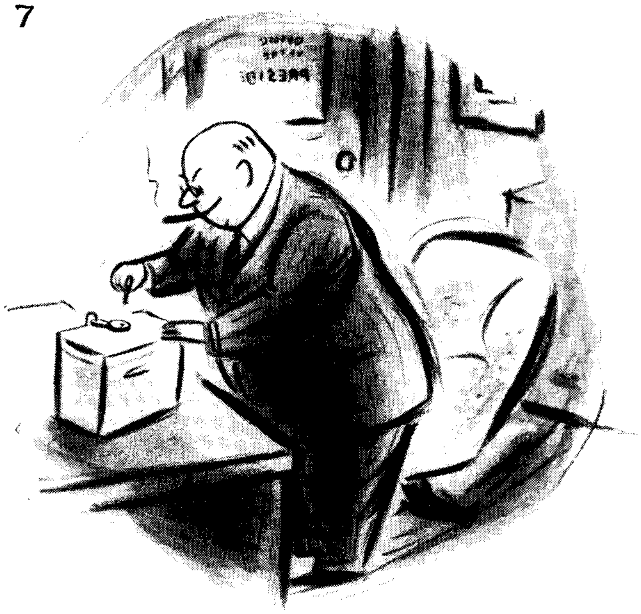

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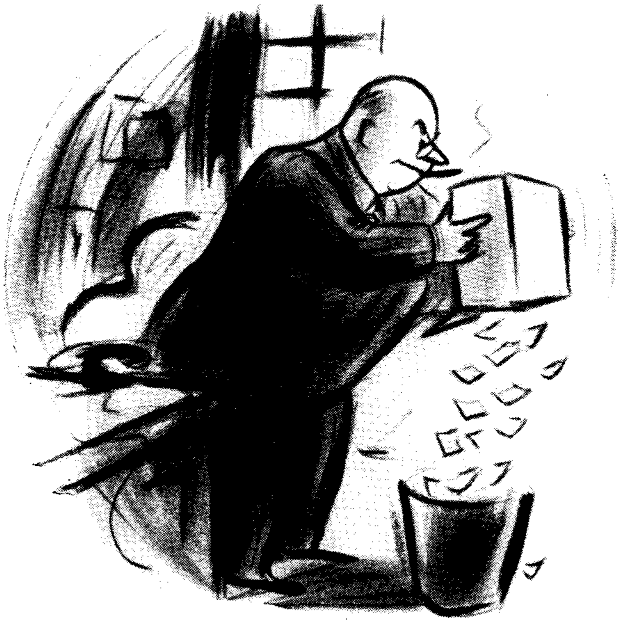

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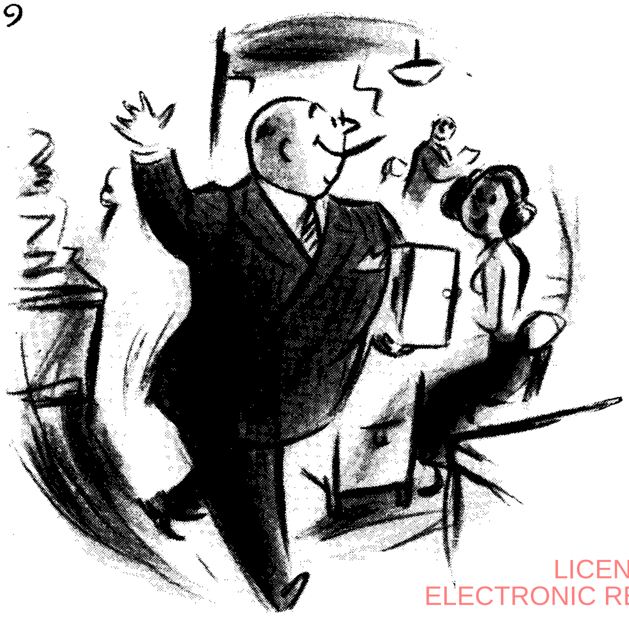

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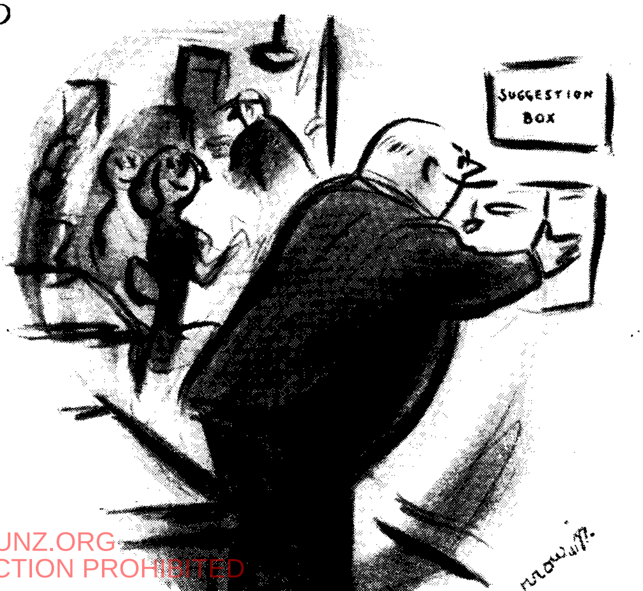

SUGGESTION
BOX

INCIDENT ON A CHINESE TRAIN

Marine Lieutenant John Brock was awakened by the train's coming to a sudden stop. It had grown very cold. His mouth felt dry and had the bitter, unpleasant taste of China. The train was in a station, and Brock could see the buildings of a city rising beyond the station roof. Hawkers selling hot tea and cold rice cakes strolled up and down beside the train shouting in Chinese. Thousands of coolies pressed together outside the gate separating them from the train. Guards were allowing a few of them to trickle through, but Brock, watching with interest, knew that not very many could be taken aboard. Already there were passengers sitting on the roof, jammed on the platforms, and hanging out of the glassless windows.

The car Brock was riding in was occupied by a group of Marines returning from liberty in Tientsin to their station in the hills at Peitaiho. En route, they were acting as guard for a load of food in the car ahead. When the train stopped, four or five of them had begun to bargain dispiritedly for souvenirs through the open windows of the car. They had no intention of buying, Brock knew; they were merely bargaining out of boredom. He looked at his watch. It was four and a half hours since the train had left Tientsin. He turned to a gunnery sergeant who was sitting across the aisle, noisily sucking an orange. "Where are we, Gunny?" Brock asked.

The sergeant spoke without taking the orange away from his lips. "Tangshan. It's a coal town about halfway to Peitaiho."

"Then we're doing pretty well," Brock said hopefully.

The sergeant flipped a pip into the aisle. "Yeah, but keep your fingers crossed, Lieutenant. It's rough going from here on. One trip, it took us three days from here to Peitaiho Junction."

"Communists?"

"Them and the fact that the train broke down."

Brock nodded and stood up to stretch, his parka making him look much bulkier than his hundred and sixty pounds. His dark hair, mussed from rubbing against the back of the hard wooden seat, stuck out in all directions from under his green overseas cap.

The major in charge of the Marines was at the forward end of the car, stamping up and down to keep warm. Brock kicked his feet against the seat to restore circulation. He lit a cigarette, but drags he threw it down and ground it out. The major saw Brock and walked along to him. He was a slender, well-built man, wearing full greens under his open parka and carrying a .45 pistol in a shoulder holster. "Have a good sleep, Lieutenant?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Brock said. "And thanks for letting me ride in your car. I was a little worried, back there in Tientsin, when I saw how crowded the train was."

"Oh, that's O.K. Wouldn't want you to ride up with the gooks."

The major paused, and he and Brock took stock of each other. Brock, rather wary of senior officers in general, decided that the major didn't look like too bad a guy. They sat down simultaneously. The major stretched, and scratched the stubble of beard on his cheek. "Man, that was one hell of a liberty," he said. "You *stationed* in Tientsin?"

"Yeah," Brock said, expecting a comment on the softness of his life. "It's a pretty good town, too."

But the major didn't seem to begrudge Brock his luck. "A lot better than Peitaiho," he said. "There's nothing to do up there but drink Chink whiskey. The old man says it ain't proper for officers to go to the cat houses."

Brock tried his best to look sympathetic and said it sounded very tough. The major stared ahead gloomily. "You don't know how tough it can be," he said. "We're a train-guard detail. Most of the time we just go down and back, and lie over in Peitaiho, but they give us three days in Tientsin every three weeks. That three weeks can be plenty long. It's even worse than down in the islands, because there wasn't anything available for a few thousand miles then. But at Peitaiho we know it can be had. So it's tough." The train started to jolt forward. "Were you down in the islands?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Brock said. "I had almost two years with the Ninth Marines."

"Put in for regular?"

"No, *sir!*" Brock said. "I'm still in the reserve."

The major looked at him incredulously. "Then what in the hell are you doing up here?"

Brock's smile was somewhat apologetic. "I'm with Armed Forces Radio now," he said. "I volunteered to come up here and help set up a Marine network. Then I go home. I wanted to see China anyway," he added.

"Brother!" the major exclaimed. "If you're here of your own choice, you're nuts. I've put in my resignation, but God knows how long it'll take to go through. Look." He bent toward Brock confidentially. "How do you go about getting a job on the outside, anyway? I'm an Academy man, and I never worked a day in my life."

Brock glanced at the major and saw that he wasn't joking. "I don't know," he said. "With your Annapolis training, I suppose you could get a job with a marine-engineering outfit."

The major grunted. "By now, all I know is how to shoot a carbine and run a rifle company. I've never seen my baby, and I think I've forgotten what my wife looks like. I've been out of the States forty out of the last forty-six months."

"You could probably take a refresher course under the G.I. Bill," Brock said.

The major laughed. "After the dough I've been sending home, my wife would love that. From the Stork Club to a campus beer joint in one easy hop."

The major leaned back and rested his head against the seat. His eyes were closed and the deep lines in his face relaxed. Brock imagined he was around twenty-eight, two years older than Brock himself. The train was now moving at about twenty-five miles an hour. Tangshan was left behind, and the train passed the hundreds of small mounds of the city's burial grounds, and moved out onto the north China plain, where the bleak, brown caked soil was broken only by clusters of mud-hut villages. The huts were built of the soil, so they blended almost perfectly into the background. The train whistle moaned a sad, undemanding note that, to Brock, characterized the whole of China.

The major squirmed and opened his eyes. "But I guess I'm not as bad off as these kids," he said, picking up the conversation, and waving his arm toward the young Marines in the car. "Most of them never heard a gun fired in anger, and they don't know the front end of a rifle from a ration can. They don't know anything." He shook his head sadly. "It's lucky we've only got one chow car to guard."

"You think we might run into trouble?" Brock asked.

The major looked around uneasily, and Brock followed his gaze. A lot of

"You're out—I think."

the men in his old outfit had been just as young as these, Brock thought, but they seemed a lot tougher and smarter in retrospect.

"I sure hope we don't have any," the major said, reflecting Brock's thought. "I've never worked with these kids in anything resembling a tight spot, and I don't know how they'd handle it."

"Have the Communists been stopping many trains?" Brock asked.

"Ah, it's not only the Commies," the major said disgustedly. "Everybody's against us around here—Nationalists, Communists, and civilians—and I can't blame them. We've really fouled up the detail."

"Unrra sure loused things up, didn't they?" Brock said.

"It wasn't just Unrra's fault," the major said. "They were fouled up, all right, but the Chinks are fouled up worse. With that combination, how could you win?" Brock nodded, and the major pointed out the window. "Here come the hills," he said. "That's where all the bad boys hang out."

Brock looked at the foothills of the mountain range, one of the many that make large portions of China so inaccessible. During the war, thousands of guerrillas had hidden there, setting up ambushes, coming down in the night to kill Japanese. Now the hills afforded protection to the Communists—the opposition, the same people who had been the guerrillas.

Again the whistle sounded, and the train passed over a bridge across a deep chasm. On the far side was a Quonset hut, in front of which stood a lone Marine. His face was buried in the folds of his parka, and his gloved hands clutched an M1 rifle. As the train went by, he waved—a gesture full of loneliness, it seemed to Brock.

"What about this chow you're guarding?" Brock asked the major. "Is it for us or for the Chinese?"

The major looked at Brock wryly. "Are you kidding? You don't think we'd haul it all the way up to Peitaiho for the Chinks, do you?"

"Sure," Brock said. "I understand. But I hear they're starving up your way."

"Let 'em starve," the major said in a hard voice. "If I had my way, they could have it all. But I'm only one guy, and there's nothing I can do."

"There ought to be something that could be done."

"Listen," the major said carefully. "If you start worrying about that, you'll go nuts. I'm ready to go home and forget the whole thing. When I get there, I'll sit by my fireside, pick up a phone, and send bundles to China."

THE major didn't seem to want to pursue the subject further, so Brock talked of other things. He said, hoping to cheer the major up, that his mission to Peitaiho was to set up a radio station for the Marines there. It wouldn't take him long—maybe three or four days. While he was speaking, the train was slowing down, but so gradually that neither of them noticed until it jerked to a stop. A couple of Marines, curled up on their seats, were jolted to the floor and cursed loudly. The major jumped to his feet. "Now what the hell's the matter?" he said.

The gunnery sergeant stood up. "I'll go check, Major," he said. "Maybe a couple of the gooks fell off the roof."

"I hope that's all it is," the major said. "But they wouldn't stop for that. You better go see what's wrong."

The gunnery sergeant went to the far end of the car, disappeared for a few moments, and came back, his face set in tight lines. "It looks like trouble, sir," he said. "There's a lot of troops up ahead on the tracks."

Brock thought, Oh, Jesus. The major rocked back and forth on his feet. "Son of a bitch!" he said. He glanced at Brock and then spoke to the sergeant. "Get everybody out in a hurry. Put the riflemen on a perimeter around the chow car and the BAR-men under the car with a good field of fire."

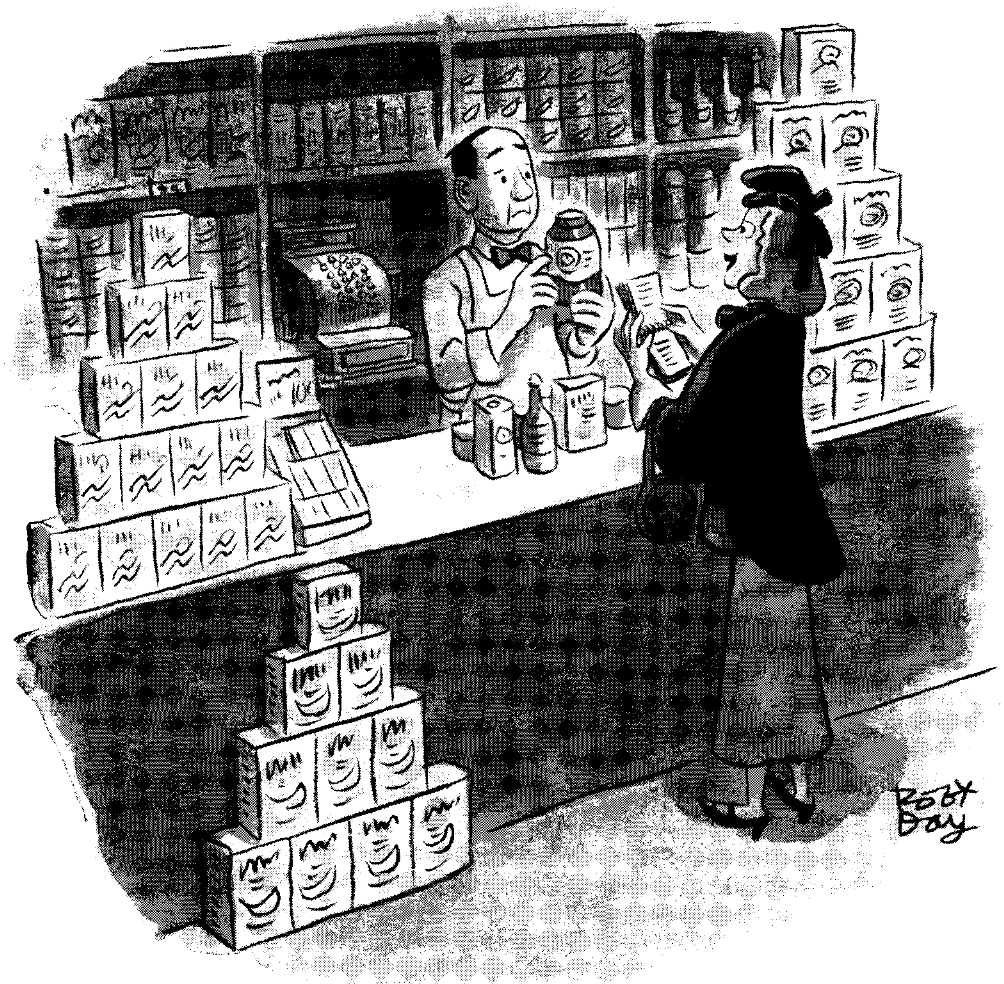
The sergeant turned and shouted orders. The men took up their weapons and began to file to the end of the car and out the door. A few talked loudly, but most of them wore frightened smiles. Their heavy, rubberized coveralls gave them a bulky, awkward appearance. The major jumped up on a seat. "All right, move out fast, God damn it!" he shouted. "You BAR-men get under the car and make sure nobody's in your way." He stepped down and turned to Brock, who had been watching and listening silently. "At least, I'll know something about them after this. It'll separate the sheep from the goats. You got a weapon?"

Brock bent over and felt in his bag under the seat. "I've got a forty-five."

"O.K., stick close to me. If any shooting starts, you'll know what to do."

The two officers were the last out of the car, and already the gunnery sergeant had most of the men in place. Brock saw immediately that their position, as far as terrain was concerned, was none too good. There was too much open ground around the train.

Up ahead, some civilians had jumped from the roofs of the



"I have to look it up. My husband has given me a blacklist of all products advertised with singing commercials."

• •

to be running in circles, and, still farther ahead, a body of troops in blue uniforms moved loosely down the track toward the Marines. "Damn it, they're Nationalists," the major said. "What the hell do they want?"

The Chinese soldiers came alongside the train to within about twenty-five yards of the Marines' position and stopped, standing stolidly at ease, with bayonets fixed and rifle butts resting on the frozen ground. Their quilted uniforms made them look fat, but their faces were drawn and unsmiling. Two men stepped forward and approached the major and Brock. One was a captain and the other a noncommissioned officer. The N.C.O. spoke slowly. "Very sorry to stop train."

The major had been standing bent forward a little, with his hands hooked into his belt. When the Chinese spoke, he relaxed and stood straight. "O.K., you talk English," he said. "What do you want?"

"We want food we know Marines

Without hesitating a moment, the major snapped, "You can't have it."

The N.C.O. turned and spoke in Chinese to the captain, who was smiling slightly. The captain answered in a quiet voice, and the interpreter turned back to the major. "Captain, he say we must have food. Our men starve. Marines can get more."

"This is American property," the major said. "You'll have to fight for it."

Brock held tightly to his pistol in his pocket. It felt cold and oily. He tried to remember whether the safety was off or on. The Chinese captain turned and gave an order. His soldiers brought their rifle butts off the ground and stepped a few paces forward. The major looked at the sergeant. "Give the order to unlock pieces," he said.

The sergeant called the order to the Marines, and the cold air was filled with the clicking of rifles being unlocked. Now Brock's hand was sweating. He decided that the safety of his

The captain spoke again to his interpreter, who said, "Captain, he say please not fight. Please let's be friends. You get more food." The Chinese captain was smiling blandly, but the interpreter's face was very serious.

The major turned to Brock. "A lot of people are going to get hurt," he said. "What do you think?"

"It's your party," Brock answered, "but, personally, I'd give them the whole train." He spoke in a low voice, trying to conceal his nervousness.

The major lowered his chin and half closed his eyes. Then he walked up to the Chinese captain and looked at him closely. "What's your name, and what outfit is this?" he asked. "I have to make a report."

The captain looked questioningly at the interpreter, who translated rapidly. The captain nodded. "Him Captain Won Ling," the interpreter said. "This Second Battalion, One Hundred Twelve Regiment, Ninety-four Army."

The major took a pencil and notebook from his pocket and wrote rapidly. Then he jerked his thumb upward. "*Ding hao,* chum. Take it away," he said.

The captain's grin grew broader, a grin not of triumph but of friendship. He shouted an order to his men. Quickly, the Chinese stacked their rifles, and some of them jumped aboard the car, the Marines making way for them. When they saw the food, the Chinese yelled delightedly and began passing boxes of rations to those on the ground.

The major stood watching them, rubbing his hands. He reached into his pocket for cigarettes, offered one to the Chinese captain, took one himself, and then gave the captain the pack. They smoked in silence while the car was being unloaded. When the job was done, the Chinese soldiers gathered in trail formation and awaited orders. The major motioned the Marines back aboard their car, and as he followed the last of them up the steps, he turned to wave at the captain, who bowed and waved in return.

THE train started immediately. Brock looked out of the window and saw that the line of Chinese soldiers was starting off to the hills with the food, while the captain, no longer smiling, stood alone watching the train.

The major sat down and stretched his legs. "That was a close one," he said.

"For a minute there, I wasn't going to let them have the damn chow."

Brock laughed. "I'm glad you did. I had enough trouble in the war. I wouldn't want to die for C rations after it's all over." Then he added seriously, "You won't get into trouble, will you?"

"I don't think so. If they'd been Commies, though, it would be a different story." The major paused and reflected. "But I'll be damned if I see why. Hunger is hunger, politics or no politics."

"How about the Chinese captain?" Brock asked. "What'll happen to him?"

"Oh, nothing, I guess," the major said. "I'll make a report, and the old man will make one. It'll eventually get to Corps headquarters. Then they'll send it over to the Chinese commandant, who'll get a big laugh because they put something over on us."

Brock looked at his .45 and snapped the safety on. "Do you really think they'd have started shooting?" he asked.

The major's eyes were thoughtful. "That captain wasn't bluffing. If he was desperate enough to stop us and take our chow when we're supposed to be allies, he would have started shooting." He shook his head sadly. "It's too bad guys like him have to have it so tough. He looked like a good man who knew his business."

The major rolled up his sheepskin jacket, put it behind his head, and leaned back. "Well, me for some sleep," he said. "No more trouble now, as long as those Nationalist troops are in the neighborhood."

THE rest of the trip passed quickly. Brock's stay in Peitaiho was short, and he hitched a ride back to Tientsin in an L-5 plane that carried mail. Before he left Peitaiho, however, he was called to Marine headquarters to give his version of the incident. There he saw the major, who said he'd been given a light reprimand but that nothing else would happen to him.

Back in Tientsin, Brock thought very little about the episode until, one day, he had a telephone call from the major of the train, who asked him to write his account of the affair and send it to Chinese Army headquarters. He said the Chinese seemed to be taking the incident too seriously. Then, after making Brock repeat his promise to write a statement, he hung up.

Less than a week later, entering the bar of the officers' club in Tientsin with his colonel, Brock saw the major again. He was with another officer and two Russian women; all four of them were drunk. The major's battle jacket, on which were three rows of ribbons, including those of the Navy Cross and the Purple Heart with two stars, was open and awry. He saw Brock and, rising from his table, staggered over, knocking down a chair on the way. His face was smeared with lipstick. He leaned on the table with both hands. "Well, whaddya say, Lieutenant? Whaddya say?" he shouted. "How's my old battle partner?"

Brock smiled and stood up. He introduced the major to the colonel, and there was an embarrassed silence while Brock wondered whether to invite him to sit down and have a drink. He decided to try making conversation first, and asked how the business of the Chinese captain had come out. The major's eyes narrowed and his grin disappeared. "I'm sorry you asked that," he said. "I'm sorry you asked that. You know what they did to our friend the captain?"

"No," Brock said.

The major's face drew closer. The smell of vodka was strong. "They shot him," he whispered.

"*What!* Who shot him?"

"The Chinks." The major's eyes blurred.

"Why, for God's sake?" Brock asked in a shocked voice.

The major's lips curled. "He made them lose face, I guess." He pounded the table. "I screamed blue murder over at Chink headquarters, but it didn't help. All they'd do was smile and bow and say 'So sorry.' They just had to get rid of the poor guy."

He straightened up and beat his fists together. "Do you understand me?" he shouted. "Do you understand me? Those fat, well-fed bastards shot him. They shot him!"

Everyone in the bar looked around, but the major paid no attention. His head was hanging down so that his chin almost touched his chest, and he appeared to be on the brink of crying. Then he looked at Brock again, and his expression changed. "But I don't give a God damn," he said. "I don't give a God damn, because I'm going home. I'm getting out." He grasped Brock tightly by the arm. "You don't give a damn either, do you? You don't care. I'll bet you don't care."

Brock shook his head slowly. "No, I guess I don't care," he said.

The major laughed and shook Brock's arm. "That's the old fight. That's the old *gung-ho* spirit. Don't you care. Don't you ever care." He dropped his hand from Brock's arm and turned away. "We don't give one good God damn," he said, spacing his words evenly, and Brock watched him go back to his table, leaning slightly to one side as he walked.

—ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

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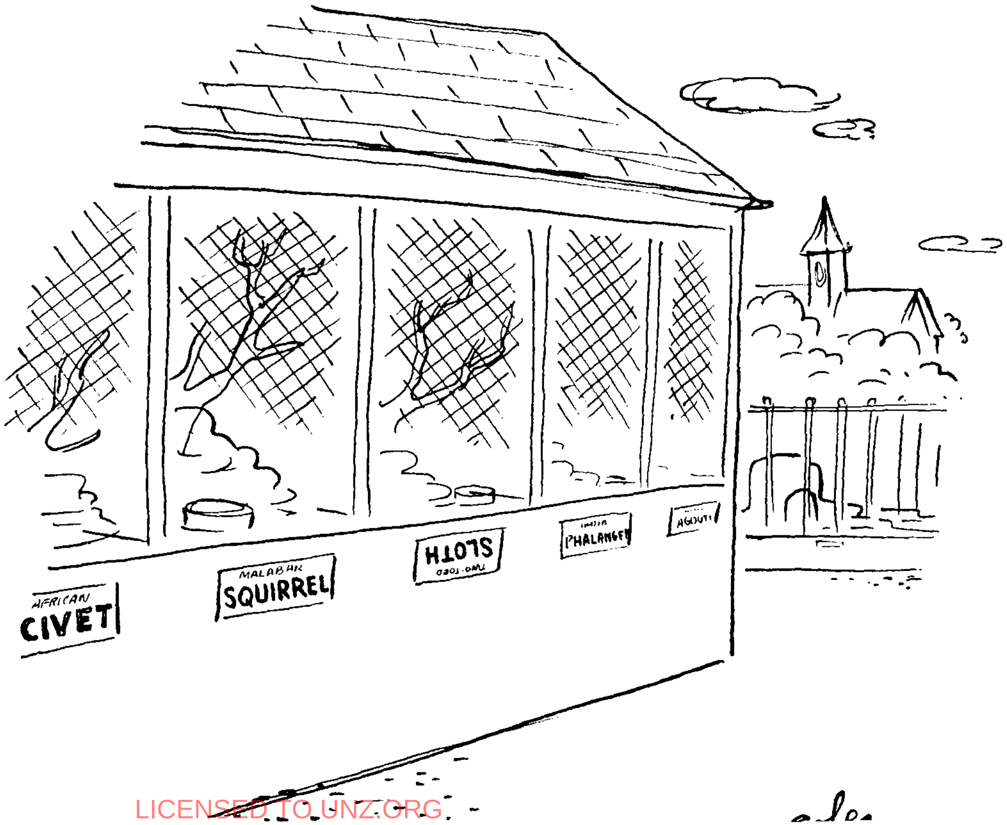
The groom was decorated in pink, blue, and white streamers with a large umbrella suspended from the ceiling.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Daily Freeman.*

How very gay!



THE WORMS

A Mr. William Bell, of 116 Amethyst Avenue, the Bronx, a postal clerk in the Columbia University Station and a conscientious, though not brilliant, sorter, has established the date of January 2, 1953, as the beginning. His recollection is so secure because he had just reset the cancelling machine for the year, and where incidents are few, they stand tall in memory. Reflecting heavily on the number of items he would stamp with his machine before setting her to 1954, he initiated the new year by dealing with a six-pound package consigned from the Columbia University Library to the Cornell University Library. As he was scanning the address, he observed a tiny perforation in the label, next to the word "Ithica," which, he noted, was misspelled in the usual manner. Through the perforation appeared a minute brown head, which seemed to look about and then withdrew.

"Lousy!" remarked Mr. Bell to his colleague Henry Bloesch, who stood beside him sorting fourth-class mail. "The Columbia University Library is lousy." Some months later, Mr. Bell recalled the incident and wrote a letter about it to the *Daily News*, but by that time the *News* had suspended publication.

As a matter of fact, the Columbia University Library was not "lousy" (to use the outright expression of Mr. Bell). But it was terribly annoyed by bookworms. For years, these insects, which are, of course, not worms at all but the larvae of the ptinid beetle (*Ptinus brunneus*) or of the so-called drugstore beetle (*Sitodrepa panicea*), had been regarded by the Columbia librarians with the kind of tolerant affection reserved for old professors who write sneering notes in margins. The two pests are equally ancient and respectable; a few wormholes, like pencilled "Vid. sup., p. 421," "Whippersnapper!," or "Says you," give a book character.

But now students were reporting active bookworms in varied areas of the great library—in Jansenist theology, medieval bestiaries, and the English chapbooks. The library exterminator sprayed and gassed the sections affected; he succeeded, apparently, only in spreading the pests throughout the library. Professor Tupper, of the Department of Entomology, studied the larvae and reported that they were larger and lighter colored than normal, and unbelievably hardy. He found the developed beetle that they should be classed as a new subspecies, *Ptinus claro-brunneus tupperus*. When asked about what method of extermination he would recommend, he replied angrily that he would have no hand in the matter and that he expected to raise a million ptinids under laboratory conditions. As the author of "The Friendly Coleoptera," he was an advocate of better understanding between insects and vertebrates.

The Columbia Library clamped down on interlibrary loans, but too late. Bookworms (to employ their popular name) were soon reported from most of the American universities. They first attacked old, well-ripened books—incunabula, manuscripts, sound old editions of the classics. A librarian would take down, for instance, an Aldine or a Plantin, and it would collapse in a shower of paper fragments, and a lot of little brown creatures would scurry away at a surprising speed.

Naturally, the Columbia Library was closed and sealed, and every art of the exterminator was employed to combat the plague. Classes were disrupted. Faculty members who had for years spent most of the class periods reading aloud from library books were forced to improvise, often with embarrassing results. The Columbia *Jester* rang every possible change on the bookworm theme. At the Greek Games, the Barnard girls did a slow, undulating dance supposed to represent a bookworm marching through a book. The president of Columbia asked the alumni for a special gift of five million dollars.

The press was much amused, and nearly every commentator wrote a facetious article. Some alleged, without basis in fact, that the bookworms had begun by devouring all books treating of insect extermination. Editorially, a number of papers put the blame squarely on Russia, regarding the infestation as a tryout of entomological warfare. The Leftist press, obviously acting on orders from Moscow, announced that the capitalist bookdealers had formed a gigantic plot to create an artificial scarcity in their market. The clergy recognized the hand of God. Certain obscure journals in the Middle West accused the Pope.

The fumigations at Columbia succeeded merely in dispersing the plague. The New York Public Library was attacked, and was closed and put under armed guard. Reporters asserted that, standing in the stacks, one could hear a low, steady rustle of gnawing insects, like the murmur in a cornfield on a hot July night. The Morgan Library was, in effect, ruined. So were the private collections of bibliophiles and dealers.

And now the bookworms, hungry and infinitely multiplying, adapted themselves to a more varied diet. They formed a taste for publications of the Victorian era. The commentators, still facetious, drew up tables of their likes and dislikes, finding, for instance, that Longfellow was four times as popular as Emerson. But the commentators laughed yellow, as the French say, when the bookworms finally flung themselves wholeheartedly on contemporary literature. All bookstores were closed by the police while scientists and exterminators labored desperately within. Department stores banned books as infectious. In the schools, textbooks were burned in communal bonfires, to the glee of students and teachers.

Grim and questing, the bookworms nibbled here and there at newspapers and magazines. With time, their digestive systems adapted themselves to this arid but abundant fare. There were some frightful days when the news distributors would throw down bundles of riddled papers at their drops, and from the disintegrating packages would flow rivulets of little brown pests. The newspapers quietly ceased publication.

The scientists began researches to ascertain why no natural enemy to the bookworm had manifested itself. The best answer they could give was that our cities were unnaturally sterile and had been swept almost clean of insect life. They said that save for certain domesticated species, which there was no need to name, few insects can develop, thrive, and mutate in a well-washed habitat of steel and stone.

The plague then appeared abroad, having travelled, some said, in a shipment of Bibles, though others alleged that it was transmitted by the diplomatic pouch. The bookworms spread rapidly throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa.

By this time, the peoples of the world were without newspapers and without editorial opinion. The curious thing is that nearly everyone seemed pleased rather than otherwise. News still came by radio, but without print to back it up it just sounded like someone talking, not like established fact. There was an end of foreboding, terror, threats, and warnings of dreadful things to come. Deprived of reading matter, people were obliged to kill time by the simplest devices, such as conversation, lovemaking, and mere whistling. There was a remarkable vogue for dancing in the streets.

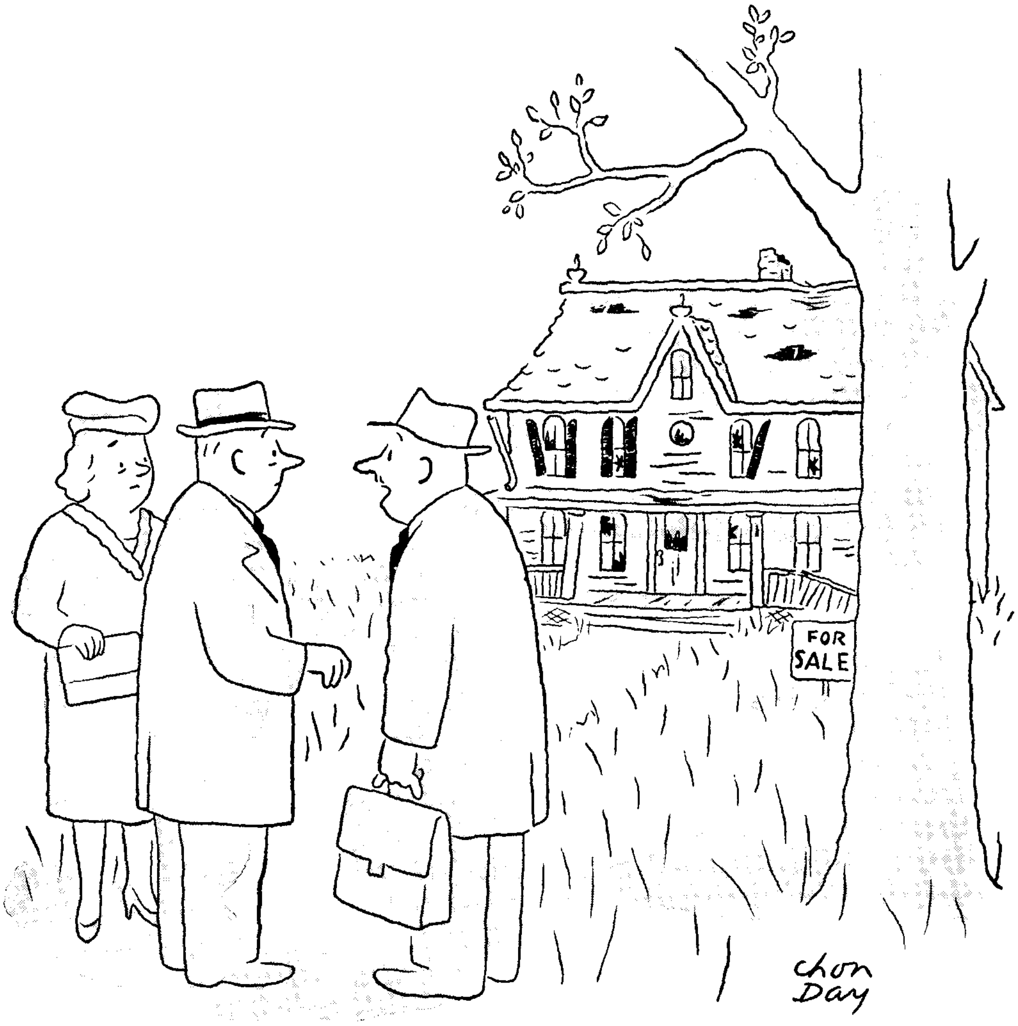
A new class emerged from shamed obscurity and rose to pride and prominence—the illiterates. These had been forced, in our print-bound civilization, to rely entirely on their memories. They were in great demand to settle arguments as to dates, the names of the Presidents, the times of trains, etc. It appeared that a number of them were able to recite long poems from memory. They would stand in the parks, surrounded by gaping throngs, as they chanted the masterpieces of literature. One of them, a Mr. Longstreth, of Tennessee, reconstructed from memory the whole of "Paradise Lost." This he sang to the accompaniment of a guitar, charging his hearers ten cents per head per canto. He was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

In the final stage of the plague, the bookworms turned to mimeographed and typewritten paper. By eating news tapes, they finally eliminated all radio news except on-the-spot reporting. Without the typewriter, the armies of the world were helpless, and the soldiers deserted in mass, knowing that no records were being kept. Business was practically at a standstill, since most formulas, agreements, and evidence of debt had disappeared. There was, indeed, some recourse to cuneiform tablets, slate pencils, styluses, and stencils cut in plastic, but in general businessmen came to depend on oral agreements made in the presence of a neutral illiterate, who committed the terms to memory.

Finally, the ravaging bookworms attacked paper money.

Although this series of events resulted in a good deal of suffering, because of the breakdown of business and industry, the peoples of the world turned to in gallant style to preserve themselves. As money, in effect, no longer existed, the world's work was organized on a basis of resources and need. The colossal numbers of men rendered idle in factories and offices turned to food and fuel production, on the whole with pleasure. The B.E.A. (Bookworm Emergency Authority) controlled production by radio and guided transport by the same means, for, of course, timetables and train orders had disappeared.

In spite of all the inconveniences—nay, occasionally desperate straits—of the new life, people found compensations in it. They lost their fear of the future, along with their accumulated fears of the past. They had leisure to look at themselves and at the world about them. They learned to amuse themselves. They told each other interminable stories; indeed, it was at this time that the great storytellers and minnesingers of the day were developed. The period is sometimes known as the Singing Time.



"It could really be fixed up beautifully. All you need is a little imagination and plenty of money."

• •

IN the end, the bookworm suddenly became extinct. A parasite had slowly developed within him, and eventually had overcome and annihilated him. The brown larvae vanished.

Every new-made farmer flung down his hoe, renounced his country joys, and rushed back to the office or the factory, demanding his old servitude and his old job with accumulated back pay. Paper mills and newspapers resumed business with a will. Racing tip-sheets, comic books, Army organization tables, the *Congressional Record*, and Department of Agriculture bulletins poured from the presses. Stalin issued his famous manifesto. The United States reasserted its right to supervise the thought of the eastern Mediterranean, Manchuria, and Tibet.

Humorists made great play with the idea of erecting life-size monuments to the parasite, to express the gratitude of the human race. However, the parasites had merely followed their instinct and destiny—to destroy their hosts. And the genus *Homo* is a parasite on the terrestrial globe, said the humorists, agreeably startling many a dinner party.

—MORRIS BISHOP

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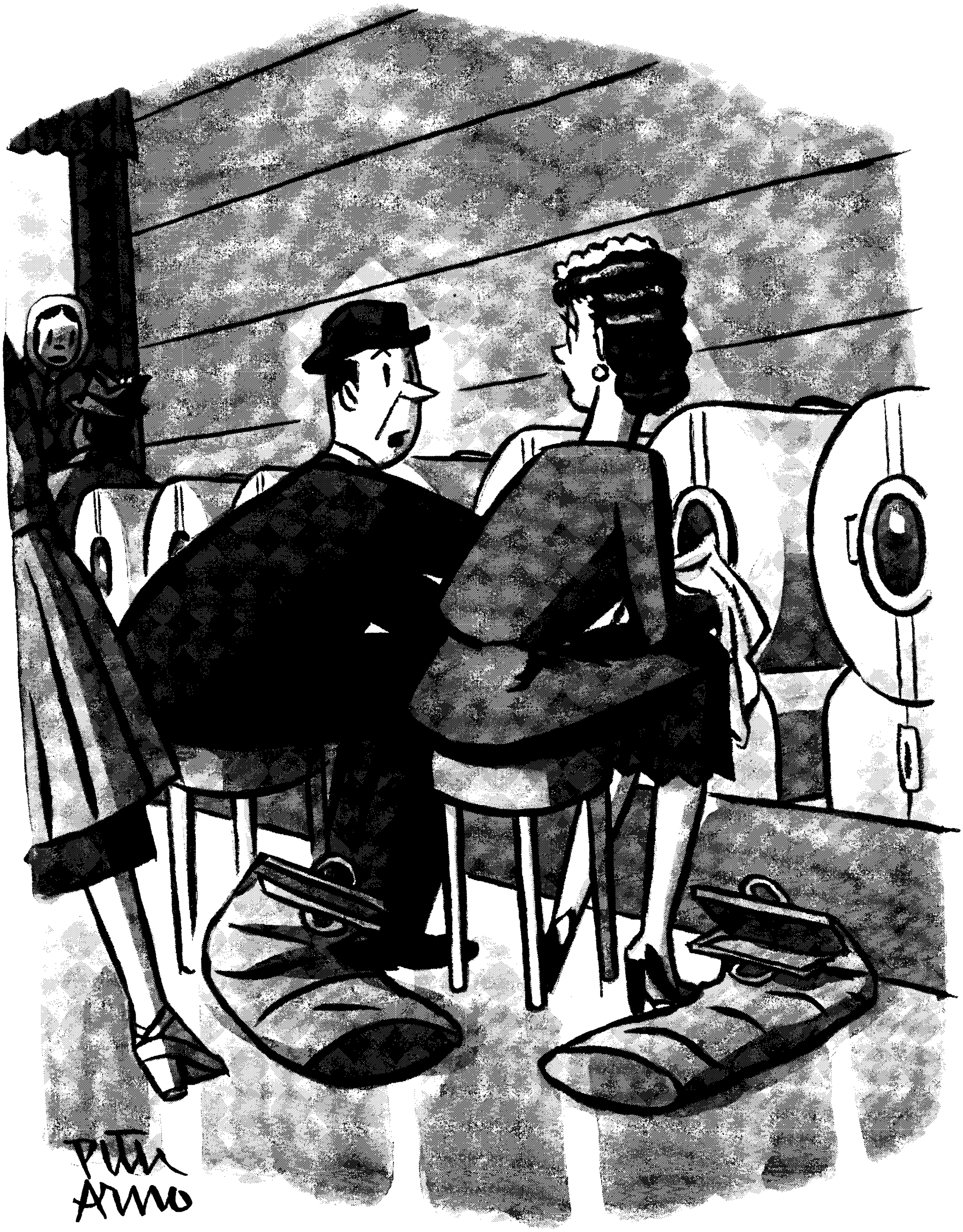
CONCH

Hold a baby to your ear
As you would a shell:
Sounds of centuries you hear
New centuries foretell.

Who can break a baby's code?
And which is the older—
The listener or his small load?
The held or the holder?

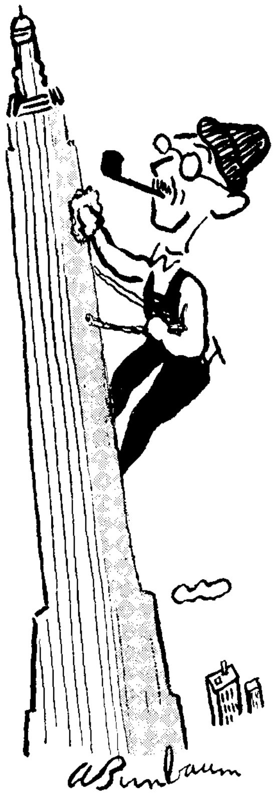
—F R W



"We've got to find another way to meet, Mildred. My wife's getting suspicious."

PROFILES

IT'S NICE OUT THERE THIS MORNING



Richard Olney Hart

AT the age of fifty-three, Richard Olney Hart has reached preëminence in his trade, which is the cleaning of windows. He is head of the window-washing crew at the Empire State Building, and he does the topmost, or hundred-and-second, floor himself. This puts him, at twelve hundred and twenty-five feet, higher than any other window cleaner in the world. None of the six men who work with him want to have any part of that floor, and not many qualified men in town want to work at the Empire State at all, although the pay is good and the men there have only a forty-hour week. The building is a nuisance to work on. The things that give it beauty—its height, the fact that it is much higher than anything around it, and the tall, austere vertical setbacks—produce peculiar eddying gusts that buffet a window cleaner and are apt to spray water from his brush onto a window he has just swabbed down. "That building is a hard place—tough on a man," Hart says.

In the classification of labor, window cleaners belong to the unskilled group. A man who wants to become a window cleaner does not have to have the education, training, and apprenticeship demanded of machinists, say, or plumbers. The trade, however, requires a certain type of man: he must be limber, quick, and enduring, he must be daring enough to think that hanging on the side of a building is a fair way to make a living, and he must have sense enough not to get hurt. Richie Hart—he is one of the few Richards who are called Richie instead of Dick—is admirably suited for his job. "I wouldn't take an inside job if you paid me," he says. He is wiry and energetic and has almost exactly the proper dimensions for his work. If someone should draw up plans for an ideal window cleaner, Hart would fit them. He stands five feet seven, weighs a hundred and thirty-eight, and wears a size-10 shoe and a 15½ shirt with a thirty-five-inch sleeve. Even on the coldest days, when he has to spike the water in his pail with alcohol to keep it from freezing, he never wears gloves. If he did wear them, they would be large. His hands and his feet are big, and his arms are long in proportion to the rest of him. He can reach higher and wider, he believes, than many men of six feet or over, and, being ambidextrous, he can wash windows with either hand. He prefers to use his right. At work, he wears steel-rimmed glasses and keeps a pipe in his mouth. He seldom gets frightened on the job, and the only bad fall he ever had was in Somerville, Massachusetts, on a Sunday morning in 1917, long before he took up cleaning windows as a trade. He was then operating what he calls a little business of his own, as gardener, rug cleaner, wall washer—in fact, as handyman to anybody in the town who wanted to hire him. While he was cleaning a dentist's office that Sunday, he decided that the windows should be done. "I sat on a sill, just like a woman," he said recently, "and I tumbled out backward, three stories, and through the chicken-wire-and-glass marquee of a theatre. The canopy broke my fall, and I lit on my back on the sidewalk. I walked upstairs again and finished the windows." The point of the story, he was careful to explain, is that he, Richie Hart, was cleaning a window like a woman, backside out, window pulled down on his lap, and him rubbing the glass with a rag.

Few local window cleaners have fallen in recent years. Precautions are so thorough that they look upon falling as an act of God, somewhat the way wheat-field workers think of lightning. No window cleaner has ever fallen at the Empire State. The men there say they have no fear of dropping, but they express a gnawing anxiety over the possibility of being hit by a suicide. When, a few months ago, a new high guard-rail was installed on the eighty-sixth-floor observatory roof, which had been the usual jumping-off place, the window cleaners felt a lot better. Hart says that twice he has been just missed. "This one fellow, now, went by me whirling like a propeller," he says. "It was the goddamnedest thing. The other fellow—I had a new man working partner with me—this guy came straight down between me and the new man. The fellow was dropping straight, feet down, and he had the strangest look on his face. Then the wind caught him and took him clear over on the other side of Thirty-third Street, down a ways from the Waldorf Cafeteria. The new man quit right then."

NOTHING seems to bother Hart much. He sometimes says that window cleaning is not a very dignified occupation, and yet he has the pride of a man who knows exactly how to do what he is doing. His life is a good example of what happens to the unskilled, unschooled man who likes heavy work. He was born, of English stock, in the little Maine town of Searsport, on Penobscot Bay. "Yep, I'm a swamp Yankee," he said one morning while he was eating a second breakfast, at nine o'clock, in the Waldorf Cafeteria. "My father was a doctor, and I sure didn't take after him. My brothers got the brains." Richie's father died when Richie was two, leaving a wife and seven boys. Richie was the youngest. (He has two surviving brothers, who are a photoengraver, and the sales manager of a hardware company.) The mother, who had been a trained nurse, went to work at a hospital in Rockland, Maine. Richie, along with two brothers, spent most of his younger years at the Liversidge Institution, a home for boys at Mattapan, Massachusetts. He remembers that the place was rather bleak. There were fifty boys in the school, and there was only one classroom. "Not so hot," he says. "Some years, we didn't even have a teacher. They would only let us go home one week out of the year. Every Sunday, we all scrubbed up and marched off to church in twos, the superintendent leading us. I still go to Massachusetts every year or so. Sometimes I like to think it would be nice to look in on the old school and see what it looks like now, but I never do." Hart was taken out of the home for boys when he was fifteen and went to high school in Waverley, Massachusetts, where one of his older brothers was then living. He stayed less than a year, because he was self-conscious about being older than his schoolmates and felt that he didn't know as much as they did. Then he knocked around, doing odd jobs, and finally worked up his little

Somerville. He was in the Army in the first World War, but he didn't get overseas. After the war, he took a job for a while operating a hoisting machine in a General Electric plant in Everett, Massachusetts, and then he drifted some more. In 1923, he was in New York studying cards outside the employment offices along Sixth Avenue. He found one for apprentices to work in a mine in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, the railway fare to be paid by the mining company. Hart was in the mine six dismal, numbing years, a period he doesn't like to recall, and ended up working two thousand feet underground. The hard-coal market declined, like a great many others, in 1929, and soon he was getting only a couple of days' employment a week, in good weeks. He came back to New York. One day, walking down Sixth Avenue, looking once more at the cards outside the employment offices, he came upon a call for window cleaners. "Hell, I had never really *cleaned* windows," he says, "but it looked like a job. I figured I'd take a chance. It didn't seem to me like it took a lot of brains to wash a window." He has been at it ever since.

The first window-washing job Hart got was in the Architects Building, at 101 Park Avenue. For a few days, he made the rounds with an experienced man. They did ground-floor windows, and by the time he was asked to hook on a belt and go out a window on the fourth floor, he knew how to use a brush and a squeegee. "When you put a beginner out at the fourth floor, you can tell right then whether he will do or not," Hart said recently. "You fall from four, it is just as bad as fourteen or forty-four." He says he didn't feel at all nervous that day.

It was during his first two years at the business that Hart had his narrowest escapes. One of them occurred when he was working at New York University. A certain professor—Hart isn't sure what he taught—on the tenth floor of a building Hart was responsible for got furious if a window cleaner interrupted his classes. Usually, Hart was able to do the room's two windows in the intervals between classes by running into the room while the students were filing out, attacking the windows, then grabbing his pail and running out of the room again before the last incoming student closed the door. One day, he didn't quite make it. He was doing the outside of the second window. Rather than open it and walk back through a tittering teacher, he unhooked his safety belt and began to work his way along a fairly wide ledge to the next window, around a corner. His pail in his left hand, he moved a few feet, and then, his nerves suddenly shot, felt himself losing his balance and slipping. He still lowers his voice when he talks about the adventure. Somehow he managed to pull himself together and get to the next window. "Oh, what a foolish, foolish thing to do," he says. "What a damn foolish thing!"

Hart had two other narrow escapes, both on the same window on the seventh floor of 1088 Park Avenue. One day, he hooked the right end of his safety belt to the anchor on the right side of the window, stepped out, hooked the other side, and leaned back. The belt was an old model, without safety catches on the anchor bolts. It slipped off one anchor, which was too small for the anchor bolt, and he fell. The other anchor held. A safety belt consists of a web belt worn around the waist and a web strap six and three-quarter feet long that fits through two brass loops at the back of the belt. At each end of the strap is an anchor bolt and a safety clasp. The anchor bolts are big enough so that they cannot slip through the brass loops in case one bolt gives way at the anchor. A safety belt is supposed to be able to support a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds falling free for a distance of four feet. "I climbed that strap like it was a rope and got back inside," Hart says. "Then, the next time I came to clean that window, I forgot all about that one anchor being too small for the hook on my belt, and I banged out again. This time, I caught myself before I was clear down. Talk about a damn fool!"

Hart went to work at the Empire State Building just after it opened, in May of 1931. The first few months, there were twenty-five cleaners for the sixty-five hundred windows—five and a half acres of glass—in the building. Times and the percentage of occupancy being what they were, the management cut the staff to twenty, then to fifteen, and finally to seven. Wages, which had started at thirty-eight dollars a week, dropped to thirty-two. "About that time, we joined the union," Hart says. "We had some trou-

ASPECTS OF ROBINSON

Robinson at cards at the Algonquin; a thin
Blue light comes down once more outside the blinds.
Gray men in overcoats are ghosts blown past the door.
The taxis streak the avenues with yellow, orange, and red.
This is Grand Central, Mr. Robinson.

Robinson on a roof above the Heights; the boats
Mourn like the lost. Water is slate, far down.
Through sounds of ice cubes dropped in glass, an osteopath,
Dressed for the links, recounts an old Intourist tour.
—Here's where old Gibbons jumped from, Robinson.

Robinson walking in the Park, admiring the elephant.
Robinson buying the *Tribune*, Robinson buying the *Times*. Robinson
Saying, "Hello. Yes, this is Robinson. Sunday
At five? I'd love to. Pretty well. And you?"
Robinson alone at Longchamps, staring at the wall.

Robinson afraid, drunk, sobbing. Robinson
In bed with a Mrs. Morse. Robinson at home;
Decisions: Toynbee or luminal? Where the sun
Shines, Robinson in flowered trunks, eyes toward
The breakers. Where the night ends, Robinson in East Side bars.

Robinson in Glen-plaid jacket, Scotch-grain shoes,
Black four-in-hand, and oxford button-down,
The jewelled and silent watch that winds itself, the brief-
Case, covert topcoat, clothes for spring, all covering
His sad and usual heart, dry as a winter leaf.

—Weldon Kees

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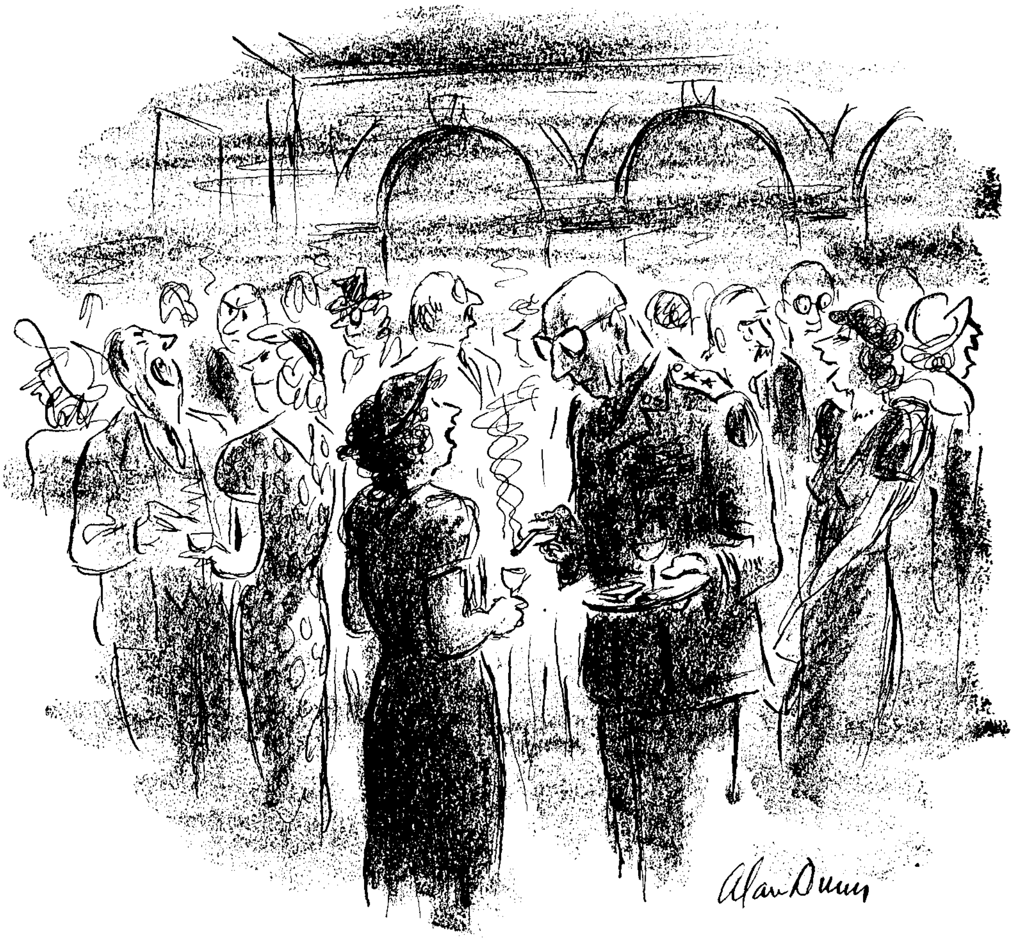


"*Tell me frankly, General, do you think I ought to begin saving tin foil?*"

• •

ble, but we made things stick." The union scale was then forty-eight dollars a week, and is now sixty-two, but all the men at the Empire State, as well as at most of the large office buildings, which are eager to hold on to sober, steady workers, get what Hart gets—better than seventy.

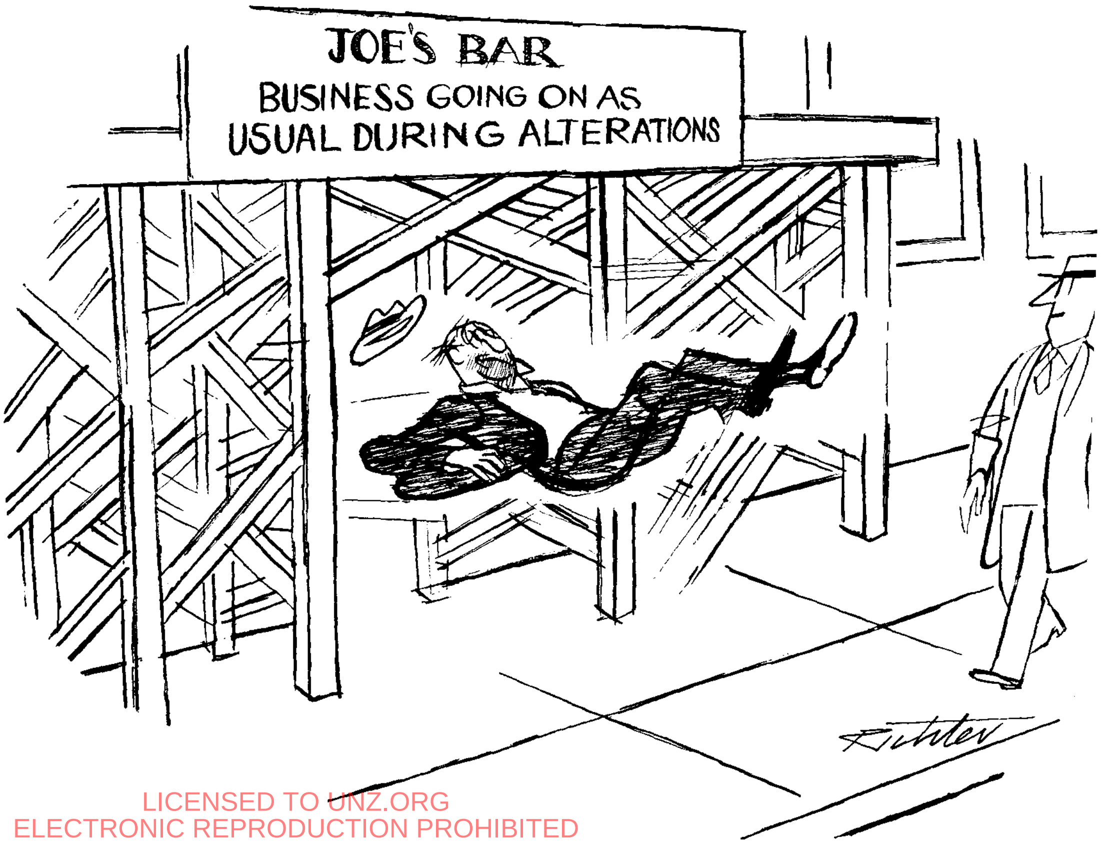
Hart belongs to Window Cleaners Local No. 2, an A.F.L. affiliate, which has its meeting hall and offices on the top floor of a building called Manhattan Plaza, on East Fourth Street, in one of the Slavic sections of town. Peter Slawuta, a big, dishevelled Slav who is secretary-manager of the local, got talking to a caller about his union one day. "Fifty years back, I don't know who was doing the windows," he said. "But, take for example, we go back thirty, forty years. There was immigration from one part of Russia—Ukrainian. Same part of the country, Ukrainian, built up the industry of window cleaning. In this line of business, it soon is all *landsman*—Ukrainian. Twenty per cent is Jewish—*landsman* also—from the Ukraine." Slawuta is himself Ukrainian. His massive wrists are evidence of the years he spent on windows. "Yes, I fell twice," he said. "Once, 1916, second floor; in 1920, I fall from fourth floor. It was a long time we were getting good safety code." Slawuta said it was very funny the way the Ukrainians, peasants from a flat land, many of whom had been living in huts that had no glass in the windows, took to window washing. "On a Sunday, down here on East Side, was a market," he said. "Man just from boat would stand there, and a man would come and feel their muscles—shoulders, arms, legs, all over—like a farmer at a horse fair. 'There a strong feller,' the man would say, and give the *landsman* a job window cleaning, Monday morning."

In the early days, Slawuta added, there were a lot of old-line Socialists among the cleaners. They would talk to the other men whenever they had the opportunity, and finally they began to organize. "In 1916, we was recognized a union. Then, naturally, strikes. Ukrainian boys would not go to scab, Jewish boys would not go to scab—all one family. First strike, second strike, third strike, by then everybody but *landsman*, even Japs, is gone to scab, cleaning windows. One Jewish feller, *landsman*, already working in the Post Office, has good English, and he represent us. Pretty soon, is better." Slawuta said that during the strikes and, a decade later, during the depression, other nationalities entered the trade. The local has around twelve hundred men, all working for contractors. Hart is employed by the Utility Window & Office Cleaning Co., Inc., which handles about fifty buildings. Slawuta figures that there are about four hundred independent, non-union window cleaners in town, who look after three or four places apiece, on their own.

THOUGH Hart is not a Slav, he leads a fairly typical window cleaner's life. He and his wife and a grown daughter of Mrs. Hart by a previous marriage occupy half of a two-family house on Staten Island. Hart has three other stepchildren, all of whom are married. The Harts see a good deal of them, but otherwise they stick pretty much to themselves. Hart's day at the Empire State ends at 1 P.M., at which time he goes home. Afternoons and evenings, he putters around the house, feeds a ten-gallon tankful of tropical fish, listens to the radio, and reads the newspapers. He tries to be in bed by nine. He gets up about two in the morning. His wife has a pot of prunes on the stove for him, and he eats a bowl, then goes out and waits for his bus. The driver is always a man named Aurel Hall, who is from Adam Falls, a place in the Maine woods so small that it is not on most maps. Once in a while Hart oversleeps and Hall comes to the door and raps until he wakes up. At the Staten Island ferryhouse, Hart has doughnuts and coffee. He is usually at the Empire State Building by four. He changes his clothes in a locker room in one of the building's two basements. In wintertime, his work clothes are heavy wool underwear, a heavy wool shirt, work pants, and denim overalls and jumper. He puts on heavy rubbers over his shoes all year round, to keep his feet dry. In winter he wears a knit Navy watch cap, and in summer a beret, the hat that is favored by most professional window cleaners. He molts as spring comes, and by summer he is wearing only pants and a shirt. When he is ready for work—his pail filled with water, with a brush and cloth soaking in it, a squeegee in a holder on his belt, a pinch bar (which is a small crowbar and is used for opening recalcitrant windows) hooked on the edge of the pail, and a chamois over his sh it is still dark. Most mornings, he wears his safety belt buckled around him, the ends of the strap hooked up in loops so they won't drag on the floor.

The Empire State is a lonely, eerie place at that time in the morning. There is always a moaning of wind through the corridors, the elevator shafts, and the fire-escape shafts; on some floors, the drafts are so powerful that people have a hard time opening their doors. The moaning is intensified by the emptiness of the building. A person can see Hart in the lobby early any weekday morning, padding along, his metal-rimmed glasses gleaming in the faint light from a lamp on a watchman's desk. Hart begins each day's work by rubbing down the glass doors of the building's five entrances. The lobby is dark, but the street lamps give him enough light to see what he is doing. If it is a Monday, a Wednesday, or a Thursday, he will next go up to the third, fourth, fifth, or sixth floor—these being his regular floors—to tackle some windows there. Every window except those in the lobby and the building's two observation towers is cleaned twice a month. If it is a Tuesday or a Friday, he follows his work on the lobby doors by going to the hundred-and-second floor for the semi-weekly cleaning of the windows of the top observatory. "I'll run to this last door here and then shoot up to the hundred-and-second first," he told a companion who was following him around out of curiosity one morning. "Then I'll jump down to the fourth floor." He always says "shoot up" or "jump down" or "run" in describing the direction of his Empire State travels. Bill Connors, a night elevator man, takes him to the eighty-sixth floor, unlocks the door of an elevator that goes to the hundred-and-second, and gives him the key. Hart goes the rest of the way alone. "Oh, that is a great man—Richie," Connors said to Martin Leonard, another night elevator man, as the pair of them sat in the dark on the ground floor one morning. "I'll bet he's the best in the city. Winter and summer, out in that air with the wind howling, and he never stops working, not a minute—hardly ever stops, even for a cup of coffee. If he can't go outside, he'll find something man." A few years ago, Connors went on, a new fellow came to work with the window-cleaning gang. He delivered the man to the seventy-seventh floor, to which he had been assigned, and went back to the lobby. Five minutes later, the buzzer sounded, and he took the elevator up again. The new cleaner had pushed for down. "My boss didn't tell me I had to clean windows with the angels," the new man told Connors. He had done one window and decided to quit.

On the morning Hart had his companion along, they went first to the hundred-and-second floor. When they reached it, Hart bounded to a light switch and turned on a few lights, and the observatory, which takes up the entire floor, looked, with its gray steel beams, its dials showing wind direction and velocity, and its glass windows set flush with the outside of the walls, like the deserted wheelhouse of a ship. That morning, the wind was blowing from thirteen to eighteen miles an hour, from the southwest. The sun wasn't up, but the sky was clear and the view of the city was altogether lovely. Hart walked straight over to a window—facing Jersey—on the pane of which someone had scratched "F Scanlan and Peggy Brennan 12-20-47." Every window in the place bears at least one inscription, probably made by couples testing the diamonds in engagement rings, and the beams between them are covered with the writing of unfortunates who owned simply pencils or fountain pens. The windows are locked, and only employees can open them. Hart unlocked the Scanlan-Brennan window, which, like the others, is hinged at one side. He pulled the window toward him, gave the outside surface a swipe with his brush, and scraped the water off with his squeegee. Then he swung himself up and stepped outside onto a narrow molding about eighteen inches below the sill of the window. His companion looked on in terror and experienced an odd vertigo while Hart felt for a firm grip with his feet, grasped the top of the open window with his left hand, leaned to his right, cleaned the outside of the next window, changed hands, and cleaned the window on his left. Hart stepped back inside and said, "It's nice out there this morning." Then he cleaned the inside of the three windows. "A lot of these windows are just too damn hard to open, so I do it this way," he said. There are twenty-four windows on the hundred-and-second floor and, moving clockwise, Hart climbed out and in eight times. Up there, twelve hundred and twenty-five feet above the street, the sky looked to anyone standing in the darkness of the interior as wild and lonely as it does in mountain country. Hart finished his job in about eighteen minutes and pulled up short at the window to the left of Scanlan-Brennan. "I always got to be sure


JOE'S BAR
BUSINESS GOING ON AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS
Richter

"They knew me right away...
EVEN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES

"I really got a kick out of that.

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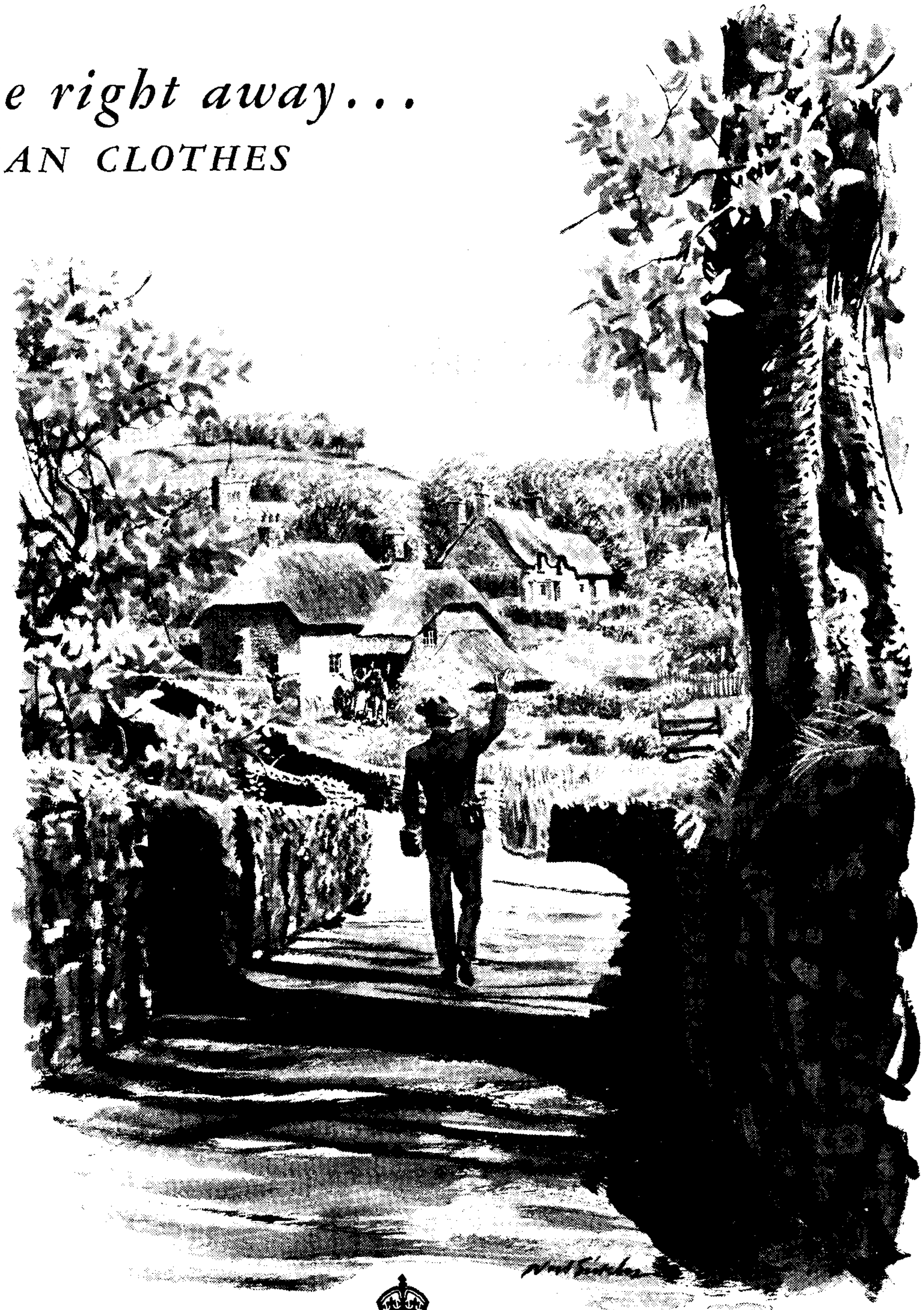

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JULY: Athletics-Amateur Championships, London—2nd-3rd. • Cricket, England vs. Australia, Manchester—8th • Musical Festival, Harrogate—5th-10th • Racing, Newmarket—13th-15th • Malvern Festival—26th-Sept. 4th Racing, Goodwood—27th-30th • London, etc—29th-Aug. 14th • Exhibition, Design in Industry, London—5th-31st.

AUGUST: Welsh National Eisteddfod, Bridgend—2nd-7th • International Horse Show, London—16th-20th • Olympic Games activities throughout Britain—till 14th • Sailing Regatta, World Championship, Hayling Island—13th-14th • International Festival, Music & Drama, Edinburgh—22nd-Sept. 12th • Engineering Exhibition, London—26th-Sept. 11th. • Yachting, Cowes—28th-Sept. 4th.

SEPT.: International Festival, Music & Drama, Edinburgh, to Sept. 12th • Three Choirs Festival—5th-10th, Worcester • Horticultural Show—7th-8th, London • Highland Games—11th & 16th, Scotland • Widdecombe Fair—14th, Dartmoor • Racing

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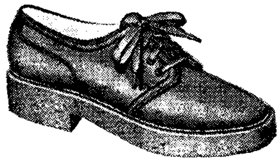

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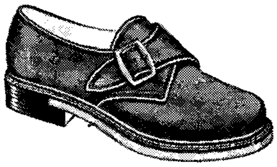

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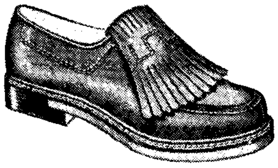

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where I start, or I might find myself going around and around this tower," he said.

Connors was waiting at the eighty-sixth floor.

"It was nice up there today, Bill," Hart said.

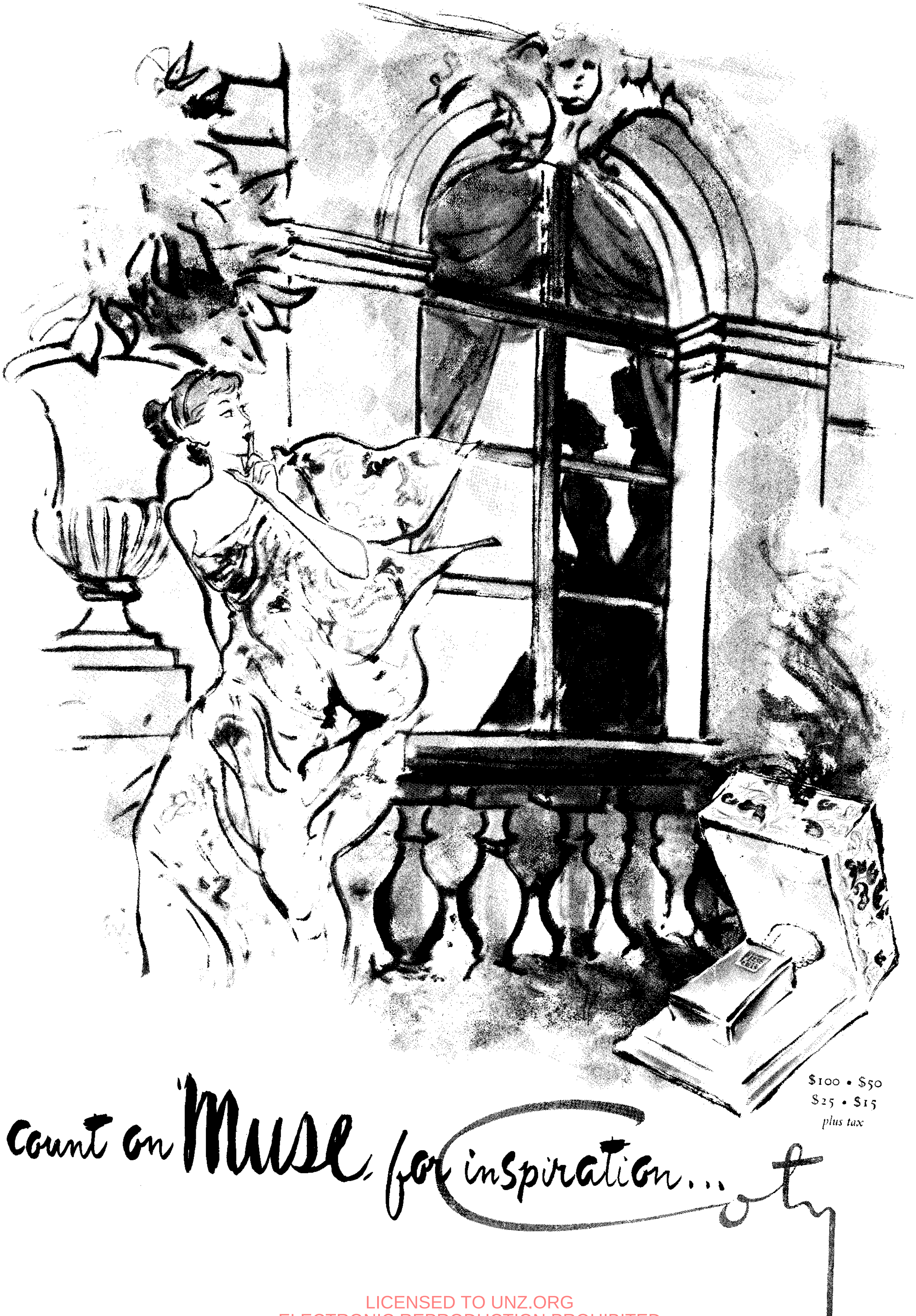
"Oh, Lord, Richie," Connors replied, "you'd think they would keep this place open all night, it's so beautiful out there at times. Oh, good God, I remember a sunrise one time, about six o'clock in the morning it was, and I was up here, and I looked out, and it was so goddam beautiful, every goddam nice color in the world, that nobody would believe you if you was to be telling them about it."

"It's fine up here when you get a gold-and-red sunrise coming up in back of all those bridges to Brooklyn and Queens," Hart said. "You get some peculiar things up here, too. Once I shot up to a hundred-and-two in the daytime, and it was raining down below. I looked down at the clouds, and the thunder and lightning, and there I was, in the bright sunlight. I felt like God, or something like that." He laughed.

Hart, still with his companion, jumped down to the fourth floor to wash some more windows. "It's best to work when there is nobody in an office," Hart said as he began to make the rounds there. "That's why we start so early in the morning. You don't get in anybody's way, and the draft doesn't bother all the office workers. A new outfit, the Burlington Mills, moved in here recently, and when I asked the guy for the master key, he asked me why I couldn't do the windows in the daytime. I said the draft. He said he hadn't noticed any draft. Then I opened a window for him. My, oh, my! People are usually pretty nice when you go in their offices. I remember one guy, though. He was on the phone, and I waited near the door. He put down the phone and said, 'You son of a bitch, don't you know enough not to enter a man's office when he's telephoning?' I didn't move until he apologized. I think I scared him a little. Another fellow always says, 'You work too hard. Sit down and talk awhile.' Most people hardly look at you." Richie walked into an office, glanced around, put a chair against a door, and moved a paperweight on top of some papers on a desk. It hadn't seemed very windy outside, but when he opened a window, the sound of the wind rushing by was like a roaring blast. He set his pail on the floor and his brush on the sill, and stepped lightly up on the sill, swung his snapped the right end of his safety belt in place, then the other end. He did this without looking for the anchors; his practiced hands found them instantly. He leaned back against the belt and shoved the window down. After picking up his brush and smearing water on the upper pane with it, he chased the water down with his squeegee—one swipe across the top, one long stroke down the left side, then one stroke down the right. In a few seconds, the water was all centered at the bottom of the pane, and he flicked it off. Then the bottom pane. He pushed the window open and unhooked the left end of his strap. He unhooked the right end as he stepped into the room. He did the inside of the window, then took a cloth out of his pail and wiped off a tiny bit of water that had collected on the sill.

"Did you notice how I was sure my right foot was gripping that sill before I swung out and hooked that right anchor?" he asked. "That's the time you *don't* want to slip. I take my pinch bar along with me most of the time, because the windows in this building are always sticking. All this beating they take from the wind seems to spring them. The thing that scares a window cleaner is not so much falling, it's getting stuck out there with a window down and you not able to get it open. A man could freeze out there in cold weather. One fellow I know stayed out there about half an hour and he couldn't get anybody's attention; it was before office hours. Finally, he kicked the window in. But that's dangerous. You might cut an artery in your leg and bleed to death before anybody could get to you. The longest I was ever out was about twenty minutes. I forget how I did get it open, but I can tell you I worked at it." In addition to his pinch bar, Hart usually has with him, in a hip pocket, a device that he made himself and that has got him out of trouble many times. It is a heavy iron handle (which he took from an old-fashioned washtub), attached to a flat piece of steel that has been bent at the bottom so that it can be wedged under a window. "It gives you just about the right leverage when you are out there on the belt and have to stoop," he says.

After cleaning a dozen windows, Hart jumped down to the first floor. It was twenty minutes to six. "Just a lick and a promise with a chamois around the lobby," he remarked as he began taking fingerprints off the glass front of a building directory on the Thirty-third Street side. "The chamois you get now are not much good," he said, rub-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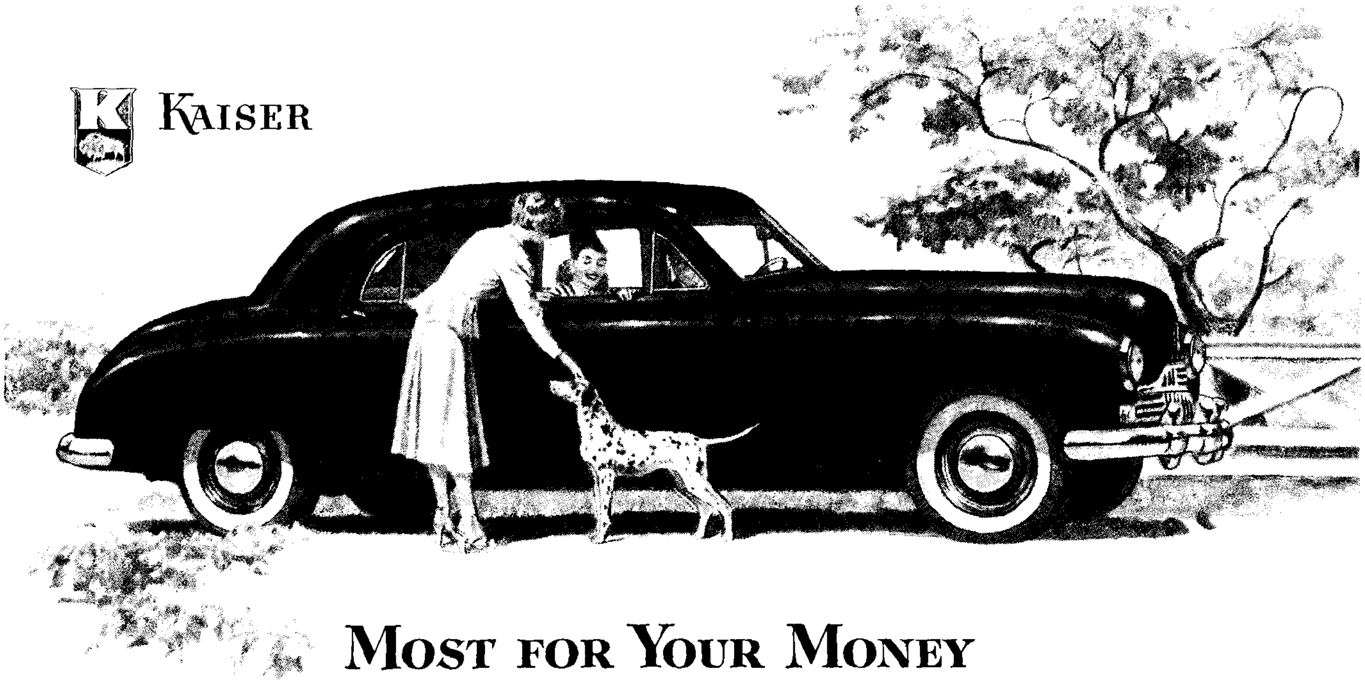

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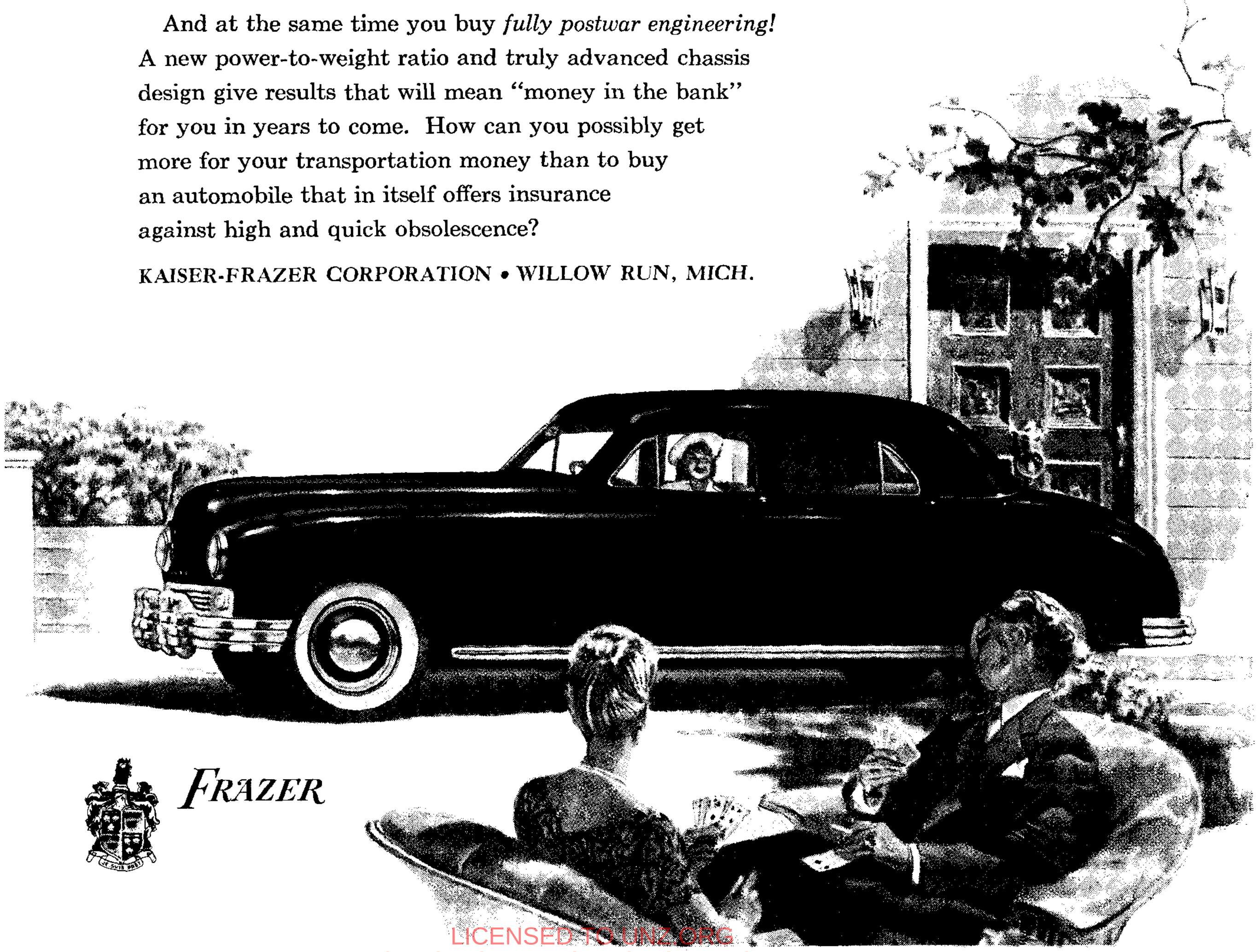

FRAZER

bing. "During the war, they were awful. We used to get a good French chamois. One thing you can't beat is a good French chamois. They are soft, they get the dirt off, and they leave things bright. It's supposed to be a secret how to tan them, handed down in one family, generation to generation." Hart does most of the stores on the first floor, although a few tenants, among them a Western Union office, have their own men. Everything above the first is handled by Hart and his crew. He cleans the windows of several establishments daily, and others get washed once a week. Every chance he gets, he wipes fingerprints off them. By the time he had walked around the lobby, dabbing here and there with the chamois, there was a little activity, and three employees were waiting before the lobby entrance to the Farmstead, a sandwich shop. A man came in through the lobby and opened the place, and Hart helped the four men carry in some boxes of cakes, cookies, and bread that had been piled by the door. He then went to one of the shop's windows facing the street and cleaned it on the inside. "This goddam artificial grass," he said, pointing to some decorative green matting he had to remove from the ledge below the window before he could start. "It gets on the squeegee and makes streaks." After that, he went to another of the shop's windows. "Ain't you through yet, Richie?" the fellow who had opened the shop asked. Kidding anywhere at that hour of the morning is seldom imaginative.

Hart's next job was what he calls a "special"—a Loft candy store on Thirty-fourth Street just west of Seventh Avenue. The Utility Company has him do the outside of the windows and the door twice a week, and on Mondays, when the display is being changed, he washes the inside of the windows, too. He got a six-foot length of ladder from one of the Empire State locker rooms. It was one of a set of six that, put together, are used for washing the second-floor windows of the Empire State from the sidewalk. Carrying the ladder upright, one rung resting on his left shoulder and his left hand holding another rung, and his pail swinging in his right, Hart walked along Thirty-third Street to Broadway. Near the corner, he passed a man leaning against a building, a pail at his feet. "Hi, Rich," he said. "These people never open my building, and it'll be nine o'clock before I get started." Hart said that was too bad. When he was out of earshot, he said to his companion, "That fellow will never get far in this business. He isn't aggressive He

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should make those people get master keys for him."

At the wide Sixth Avenue-Broadway crossing, Hart apologized for waiting for a green light. "If I wasn't carrying all this stuff, I'd go across here any which way, but with this ladder and this pail a man can't see so good and can't move so quick." He sounded as if that troubled him. At Seventh Avenue, he paused to watch some men cleaning some third-floor windows. One fellow was sitting in a bos'n's chair suspended by ropes from the top of a building. A man on the sidewalk was drawing him along from window to window by ropes. "We used to clean the tower windows between eighty-six and a hundred-and-two once a year that way ourselves," Hart said. "But it was too goddam dangerous. A sudden wind would whirl you around and bump you against the building and damn near break every bone in your body. Now we just let them go."

The Loft store was not yet open. Hart leaned the ladder against a window next to the glass door, and set to work. "If you do this just right, you stand on it so it balances out and barely touches the glass," he said. "If you leaned it hard, it would break the window." By the time he had finished the windows beside the door, a middle-aged woman had opened the shop. Hart went inside to do the door, and the woman said, "Oh, Richie, look at all this new stock they delivered me, and not one chocolate cherry. I always need chocolate cherries." Sure enough, at nine o'clock, a woman came in and asked for chocolate cherries. She looked disappointed when she heard the news, but she settled for some almond creams.

Back at the Empire State, Hart parked his ladder and pail in a seldom-used vestibule off the entrance on the Thirty-third Street side, near the branch Post Office, and went across the street to the Waldorf Cafeteria. A blond girl behind the counter didn't even bother to ask him for his order; she just put a dish of oatmeal, a corn muffin, and a cup of coffee on a tray and handed it to him. The tab was twenty-five cents. "Hey, Norwegian, here's a dime," Hart said, and the girl grinned. "Every morning just about now, I got to have my oatmeal," Hart said to his companion. "Once in a while, when I have too much to do, I skip it, and it almost kills me, it makes me so weak. I like to eat here, because there are a lot of workmen come in here—porters and window cleaners—and in these dirty old sides, they serve a good, filling dish of oatmeal."

ELEVEN to twelve o'clock is lunch hour for the Empire State window cleaners. A few men bring lunch pails and eat in their locker room, but most of them go out to eat and then come back to play casino, sleep, study the *Racing Form*, discuss their work, or complain about Hart's pipe. The other men in the crew are Fred Garlich and Martin Jablonsky, who work floors eighty-five to fifty-five as a team; Peter and Paul Bakun, brothers, who do floors fifty-four to twenty-nine; Thomas Hannegan, who does twenty-eight to seventeen; and James Wilson, who does sixteen to seven. Everyone works on the second floor, and everyone except Hart, whose special province is the top observatory, is involved in the twice-a-week cleanup of the eighty-sixth floor observatory, using squeegees and brushes attached to long poles to get at the very tall windows there. All the men except Hart start their day at six in the morning and finish up at three. Hart doesn't make any more money than the rest of the crew, even though he is the boss. His administrative duties are making out reports and telling his firm when he needs brushes, squeegees, chamois, and cloths. "Richie is a hard man to understand," Abe Rosenblatt, an official of Utility Cleaning, said one day. "He is satisfied to have the extra headaches without extra pay." Of Rosenblatt, Hart says, "There was one of the best window cleaners in town."

The big complaint of the men at the Empire State is the building itself. "On one day, water go on window all right, come off all right," Martin Jablonsky says. "Next time—whoosh—wind blow it all over the clean windows." One of the Bakun brothers says that updrafts have lifted him clear off his feet. Then, too, modern architecture has not eased the problem of the window cleaner. As windows get more nearly flush with the outside walls of the building, the width of sills decreases, and at the Empire State the men have only about three inches of toehold outside a window. "They must think we're billy goats," Hannegan says. One time, Hannegan, a native of Minnesota, said, "I tried starving awhile, and then became a window cleaner." The wind is the main trouble, but occasionally, in summer, the building is so becalmed that the water takes a long time to dry on the windows. "It wouldn't blow a feather off your nose," Hart says. "It's hell to wash a window on a day like that."

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For Love or Money
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

People, he thinks, don't seem to realize that it is foolish most of the time to open a door when a window cleaner has a window raised. "Take that third floor," he said. "Government offices—old, cheap partitions. I just got a window open one day when somebody opens the door real quick—crash, bang, boom, down goes a partition, important papers flying all over hell. Man starts to bawl me out, but I tell him it wasn't my fault. All I did about it was make a report to the building: Window cleaner knocks down a partition. People just will not realize about that draft."

Peter Bakun plays in orchestras that furnish music for weddings and dances in the city's Slavic neighborhoods and is constantly writing down bars of music in the margins of copies of the *News* and *Mirror*. He looked up from his music one day to say that he felt he averaged three minutes a window on a good day. "You talk brag," Jablonsky said. This exchange started a discussion that went on for some time without getting much of anywhere. It came out that some windows will take a man two minutes, whereas some may take him six—hard to open, hard to close, hard to get at in the corners. Four minutes is probably a good average. This includes entering an office, moving furniture out of the way, battening papers down, if necessary, and getting out again.

There is seldom any talk among window cleaners of the dangers of their work. Jablonsky and Garlich say proudly once in a while that they are in their late fifties and still working at a tough trade. Hart seems to be the only man with even a suggestion of a premonition of disaster. "I had a dream one time," he told the fellows in the locker room one day. "I dreamt this night that I was up on the hundred-and-second and there was some fellow chasing me. Golly, I was scared. Around and around that tower we went. Now every morning that I go up there alone in the dark, I grab my squeegee in my right hand and turn on the lights real quick. Then I look all over the place. I'm scared I'm going up there in the dark some morning and some maniac will have hid from the guards all night just waiting for me to get there and open a window. Then he's going to grab me, jump out, and take me with him right out that window."

—MARK MURPHY

•

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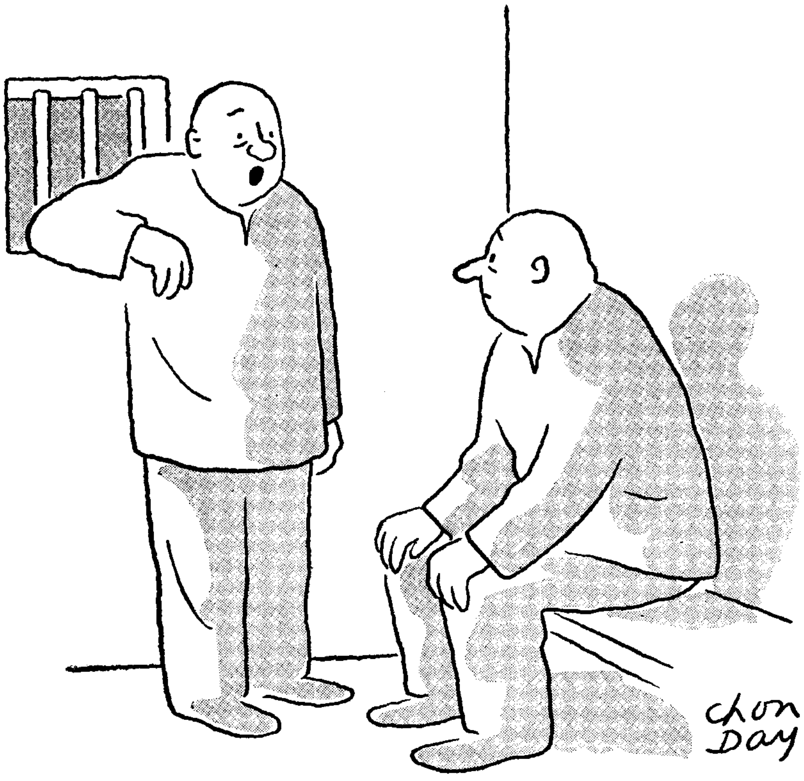
THE THEATRE

PASSION IN DOTHEBOYS HALL

IT is hard to say why Keith Winter's novel called "The Rats of Norway" made such an appalling play. It was an immature and even a ridiculous book, but there was something rather disarming about it. The author wrote like a great many other young Englishmen, with a kind of melancholy and indomitable "style," but he was so obviously and happily convinced that his characters' behavior was romantic and their conversation literary that somehow the reader was apt to accept them on those terms, against his chillier judgment and a formidable weight of evidence. In the stage version presented at the Booth last week, Mr. Winter was subjected to some of the most dismaying casting ever visited on a writer, but the trouble, of course, was a good deal deeper than that. What happened, I think, was that the engagingly youthful air of world-weariness and the semi-poetic prose that gave the book whatever quality it had were ruthlessly sacrificed for exposition, and Mr. Winter's story emerged as exactly what it was—a vulgar and tiresome essay on alcoholism, homosexuality, and adultery, made feebly just a little more offensive by the fact that the background was a boys' school. When John van Druten used somewhat this same material in "Young Woodley," it was my opinion that nothing worse could be done with it. I was mistaken. Mr. van Druten reduced his two principal characters to sentimental absurdity and his locale to a rather unpleasant sort of kindergarten; Mr. Winter managed to make no less than six of his people absolutely intolerable and his school drearily suggestive of a psychopathic ward.

In case the subject ever comes up at your dinner table, which is, fortunately, improbable, "The Rats of Norway" was about two doomed love affairs, or perhaps three, if you care to be clinically precise. Hugh Sebastian, the games master at a small and, I should say, quite inexpensive school in the North of England, had fallen in love with his headmaster's wife, whose name was Jane Claydon. This was deplorable from every possible point of view. He was a sullen drunkard, with a bad heart and a worse case of satyriasis; she was a plump, discontented blonde, hair-raisingly efficient around the school but otherwise a little on the stupid side; and the conditions under which they lived were very badly adapted to adultery, especially in the winter term, when some of his classes got shifted around. This was the main romance; the second involved Stevan Beringer, one of those young aesthetes who so picturesquely dot the English landscape, and Tilly Shane, a plain, moody girl, who loved him so much that she just got to be a nuisance. In a note in the program, intended to clear up the literary reference in the title, it was explained that both these couples "are seeking blindly and with an increasing desperation for a perfection of love which the very violence of their search prevents them from finding. So, like 'The Rats of Norway,' they finally drown their spiritual selves in their quest for the impossible." Less lyrically, what took place was that Tilly's devotion finally drove Stevan from love to distraction, and Hugh, weakened by drink and strong emotion, died embarrassingly one night in Jane's bed. Since there seemed to be more than an outside chance that Hugh and Stevan really liked each other *much* better than they did their respective ladies, it was, as you can see, a remarkably disorderly situation all around, though dull.

In spite of this plot, "The Rats of Norway" might not have been wholly unbearable if any of the leading performers in it had been able to convey a sense of passion or despair or even of reasonable social charm. They weren't, though. One actor, asked to play an effeminate man, did so with a commendable amount of humor and discretion, but the others, including people like Colin Keith-Johnston and John Ireland, who certainly ought to know better, turned up with the damnedest repertory of bellowings, simperings, leerings, and posturings that I have witnessed since Mae West's production of "Diamond Lil." My only cheerful memory of the whole fiasco, as a matter of fact, is domestic. A lady who occasionally dusts up around my house picked up the program the day after the opening and shook her head over the title. " 'The Rats of Norway,' " she said. "Another one of those propaganda plays, I guess?" I think she probably had lemmings and quislings somehow tangled in her head, but essentially she was right. Unconsciously, Mr. Winter may well have written a propaganda play, advancing some of the most crushing arguments against love of any kind ever put on the stage.—WOLCOTT GIBBS



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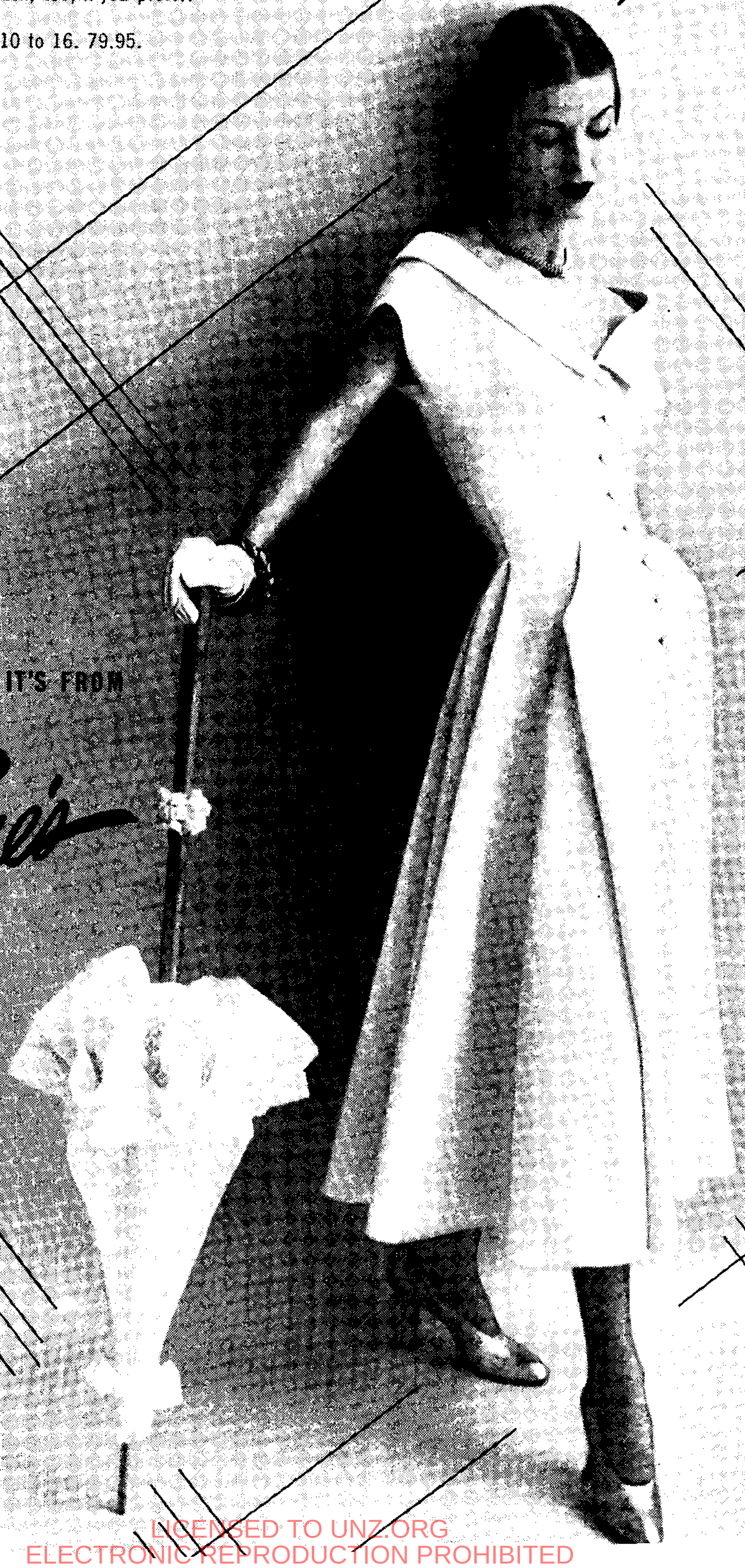

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THE RACE TRACK

Quickest Away, First Home

SENTIMENTAL racegoers usually believe that good horses who have lapsed from grace will eventually run back to their best form. Sometimes, waiting for that to happen becomes pretty boring. Take the case of Knockdown, who won the Excelsior Handicap at Jamaica on Saturday. When he galloped off with the Santa Anita Derby in February, 1946, I thought that he was as likely a three-year-old prospect as I'd seen in a long time. Afterward, he was overwhelmed by misfortunes, and he didn't finish in the money again till Saturday. Jimmy Smith, who used to train for Ed Bradley and last autumn took over the Maine Chance Farm stable, to which Knockdown belongs, apparently has a secret method of teaching his charges to get off the mark quickly. Royal Blood, another Maine Chance runner, showed a decided aptitude for the fast start in the Jamaica Handicap, which he won earlier in the week. He was no more nimble than Knockdown, who, though he is one of the largest horses in training, left the gate at high speed. He led all the way around the track, with Double Jay finishing second, less than a length behind, and Stymie third by a couple of lengths. Incidentally, Super Duper, Knockdown's half brother, won the next race on the program. Anyone who had hunches about blood relations and backed both of them had a pleasant afternoon, for Knockdown paid $55.10 and Super Duper $9.80.

Stymie came back to the races looking a bit older and a bit handsomer. There was a difference in his tactics, too. Instead of leaving the post slowly and making his major effort through the last quarter, as he used to do, he stuck fairly close to the pace all the way. As a result, he couldn't break into his old dash at the end. (Did I hear anyone say that you can't teach an old horse new tricks?) Nevertheless, I maintain fearlessly that Stymie will win a million before he is retired. He has $181,440 to go, but I'm not worrying.

IT would be nice to take merely an academic interest in the very debatable issue of whether Better Self or

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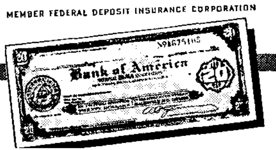

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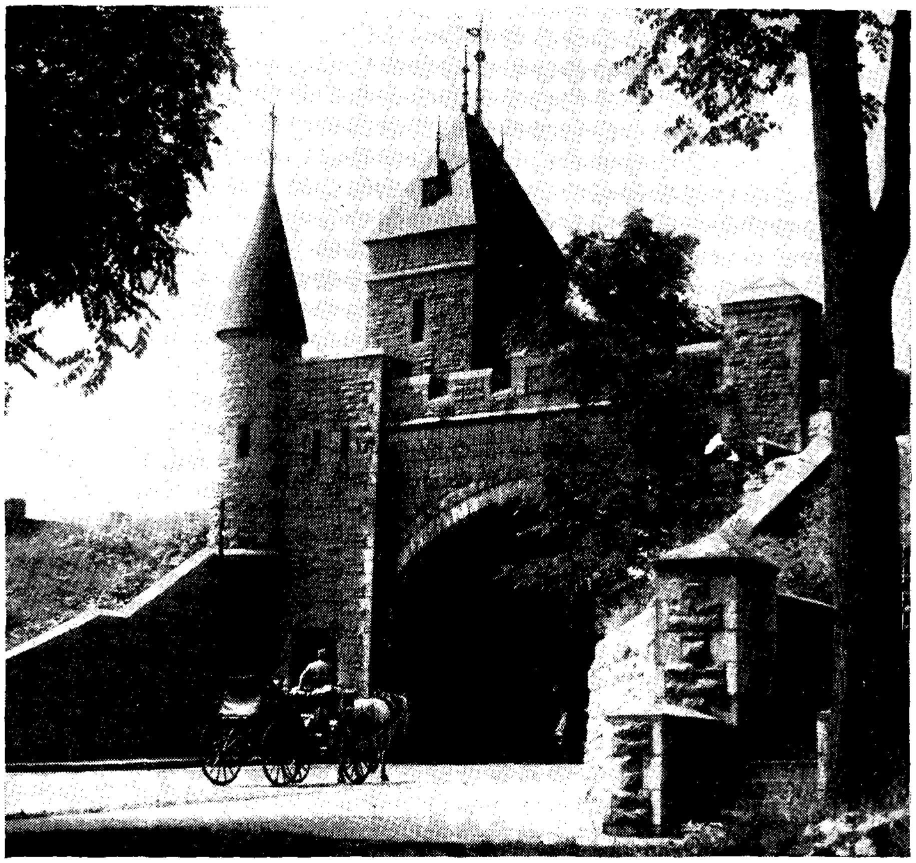
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morial, at *Jamaica*, this weekend, but I imagine that most horseplayers will be less coolly involved. I can't recall the last time two racers in the Wood were so evenly matched. Better Self has quality, high speed, and exceptional mud-running ability. My Request is sturdier, just as sharp, and very well trained; he has already won brilliantly at more than a mile. Besides, he'll be ridden by Arcaro, which, I expect, should turn the trick for him. For those who plan to consult astrologers, My Request was foaled on April 2nd and Better Self on April 14th—1945, of course.

NO matter who wins the Wood, Citation undoubtedly won't go to the post for the Kentucky Derby at anything better than odds on. I popped down to Havre de Grace early last week and saw him beaten by Saggy in the Chesapeake Trial, but nobody could draw any deep conclusions from that performance. The track had the viscosity of bubble gum, and Citation's trainer told anyone who cared to listen that he had no intention of putting his colt through a strenuous race in such going. I, for one, didn't blame him. After all, Citation has many rich stakes engagements ahead of him, and it would have been absurd to risk doing him in at the beginning of the season. Of course, the people who bet on him, at 1–4, didn't see it that way. They booed quite loudly. The longer Chesapeake Stakes, on Saturday, was quite another affair. I didn't get down for that one, but my scouts report that there could be no mistaking this time that Citation was all right. He won, hard held, by lengths, and the only anxious moment his backers had was when his bridle broke during the parade to the post, giving him a chance to run off, which he didn't take. Looking Citation over in the paddock before the Chesapeake Trial, I could understand why even the more conservative trainers have been shouting in the streets about him. He has grown into a picture horse, if I ever saw one; he fairly radiates the bloom of condition, is level-headed, and does everything the right way. Horsemen have a superlative compliment for such an animal: "He looks good enough to eat." I haven't picked my colt for the Derby yet, but I'm afraid I'm about to.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

N. M. writes: Every time I try to sing, I start yawning. What can this be?
—*The News.*

We don't know. But it doesn't lead to the Met.

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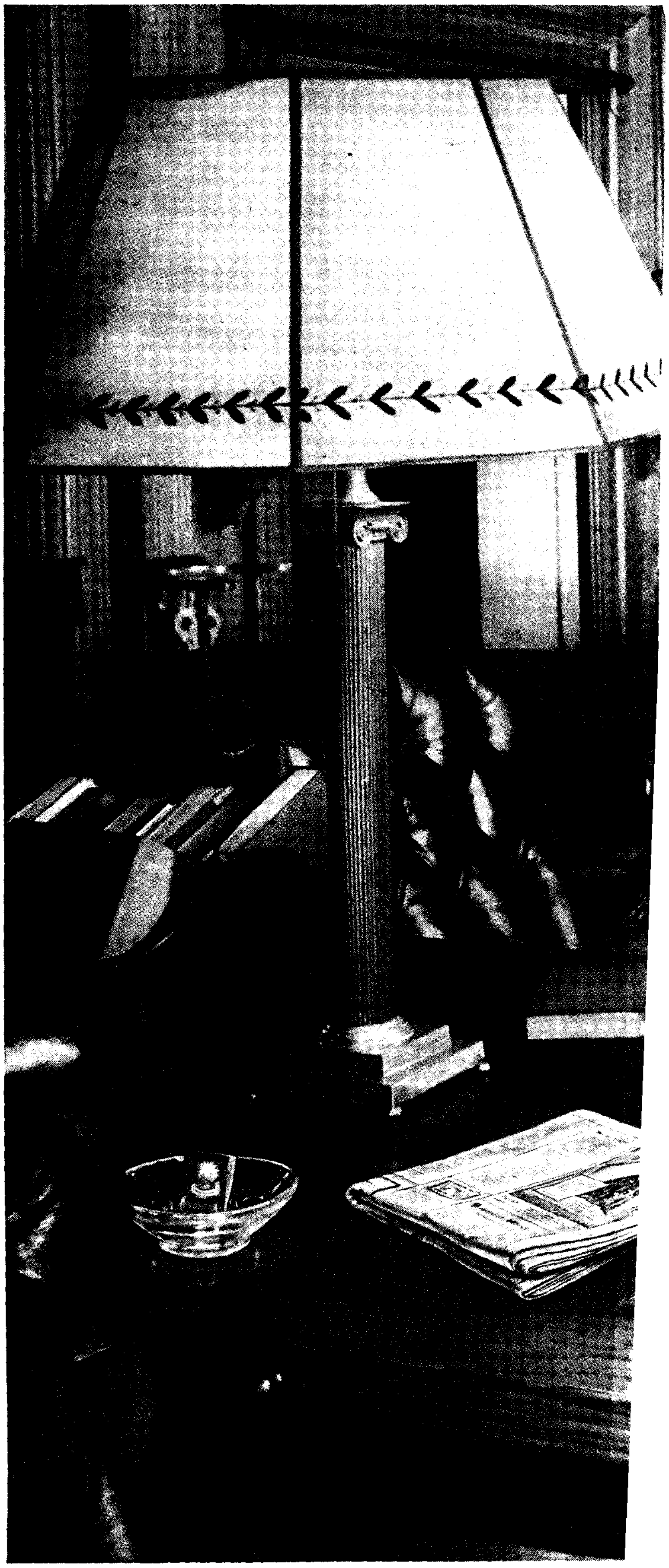
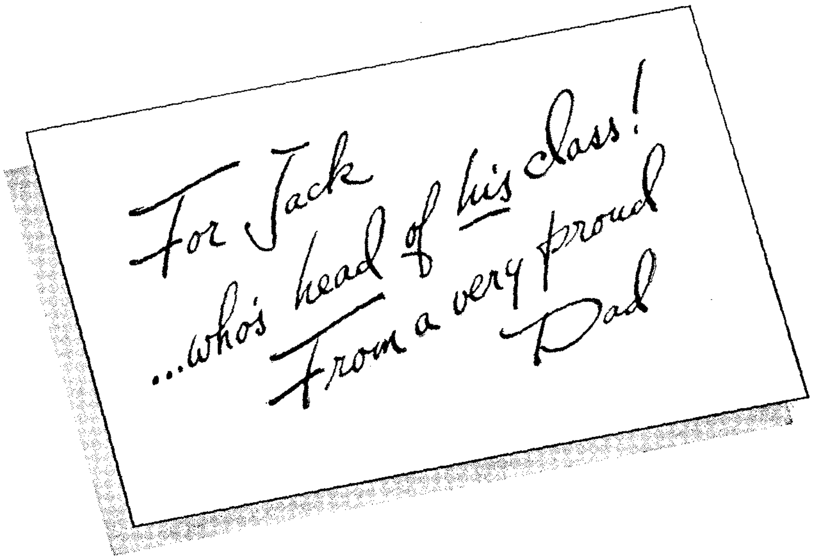


Newsweek
HERALD

THE READING ROOM OF THE ALGONQUIN CLUB AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKOLAS MURAY.



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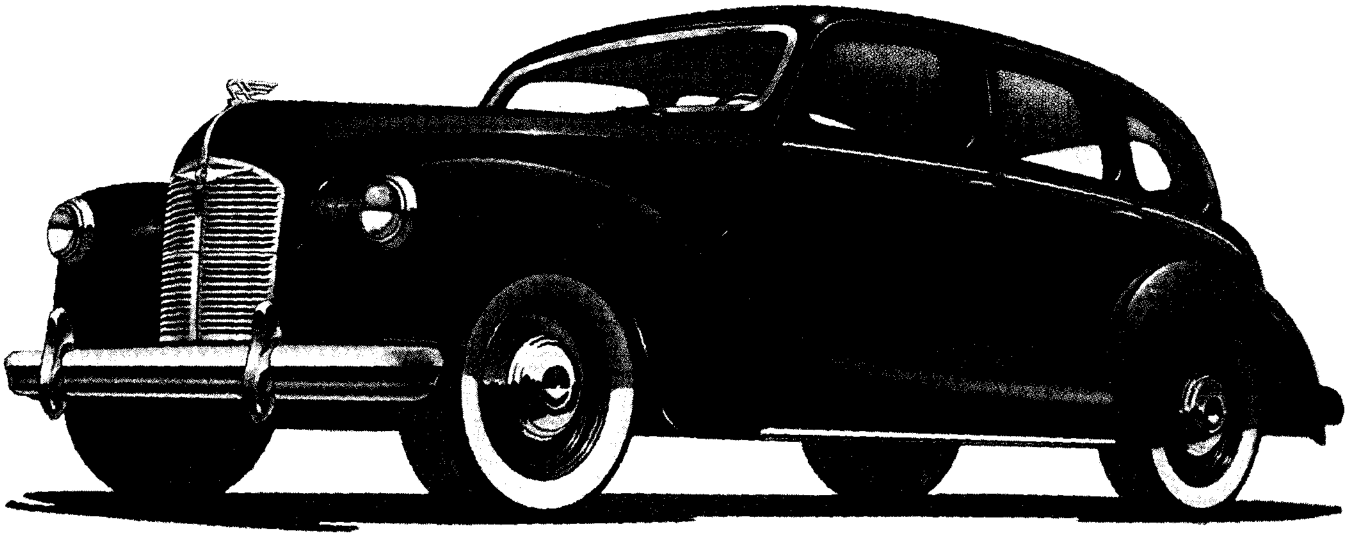

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Im Westen Nichts Neues

ALMOST every time the characters in the movie version of "Arch of Triumph" get low in their minds, it starts to rain. Since they're a glum bunch, the film is one of the moistest that have come along in years. While running between the raindrops to the rare dry patches of the piece, the cast converses in a medley of accents. This gives a properly international flavor to Erich Remarque's story about refugees in Paris before the war, but it isn't always helpful in establishing the nationality of the various types on view. When Ingrid Bergman, for instance, who plays the heroine, speaks English with the lilt of her native Sweden, it's rather hard to remember that she's supposed to be a combination of Rumanian and Italian. Similarly, when Charles Boyer, as the hero, speaks English with French overtones, he sounds utterly Gallic, although his role calls for him to portray an Austrian physician. To add to the confusion, Mike Romanoff is introduced as a Russian somewhere along the line, and *he* speaks English with a fair imitation of an Oxonian brogue.

If the result of this babel were at all entertaining, I wouldn't quibble about it, but apart from the rain and assorted dialects "Arch of Triumph" doesn't offer much material for discussion. Most of whatever drama there was in the Remarque novel has been excised, presumably to give Miss Bergman plenty of opportunities to moo at Mr. Boyer. In their scenes together, the latter, I'm afraid, tends to make Miss Bergman look very brash and immature, for his effective underplaying reduces her bouncy histrionics to the level of girlish antics. Mr. Boyer is the sort of actor who can say, "Come with me to the Casbah," and make it sound dangerous; the same invitation from Miss Bergman, judging by her performance here, would bring to mind nothing more stimulating than a 4-H Club picnic. For all her bucolic appearance, Miss Bergman is supposed to be a hell of a *femme fatale* in "Arch of Triumph" from the moment she appears, after leaving one lover dead in bed, until she finally expires, after goading another one into letting her have it with a Luger. Through it all, she persists in regarding Mr. Boyer as her own true love, even though another gentleman supports her when Daddy's out of town. As a doctor who has fled the Nazis and who is residing illegally in Paris, because he has no papers, Mr. Boyer has a very tough time. Besides his medical work and his dalliance with the heroine, he has a feud with a Gestapo man to keep him busy. This Nazi is played by Charles Laughton, who sprinkles his conversation with "*mit*"s to show his point of origin. I don't think he'll fool anybody, however.

"ANTOINE AND ANTOINETTE" is an ingratiating little French item that tries just a touch too hard to sustain a gay mood. It is at its best when portraying the simple, daily life of a pair of Parisian newlyweds and their acquaintances, making pleasant fun of the jealousy of the young husband, who fears that his wife will succumb to a middle-aged grocer, and dealing understandingly with the young wife's longing for a bit more spending money. When it abandons such simplicities to describe how the young couple wins a lottery, only to discover that they have lost the ticket, it becomes rather heavily contrived. The film is, I think, lighthearted enough to make it worth your while, but it's a long way from such pictures as "Sous les Toits de Paris," which had all the jauntiness that this picture requires but doesn't quite achieve. Incidentally, "Antoine and Antoinette" won a prize at the 1947 Film Festival at Cannes.

THE cast of "The October Man," an English picture, go about their business with such efficiency that they almost succeed in disguising the thinness of the stuff with which they have to work. The picture centers on a young chemist who has been banged on the head in a bus accident and has no confidence in his sanity. Presently he gets involved in the murder of a girl and is almost finished off by circumstantial evidence before the real culprit is uncovered. There isn't much question about the identity of the criminal, and it's clear right along that justice is going to triumph, so there isn't a great deal of suspense. The performances are all first-rate, particularly those of John Mills

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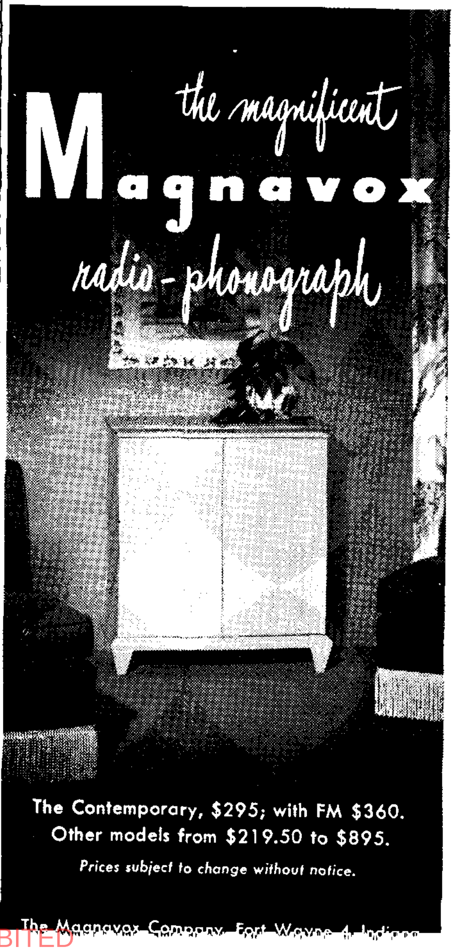

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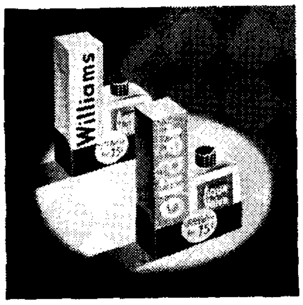

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and Joan Greenwood, who head the cast.

"Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!" is a Technicolor tribute to mules, the title being what muleskinners shout at their beasts. I couldn't work up much enthusiasm for the principal characters, or, for that matter, for June Haver and Lon McCallister, who assist them. . . . "To the Victor" is a dull, chaotic account of black-market operations in France, in which Dennis Morgan plays a G.I. who repents his shady connection with the French grifters and clears things up as noisily as possible. The picture introduces the Swedish star Viveca Lindfors. Maybe she'd better step outside and come in again. . . . "Are You with It?," an adaptation of the Broadway musical comedy, has a mediocre score and few funny moments. Donald O'Connor, as an insurance actuary who, after misplacing a decimal point, flees his job to join a carnival, is embarrassingly callow. Lew Parker and Walter Catlett, the leading comedians, aren't callow; they're just embarrassing.

—John McCarten

•

GREEN TWILIGHT

Close the door quickly, before the green
eye of the twilight inserts itself,
shattering with spite the picture you've
made of tranquillity; lidlessly
stare at the fire and the flowers, at the
curtains adrift in the evening air.

Close the door quickly and shutter the
windows (else evil will enter, will
quietly smile at the pitiful room,
at the hopeful arrangement of
chairs and of books), as if time were thus
foiled—as if walls would not fall and the
books lie unread in the unending twilight.

—Jessamyn West

•

So much for the aids in making a slogan easy to remember by attuning it to the ear through choice of words and their arrangement. Poetry also idealizes; it describes an object or idea which is commonplace through fresh eyes, by analogy, or through some other imagery that creates an increased respect for the values that the product represents. This quality that distinguishes poetry from mere rhymes gives us such superb concepts as:

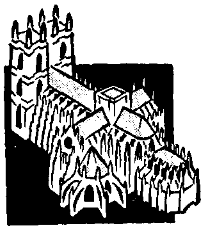
Avoid Five o'clock Shadow with Gem
The Instrument of the Immortals (Steinway)
The Pause That Refreshes (Coca-Cola)

—Printers' Ink.

Yeah, but a poet is born, not made.

LETTER FROM LONDON

April 13



THE British, to judge by the comments going around, evidently feel about Cripps' first budget much as they feel about Cripps—that it is an extremely clever and honest bit of work, which they have to admire even if they don't love it. The financial surgery it will perform on millions of ordinary lives is so intricate that lots of the patients are hazy as to whether the operation is going to make them feel worse or a good deal better. Most of the budget's benefits seem to accrue, for a change, to the middle classes, whose grumbles may have reached the ears of those who are already thinking about votes in the next general election. From the two ends of the income brackets have come shrill cries of disappointment and pain. The workers had hoped that the rich would be soaked with a really stiff capital levy to offset the Government's asking for the stabilization of wages. The jump in the tax on beer and tobacco was a shock. For the rich, now officially designated as those who make more than two thousand pounds a year, the principal feature of the budget is the levy on income from investments, which Cripps has soothingly said isn't a capital levy at all but which looks enough like one to make little difference. Though the levy has not ordered capital's head off as explicitly as the more extreme Leftists would like, the higher-income groups, already groggy from heavy taxation, are talking as though they had felt the first touch of something unpleasantly cold on their necks. Cripps has said that the new measure is to be a special, "once-and-for-all" contribution by the rich toward the country's financial recovery, but there is a cynical suspicion that future Chancellors may like the procedure so well that they won't want to drop it. The Chancellor's austere little joke about abolishing the duty on soda water was only glumly appreciated by most Londoners, who haven't laid eyes on a bottle of Scotch to mix with the stuff in months. Nevertheless, nearly all thoughtful Britons consider that Sir Stafford's remarkable one-man performance has produced the most constructive budget that this country has seen for some years.

The other great topic of conversation

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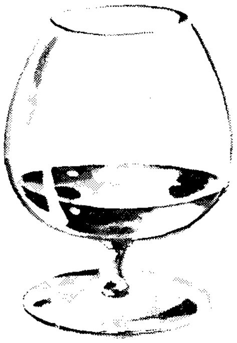

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currently is the return of a skinny gasoline ration, which is good for about ninety miles of motoring a month but which motorists may save up and blow in one reckless burst on the family's summer holiday. The black market in gasoline has been kept going largely by truck drivers, who sell any coupons they have left over at the end of a trip to their pals in roadside garages, who in turn sell them to customers looking for a bit of "fiddled," or black-market, gasoline. To foil these operations, petrol intended solely for trucks is to be colored pink, not to match the Government, as irate Tories claim, but to identify it if it is found in any private motorist's tank. Nobody knows yet if this will mean periodic police checkups to find out whether one's gasoline is the legal color. Many Britons doubt that colored gasoline, whether it's pink or red, white, and blue, will really stop the traffic in fiddled stuff. However, the pretty harsh penalties that have been announced for those who are nabbed—ranging from not allowing guilty motorists a drop of gasoline for a year to a year's revocation of the license to sell it for garage proprietors caught putting a touch of pink gasoline into a friend's tank—may have the desired effect.

THE biggest artistic treat in London at the moment is the Tate Gallery's memorial exhibition of the late Paul Nash's paintings. This has succeeded the Tate's show of Chagall, and, before that, of van Gogh, for both of which thousands of Londoners queued up as though the pictures were fresh eggs or unrationed chocolates. So far, there has been no similar stampede to see the Nash show, though there should be. Like van Gogh, Nash was attracted by sunflowers, but his flowers seem to whirl like strange, dead planets through the shadows of his private dreams of the universe. The exhibition gives examples of two distinct ways Nash interpreted his two distinct fantasy worlds—the very old world of trees, rocks, mysterious moons, and skeletons and footprints of prehistoric creatures, and the bright, clear world of space, in which the eye is made to perform giddy gymnastics. Both are beautiful. There are also on view some of the paintings he did as an official war artist. His studies of German planes lying in masses of twisted wreckage on English moors make the dead machines look as ancient as the prehistoric skeletons in the other pictures. The Queen heads the list of owners who have lent canvases to the show.

Londoners are also dropping in at the Tate to take a look at the gallery's ex-

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hibition of ten or eleven paintings from the bequest collection of Sir Hugh Lane, a bone of Anglo-Irish contention that lately turned up in the news again when a couple of questions were asked in Parliament. Lane, an Irish art collector, first offered his treasures to Dublin, which at the time was unable to accept them for lack of gallery space. When he was drowned in the sinking of the Lusitania, in 1915, his will disclosed that he had left them to the National Gallery in London. An unwitnessed codicil revoked this legacy, however, and bequeathed the pictures to Dublin. There has been bitter argument ever since between the Irish, who think they ought to have them, and the English, who not only have the legal niceties on their side but, even more conclusively, have the pictures. The selection now on view consists of French Impressionists, including a fine Manet, as well as a lovely little Boudin beach scene, a Daumier, and "The Mantelpiece," by Vuillard. Dublin now keeps a room in its Municipal Gallery of Modern Art ostentatiously empty of everything but reproductions of the missing pictures. The Irish sense of grievance has magnified the value of the collection, which connoisseurs say isn't as great shakes as all that. The dispute stirred up by the M.P. who revived the old question in the House the other day made it clear that the grievance and the pictures will continue to remain where they are, on opposite sides of the Irish Sea.

LONDONERS have watched with interest the miraculous sprucing up of Grosvenor Square, which has been transformed from its wartime mess of mud, ruts, U.S. Army trucks, and huts into gardens designed to surround the statue of President Roosevelt. During the week before the unveiling, the bustle was terrific. People in nearby shops and offices experienced the pleasant anticipation that precedes a big party as they strolled by during lunch hour to see how the gardeners were coming along with rolling the new grass and planting flower beds, and the painters with touching up every piece of ironwork in sight with beautiful, shining new paint—a bit of cheer that large areas of the city dismally lack.

By opening morning, the place looked wonderful. The morning itself was also wonderful, and the crowds that packed the rooftops, clung to the Grosvenor Square railings, and jammed the sidewalks behind the guard of honor all seemed to have put on their best

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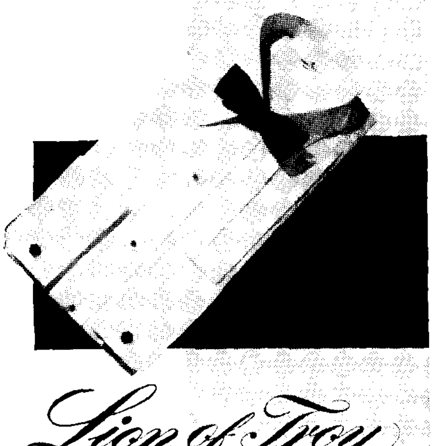

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and brightest clothes, as though it were a national holiday. The brief service was simple and very moving. Next to Mrs. Roosevelt, who looked so unfamiliarly nervous that the shorter figure of the King seemed oddly protective as they walked up the path together to unveil the statue, the dominant personality at the ceremony was Winston Churchill. The crowds gave him a huge cheer when he arrived, and though he sat in the second row of seats, just behind the King and Queen, it was obvious that he was in the front of everyone's thoughts that morning.

There was so much criticism when photographs of the first, small-scale model of Sir William Reid Dick's statue were published about two years ago that it was a relief to find that the finished work is very handsome. The standing position, which many people felt was wrong, gives the figure the necessary height and dignity to dominate the big, open space, and the color of the green bronze is particularly beautiful against a strip of sky in the gap left by one of the bombed Grosvenor Square houses. All day, a huge, patiently shuffling queue wound past the railings and filed before the statue to look down at the King's and President Truman's flowers and up into the remembered face. They seemed pleased with the statue their shillings had made possible and especially pleased with the brilliant, summery day, the finest compliment, as someone in the throng remarked, that London could pay to Franklin Roosevelt.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

●

THE LITERARY LIFE

(INFATUATION WITH ONE THING INSIDE ANOTHER DIVISION)

She had no interest in me that evening; the jinn rumbled below us uncalled; she lived apart in a little world, within a little world, the innermost of a system of concentric spheres, like the ivory balls laboriously carved in ancient China.—*From "Brideshead Revisited," by Evelyn Waugh.*

. . . If it pleases you to think of it so, you can think of my guilt like Chinese boxes or Russian eggs. . . . My sense of guilt as a human being drove me to the Party, and my sense of guilt as a member of the Party drove me to work that was special and secret. Now I will not stay any longer in the system of Chinese boxes and Russian eggs.—*From "The Middle of the Journey," by Lionel Trilling.*

. . . "Let's compare them to a Chinese chest: the sort, you remember, that opens into a second box, another, still another, until at length you come upon the last . . . the latch is touched, the lid springs open to reveal . . . what unsuspected cache?" He smiled wanly.—*From "Other Voices, Other Rooms," by Truman Capote.*

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TEE AND GREEN

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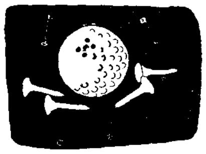

Gene Sarazen's 63 in the opening round of the Specialists Tournament last weekend at the Cavalier Yacht and Country Club, at Virginia Beach, was one of the most pleasant and dramatic golfing spectacles I've witnessed in some time. It was pleasant to see the old farmer—he now spends most of his time raising Black Angus cattle on his farm in Germantown, New York—come out of semi-retirement to show up a group of the country's best professionals, most of whom are young enough to be his sons. A 63 by anyone is dramatic, but in the case of Sarazen it was especially so, because he manages to be dramatic even when choosing an iron. In the entire round on Friday, he made just one poor shot: he hooked his drive on the fourteenth, but recovered superbly and sank a twenty-foot putt for his par. Otherwise, his drives were straight down the middle, averaging close to two hundred and forty yards on fairways so soggy that on most holes he got practically no roll. On his approaches, he hit every green but one—the fifteenth, where he was perhaps six feet over—and he took only twenty-eight putts, four of which were between twenty and forty feet. His approach shots were more consistently up to the hole than those of any of his fourteen rivals. The only time he was short was at the eighteenth, and then it was by less than a foot. All in all, Sarazen's performance was amazing for a man who first won the National Open twenty-six years ago; it was definitely underrated by a lady who said, as she watched him head for the scoreboard, "I see what they mean now. He must have been quite a player in his time."

Nobody expected Sarazen to keep on at that rate, and he didn't. He retained the lead through the Sunday-morning round with a creditable 68, but he was too tired to do better than a 74 in the afternoon and had to content himself with a tie for third place in the tournament. At the seventh hole he took two strokes to get out of a shallow trap, a sin he has seldom committed. Lew Worsham, the National Open champion, added a pair of 65s to his opening 68 to take the thousand-dollar first prize. His putting in the last two rounds

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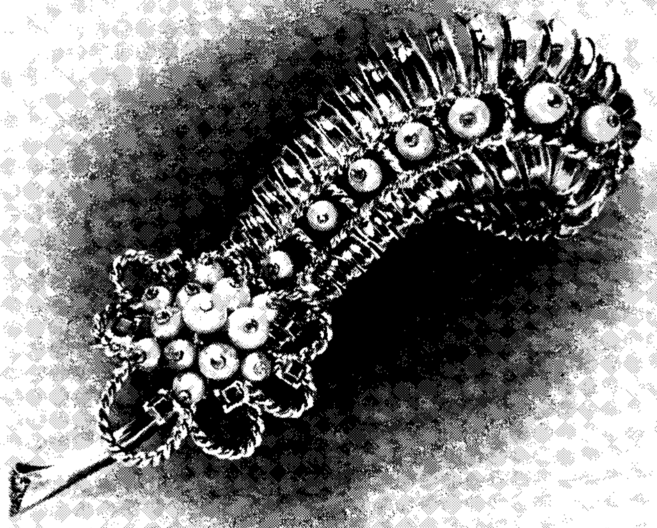

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was almost as good as Sarazen's in the first. Worsham sank eight putts of from eight to twelve feet and one that was well over twenty, and said afterward that it was the best putting of his life.

THE reason for calling what started and ended as a medal-play contest the Specialists Tournament became apparent on Saturday, when a curious bit of vaudeville involving two seven-man teams was staged. Each team was supposed to form a perfect composite golfer, and each played one ball, with each shot assigned to the player who presumably could handle it best. Jimmy Thomson and Chick Harbert, two of the longest hitters in the game, were the opposing drivers; Bobby Locke and Jim Ferrier, reputedly the world's best putters, were to do the putting; and so on. Things didn't go so well, though, and by the fifth hole, Sarazen and Walter Hagen, the nonplaying captains, whose job it was to decide who would play what shot, had become so dissatisfied that they undertook a general redistribution of duties; at the end of the round, practically all the specialists had used three or four clubs, instead of sticking to the one they were dedicated to. You might think that a group of top pros, like Thomson, Ferrier, Jimmy Demaret, Worsham, Lawson Little, Herman Keiser, and Johnny Palmer—*the team commanded by Hagen*—would score somewhere in the fifties with an arrangement such as that, but they wound up with a feeble 74. (Sarazen's crew did it in 66.) The match was fun for the gallery, though, and for Hagen and Sarazen, who gambolled about like decrepit lambs. On the fifth hole, a par 3 that Hagen's team won with a 4, Hagen held things up for five minutes while he argued with Ed Dudley, the referee, over whether the Sarazens had laid his boys a stymie. Saturday's play was preceded by a "golf clinic," in which the players demonstrated how they hit their shots, and by more vaudeville, in which Demaret and Locke did imitations of each other's form and Demaret did an imitation of a Scotch golfer with a Southern accent, a hare lip, and a broken leg. Very complicated.

—P. W. W., JR.

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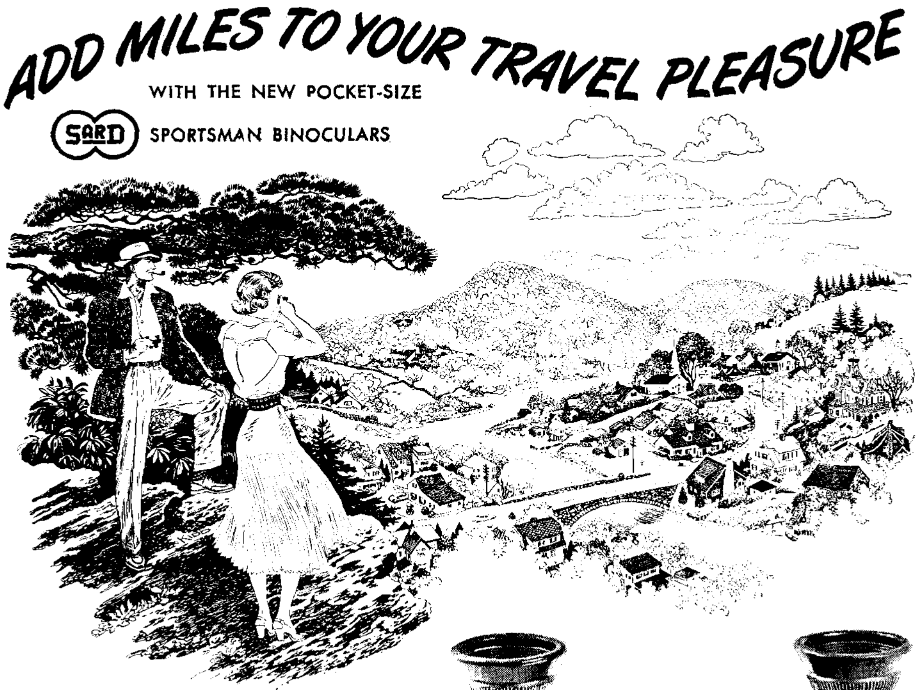

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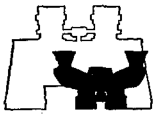

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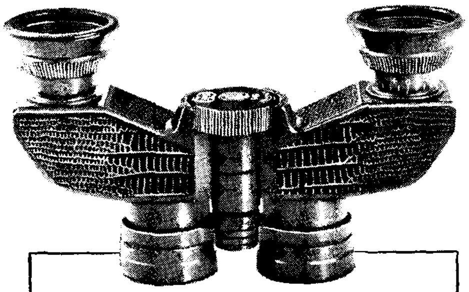

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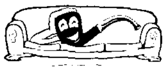

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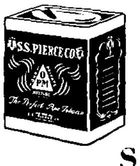

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TODAY AND TODAY

CONSIDERING, as I have been, every possible avenue of escape from my present excessively snug apartment, including that of building in the country, I recently set out to study a number of those guidebooks on housebuilding that have been spurting from the presses. Most of them turn out to be devoted to what has been known, for some ten years, as the House of Tomorrow. I had not been reading long when I realized I was encountering with dismaying regularity such phrases as "integrated areas," "overlapping function," and "multiple-purpose rooms."

To a man in whose home the recent sounds of jubilation over the birth of a man child died abruptly into the sounds of bedsteads being lugged into a living room already doubling as a place to eat, this jargon is far from seductive. My wife and I have, in fact, survived as householders only by devising every form of overlapping function short of racking doughnuts on the curtain rods. The practice of telescoping larder and library by alphabetizing canned goods behind the volumes on the bookshelves—a system that seems to be gaining wide acceptance in New York—was inaugurated, possibly invented, in my home in 1943. One drop leaf of the table off which I eat juts, when in use, over the blankets under which I sleep, so breakfast in bed, far from being a luxury to which I aspire, is a nuisance from which I ask to be delivered. At frequent intervals, I scrutinize myself for pretexts for going to a hospital and getting a few weeks of peace and quiet, but about all I've ever been able to discover is a case of sand rash contracted by lying down where children had been eating zwieback. In view of all this, what I hoped for was a drastic divorce of sleeping and eating space.

I laid the books aside, held a brief session with my wife, and decided to call in an architect to talk things over. He arrived one evening about nine o'clock, and after a few preliminary words my wife and I sketched our objectives. "We want space!" she sang, spreading her arms in an ill-timed gesture that brushed a vase, which toppled into my lap. I explained to the architect, a thickset, red-haired man named Swanson, that we had two children, of different sexes, and saw eight or nine rooms as our ideal solution. These were to be arranged on the free, one-level plan dear to modern architects (of which Swanson is one) and "imaginatively integrated with the terrain." I showed him the snapshots I had taken of a beguiling three-acre copse near the Housatonic that I knew to be for sale. Swanson took out pencil and paper and began figuring. My wife and I, who were sitting on a sofa, reached our hands to each other and smiled. Presently, Swanson looked up. "I think we can do it for forty-five thousand," he announced happily.

In the silence that followed, I felt my wife's hand grow clammy in mine. Swanson watched our expressions, and his own changed. "Just how high did you want to go?" he asked flatly.

"Oh, I don't know," I said, disengaging my hand. "I was thinking in the neighborhood of twenty thousand."

He coughed discreetly into his fist and studied a radiator pan. Then he spent some time picking lint from his knees. Finally, he crossed his legs and launched into a detailed, rather grisly analysis of the building market, the gist of which was that I could get what I wanted for the figure I had in mind provided I obtained the bulk of my materials through theft and my site as a gift from some chamber of commerce interested in acquiring me for the community.

My wife was the first to revive. "Well, maybe we can do without, here and there," she said. "Let's begin by eliminating the study. I mean what's in a name? We'll just put a desk in the master bedroom. And then say we cut the baths down to one."

"Yes, how much would that cost?" I asked, stepping to an open window in the hope that I might not hear him clearly over the noise outside.

"Well, building a house runs you up into money, any way you look at it," Swanson said, picking up his pencil and paper again. "But now let's see what we can do with you here."

SWANSON ran me up into money and ran me down out of it again. He specified rooms and snatched them away he [illegible]

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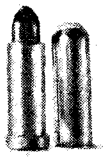

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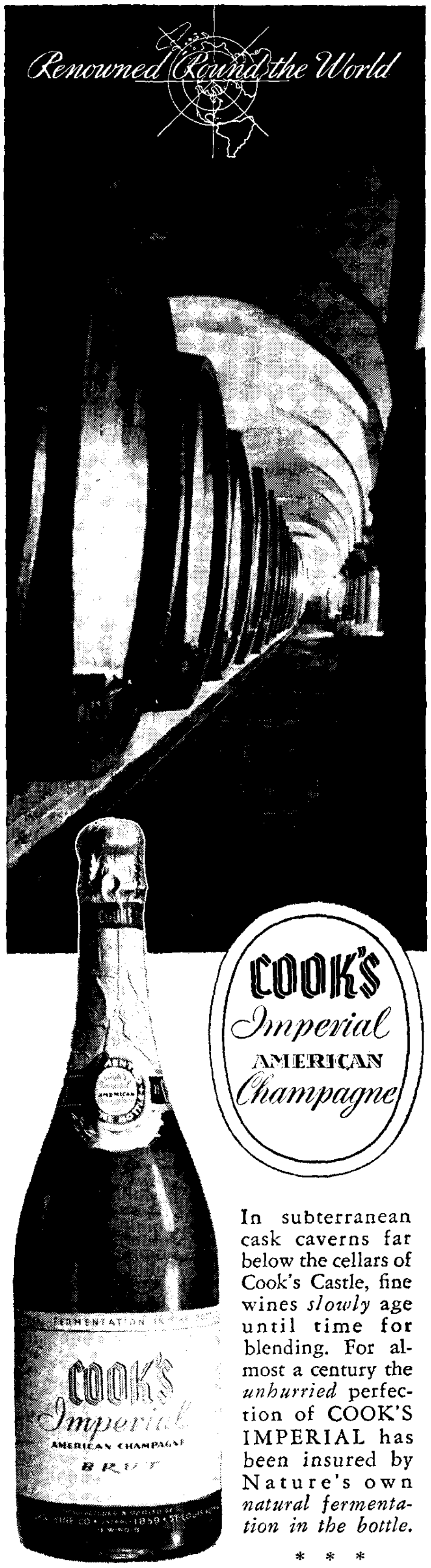

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and telescoped, putting me to bed in the living room and to work in the guest room, haunting every retreat with the spectre of pots and pans. At one point in the rout, he looked up and said, experimentally, "We've got it down to thirty thousand." My wife shook her head.

He eliminated partitions and modified materials. Flagstones bowed to No. 2 pine, radiant heat to convector, convector to hot air (gravity). The living room vanished. "I'm cutting it out *as* living room exclusively," he explained, and spoke throbbingly of a twenty-foot multiple-purpose area cunningly equipped with a hideaway bed, a corner for dining furniture, and the latest in scullery gear. Areas and functions were amalgamated with a skill that made me think that he must be whipping us up a soufflé rather than planning us a home. I saw myself already reaching out from my bed, with no strain whatever, to clip the privet while waiting for my breakfast toast to pop. The coup de grâce was Swanson's mention of a new wall finish, something ending in "tex," that would be ideal for the multiple-purpose room because of the ease with which pencil marks left by the children at their play could be wiped off. I have, from that moment on, only the most blurred recollection of the concessions that were wrung from me, but in the end my general impression was that for the sum I had named he would insert a phone booth into the side of a hill in such a way that it would be reasonably snug in all weather. "It just comes down to three little words—do re mi," he said, with a levity I thought inappropriate.

I got up and began to pace. "It's your goddam building codes," I said. I had read an editorial in *House & Garden* that traced present building costs, in part, to outmoded construction requirements that call for more material than safety actually demands. "Damned antiquated building codes," I said, flourishing a cigar I had lit out of some obscure impulse to stabilize myself as a client. I'd got it that afternoon from a friend whose wife had had a baby.

"Well, there are lots of angles," Swanson said. "Take just your labor. Of that, take just your bricklayers." I wanted to take building codes, where I felt on safer ground, but he wanted to take bricklayers, so we took them. "Your average bricklayer used to lay from fifteen hundred to two thousand bricks a day. Now he lays around seven hundred and fifty. Why?"

"He's tired," I said. I meant to be [illegible] but it turned out I had my

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finger on the trouble. Swanson said that years ago my average bricklayer was a relatively young fellow who had been drawn into the trade by the attractions it held out to young men looking for a career. Since then, such evils as kickbacks had more than offset the wage gains unions had won for their members and had finally discouraged new recruits. So now my average bricklayer was, instead of an enthusiastic youth, a dispirited artisan possibly as old as sixty-five and able to lay only half the number of bricks he once could. Hence one cause of high building costs.

With that, Swanson rose, pocketing his computations. He had, by now, lit a cigar himself, and he kept it clenched in his teeth. "Well? Do you feel you can go a little higher than twenty?" he asked tersely, regarding me through his smoke.

I regarded him levelly back through mine. "Sure, I can go a little higher than twenty," I said. I spanked a lush length of ash from my cigar into an ashtray. "Of course," I added, "I want to see the sort of thing you're doing. You spoke of having put up some houses around Croton?"

"Yes," he said. "There's one, in particular, overlooking the Hudson, that I've just finished and would like to have you see. I did it for a paper magnate. He's not going to move into it till the end of next week, so if you could come out this Sunday, I could show you through the whole thing."

My wife and I said we'd love to see it, and made a date to run out on a morning train. Swanson agreed to meet us at the station with his car.

I SPENT the hour on the train going up reading a book called "Tomorrow's House," by George Nelson and

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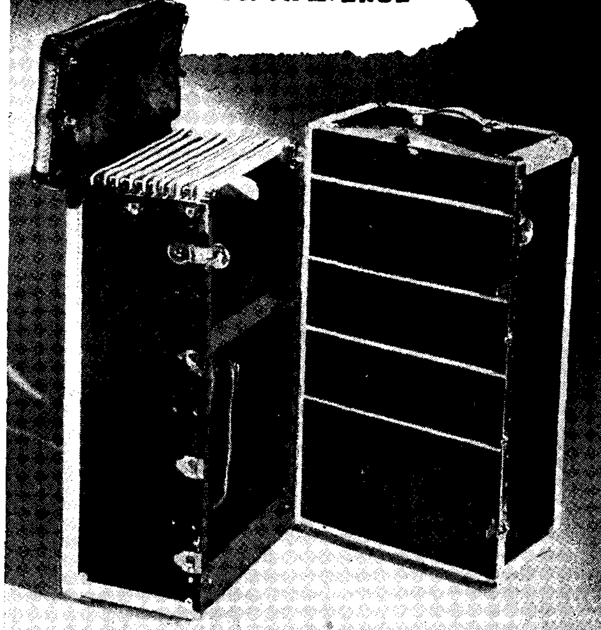

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Henry Wright, in which I found the following haunting passage: "If the idea of a wood-panelled bathroom sounds strange to you, think about it a little, and then see if it still sounds strange." They don't have to worry about me. I have been doing little but reflect on the appearance of plywood, if only in an effort to forget how much it costs. I thought about plywood all through the tour of the paper magnate's house—a suave, geometric nest from which anything more modest than cypress was dramatically absent. It had ten rooms, and nothing was telescoped. It ran him forty-two thousand, Swanson said as he led us through the foyer and into the living room.

"Couldn't we see something a little less—stiff?" my wife asked.

Swanson turned, with that drop in his expression that had become familiar to me, and I put in, "Yes, this seems to be that severe European style. My wife and I lean more to the Frank Lloyd Wright tradition. That was what she meant," I added, and nudged her.

I ran my eye critically around the living room, a chaste rectangle in which a few pieces of tubular furniture were set with the cold precision of a postage stamp on an envelope. "Restraint run wild," I whispered to my wife. She shoved me and snickered.

"Of course, it would cost a little more than that to begin doing this same thing now," Swanson said. "That's how fast things keep going up."

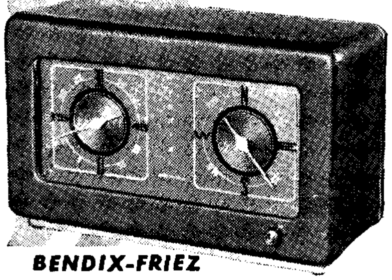
Presently, we found ourselves in the master bedroom. It was a spacious room glazed in Thermopane and hung with drapes of Fiberglas, and giving, on one side, on to a terrace enclosed in glazed windscreen. The total effect prompted me to reflect that for the landscape to be integrated with *this* place it would have to snow sequins. We followed Swanson up to a quarter acre of bed, the headboard of which was studded with buttons. "This one operates the lights, this one opens the window, this one shuts it," Swanson said, demonstrating.

"Which one fetches a bedtime snack?" I asked derisively.

"This one," he said, pressing a button that brought a small refrigerating unit into view.

We completed the tour in about half an hour. "Well," Swanson asked as we made our way toward the front door, "how do you like it? Now, getting down to cases," he went on, not waiting for an answer, "this house represents

All the Signs of a Perfect Day



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you'd actually need. And probably twice as much as you could get along with in the way of luxuries." He paused to look at me inquiringly. I made a few trenchant observations on the sybaritic ways into which we were falling. "Fine. Well, all in all, then, offhand I'd say I might be able to give you what you need for—oh, a good twenty-five thousand."

"How good?" I asked.

"Say twenty-seven thousand five hundred. Of course, that's outside of your site."

He led us away, unaware of having made a pun.

NEXT Saturday we're going to see, for the second time, and probably put a binder on, a charming little salt box near Turkey Hill, in Westport: five rooms, not garishly new, not big, rambling affairs that you have to spend half your time cleaning, either. It's pleasantly situated near the Boston Post Road, and tidily integrated with a patch of crab-apple trees that, if not numerous, are at least gnarled. It won't be Echo Caverns, by any means, but I think I can look forward to one thing there. When I get up mornings, I won't have to stretch one arm at a time.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

Mr. Burkhardt, Miss Shelly and Mrs. Leslie drew up suggestions of ways the Alumnae could help the College. They are listed below and all are equally important.

(1) Working with the Director of Admissions by recommending good potential candidates . . .

(2) Working with the Director of Non-Resident Term by suggesting job possibilities . . .

(3) Acting as a screening committee when and if a regional scholarship plan gets under way.

(4) Meeting with accepted candidates and giving them the answers to questions about clothes, Williams, etc.—*Communication to alumnae of Bennington College from their secretary.*

Does that include motoring directions?

•

WHICH PAGE OF THE "NEWS" D'YA READ?

Conductor Walter Damrosch, 86, resigned yesterday as president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, a post he had held since 1941. Paul Manship, sculptor, was appointed to fill out the term, which expires in November.—*The News, page 7.*

Archibald MacLeish today succeeds the retiring Dr. Walter Damrosch as president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.—*The News, page 19, same issue.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

PREFERABLY NOT BEATEN

WHENEVER one of the million and a quarter boys and girls in the city's public and parochial schools is absent for three consecutive days—and nearly half of them are at one time or another during the academic year—he or she becomes officially suspect of playing hooky, a suspicion that, on the basis of experience, stands about one chance in eight of being well founded. This means that if things run according to form, by the end of the present school term some seventy-five thousand New York youngsters will have taken a fling at truancy since last September. In an effort to ride herd on this generally wily group, the Board of Education maintains a Bureau of Attendance, which has three hundred investigators constantly checking up on suspected truants and straightening matters out as best they can, which may mean anything from appealing to a child's better nature to, on rare occasions, taking a case to Children's Court. These investigators don't like to be called truant officers, because they feel that the term brings to mind a picture of a big, perspiring gumshoe sneaking around corners and grabbing harmless small fry; being trained social workers, they prefer to be known as attendance officers, and they make a point of calling themselves that. One morning a while ago, I went around to the Bureau's East Side High School District offices, which occupy three rooms of an antiquated schoolhouse on First Avenue in the lower Fifties, to see how truancy in a city the size of New York is dealt with.

Two middle-aged men, each with a fidgety boy beside him, were seated on a bench in a reception room near the entrance when I arrived. While I waited for an attendance officer I had arranged to meet there, one of the men, who was dressed as if he had taken time off from a job on a construction gang, kept muttering angrily in Italian. The boy with him was squirming uncomfortably, and it was easy to gather, even without understanding the language, that he was on the griddle. Both boys, I learned later, were truants whose parents had been told hearing on their cases. More boys and some girls came in, most of them accompanied by an adult, and the room was fairly full by the time Joseph Hickey, the attendance officer with whom I had an appointment, showed up. He is a serious, intense man in his early forties who has been tracking down truants for ten years. He prepared for this work by taking, at Fordham and other schools, courses in child psychology and behavior, social-service case work, and the laws relating to compulsory education and child welfare. A native of Manhattan, he grew up in Bayside, Queens, where he was a Boy Scout and later became his troop's Scoutmaster, a circumstance that he considers particularly fortunate, because it kept him in touch with young people during the years when most men are forgetting their childhood.

Hickey told me that first of all he had to fill out a report on what he had done the day before. It would take him only a few minutes, he said, as he guided me into an office off the reception room. There he handed me a chart showing the setup in his district, and sat down at a desk. Twelve attendance officers, the document informed me, are responsible for the East Side High School District, which extends from the Battery to Harlem and covers about half of Manhattan, and it is up to them to check on the attendance records of the approximately sixty thousand boys and girls who are enrolled in the thirteen public and eleven parochial high schools in the area. (Theoretically, private-school truants are also a concern of the Bureau of Attendance, but, in practice, the investigators don't have to bother much about them.) I pondered the chart respectfully, wondering at the optimism of the city fathers who assumed that one adult could keep an eye on five thousand children, until Hickey finished his report. Just then, a boy in his early teens wandered into the room and stopped near the doorway, twisting his cap nervously. "You see that kid?" said Hickey in a low voice. "He's just back this morning from the State Training School, a mild sort of reformatory up in Warwick. Got sent up there for a month for fighting an attendance officer." He called the boy over and asked him how he had liked the life at Warwick.

"It wasn't so bad," the lad replied with a grin. "They treat you all right."

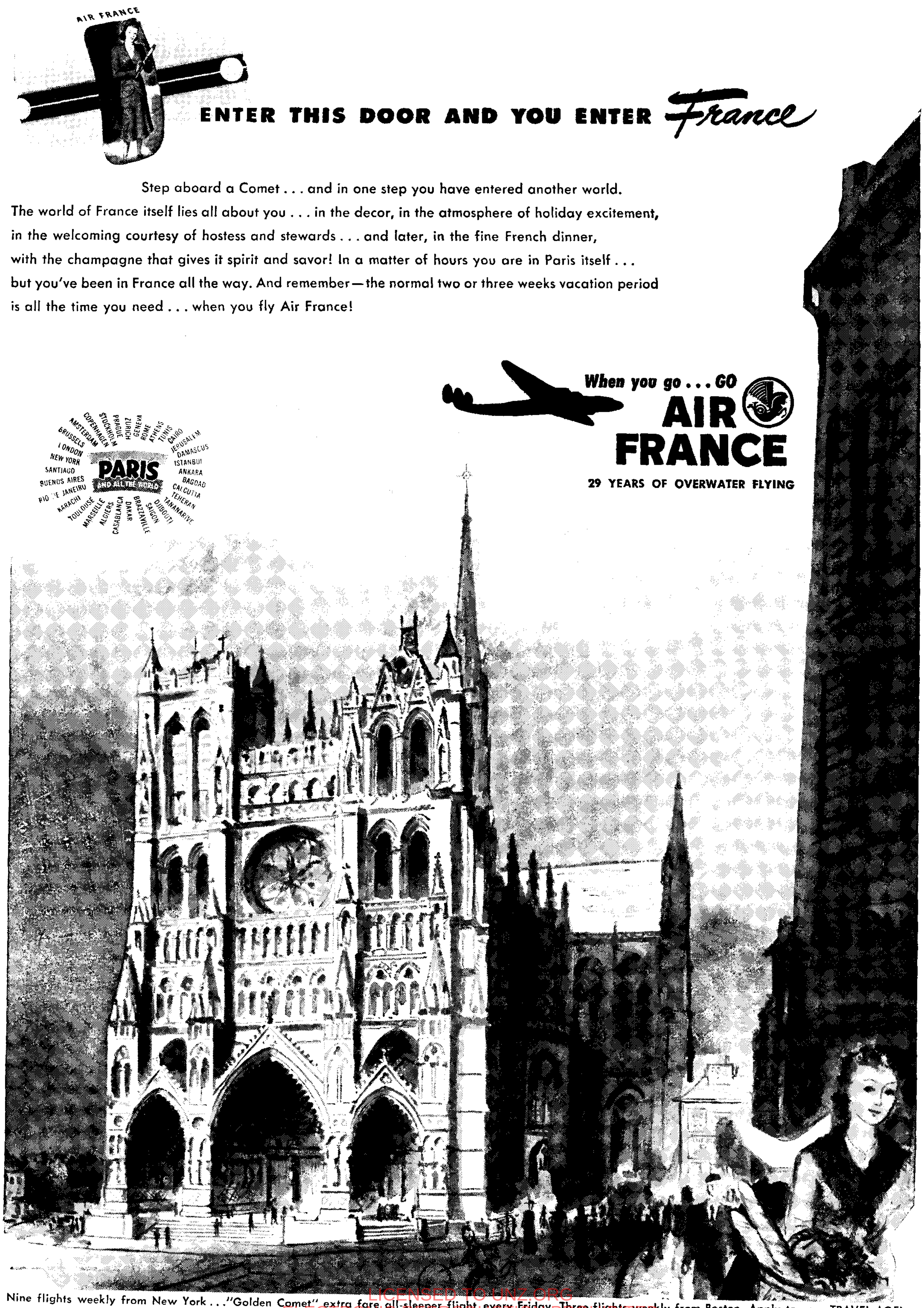
"Well," said Hickey, "did you learn your lesson?"

The boy shook his head. "It wasn't my fault," he replied dully. "That guy said he was gonna bat my ears off, so what could I do?"

"He wasn't going to hit you," said Hickey. "He just said that because you were fresh. If you hadn't picked up that chair and thrown it at him, you never would have been brought to court and sent up there." The boy looked as if there were a great deal more he'd like to say on the subject, but he merely turned his head away. Hickey told him to sit down and wait for the attendance officer who was handling his case. Then we went out and climbed into Hickey's car, for which the city gives him a blanket allowance of two dollars a day, in addition to his annual salary of $3,900.

Garrett Price

WE drove to the Benjamin Franklin High School, at 116th Street and Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive. There, in the principal's office, Hickey picked up a dozen cards, each bearing the name, address, and attendance



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record of a child who had been reported absent that day. Back in the car, he looked the cards over, discarding those of one- and two-day absentees and then sorting the rest according to address and length of absence, with an eye to getting around to as many apparently serious cases as he could over the shortest route. On the way to our first stop, Hickey philosophically outlined a few of the problems that bedevil an attendance officer. Every day that a child is absent, he said, the school sends the parents a postcard, asking the reason. "All the kids know this," Hickey told me, "and some of them, mornings after they've been truants, wait for the letter carrier and grab the postcard before their parents have a chance to see it. Attendance officers try to call at a home after three days' absence, but we're so understaffed and our case loads are so heavy that we generally don't get around to it until some time later than that. It's comparatively simple for a truant to keep out of trouble if he's got the nerve to sign his mother's or father's name to the card, saying that he was sick, and send it back. Lots of children who are scared to do that know that we probably won't come around until the third day or after, and some of them are careful not to stay out longer than three days at a time. We outwit that kind once in a while by making visits to the homes of kids who have been absent a lot of times for less than three-day periods."

Hickey stopped the car in front of a tenement building in the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue. "Now maybe you'll see how we do it," he said. "This is the home of a boy, fourteen years old, who hasn't been to school for the last six days. Of course, he may just be sick—there's a fair amount of mumps and measles around at the moment, you know—but when they've been out longer than it takes something like a cold, say, to run its course, the odds are against it. That's about the only advantage of being understaffed. Most kids who really are sick have got well and gone back to school before we can get around to visiting their homes. Well, their cards show that they're back, so we can forget about them and save a lot of waste motion." We went into the tenement building and started up its five murderous flights of stairs. "It's a funny thing," Hickey said, repeating a complaint I have heard from ambulance internes, insurance men, undertakers, and others whose work requires them to call often on the poor, "but truants never die."

When we at last reached our landing, Hickey knocked on a door, and a tall, honey-colored Negro woman, who turned out to be the boy's mother, opened it. "I'm from the Attendance Bureau of the Board of Education," said Hickey, removing his hat, "and I've come about your son James." The woman clapped her hand to her cheek. "What's the matter with him?" she asked, terror in her voice. "Has something happened to him?" Hickey explained that as far as he knew nothing had happened to James but that the boy wasn't in school, where he should be. "Oh," said the woman, greatly relieved. "You're truant officers!" "Attendance officers," Hickey corrected her gently, including me to simplify matters. She invited us into her shabby apartment, and we sat down gingerly on a sofa whose springs grasped us possessively. "My God!" said the woman as Hickey read her son's record of absences from one of the cards. "My God, I can't believe it." James, she said, had been leaving every morning at the usual time, taking his schoolbooks with him, and had been coming home and studying for an hour every afternoon before supper. He was a very bright boy, she assured us, and it struck me that he must have been, for his card showed that he was already in the sophomore class in high school although he was a year younger than the average student there. "The only time I knew he wasn't in school this year," the mother went on, "was two days when the weather was bad and so I kept him home, because he had a cold and big holes in his shoes and no rubbers. Otherwise, I thought he was in school every day."

Hickey consulted his card again and said that in addition to having been absent continuously during the last six days, James had been out of school off and on during the ten days preceding them. The mother spoke bitterly about an older boy with whom her son had been going around lately. "Don't scold James," Hickey advised her, "and, even more important, don't beat him. Bring him to my office tomorrow, and we'll have a talk and find out what's wrong." He wrote his address on a piece of paper. As we got up to go, he looked around at the run-down furnishings of the room. "Will you have carfare for yourself and your son?" he asked. The woman smiled. "Yes," she said. "Thank you very much."

On the way to our next stop, a few blocks north, Hickey told me that I had just seen a fairly typical example

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of the sort of field work an attendance officer has to do these days. "We very seldom catch a kid red-handed," he said. "After all, we can't go around stopping children in the streets. That wouldn't make sense, not with so many of the schools running on double sessions the way they are, so that half the pupils are attending morning classes and the other half going afternoons. It would take a terrible amount of time to check up on each child, and we get just as good results this way—having their parents bring them in. Now, take the boy in here," he went on as we drew up in front of another tenement. He studied another card. "He's been absent eight days, and unless he's sick, where in the wide city would you figure on finding him if you just went out cold and tried to pick him up?"

Hickey rang a bell in the entrance to the building and we started upstairs. When we reached the third floor, a man in trousers, undershirt, and slippers was waiting for us on the landing. He held a brush that was dripping white paint. Hickey told him that we were from the Bureau of Attendance. "What's that?" the man asked suspiciously. Hickey explained, and the man grunted. "Oh, truant officers," he said. "Why, ain't my boy in school? What's the pitch here, anyway?" We followed him through a door into a kitchen, where he had been painting the walls. "Well, let's hear about it," he said curtly, and then added, "Look out for them walls!" Hickey told him what his son had been up to. "Why, that little stinker!" the man shouted. "Playing hooky, hey? For eight days? Can you imagine that little stinker?" His outburst brought a heavy-set woman on the run from another room. "What's the matter now?" she asked, glaring at Hickey and me. "These here are truant officers," said the man. "Willie's been playing hooky. Eight days." The woman clicked her tongue and shook her head. "Well, what do you know about that?" she replied coolly. "I'll tell you what I know!" roared the man. "I know I'll bust his head open for him, that's what I know!" The woman, who was much the bigger of the two, walked over to him. "You won't lay no hands on no son of mine," she said. Hickey stepped between them. "Now, now," he said. "That's no way to solve the problem. You leave it to me. Just don't hit the boy. Bring him down to my office tomorrow or the next day and we'll find out why he's staying out of school, and we'll do something about

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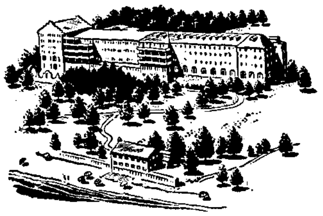

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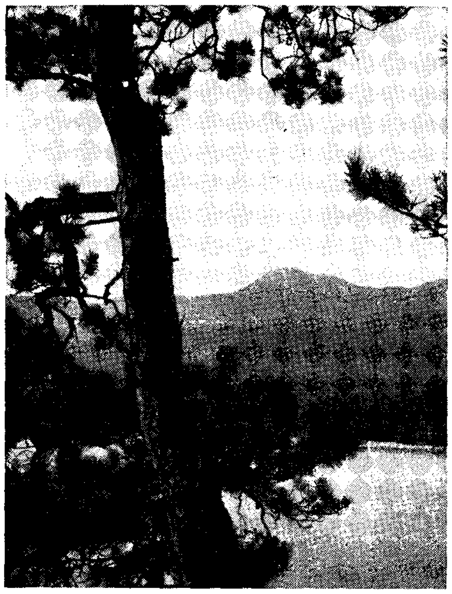

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scorn. "Don't hit him," Hickey said again. "Will you promise?" "Oh, sure," said the man with a sneer. "I won't hit him. I won't even put my little pinkie finger on him."

We went to six or eight more tenements in the neighborhood. A couple of the pupils we were interested in were sick in bed, and Hickey simply noted the fact on the child's card, made sure that medical attention was being provided, and we were off. In the other flats, though, we were invariably received by a parent or parents who were first wary in the presence of authority and then indignant to learn that their children had been putting something over on them. Hickey did his best to pacify them and told them to bring their offending offspring, unbeaten, to his office in the next day or two. Everywhere we went, he had trouble explaining who he was and what he wanted. Usually, after much effort, he would succeed in making his status clear, but never in making his title stick; everyone we visited that day called us truant officers.

AFTER lunch in a cafeteria, we drove to a tenement on 118th Street, between Second and Third Avenues, to visit the home of a sixteen-year-old boy who had not been to school for fourteen days. A fat little old Italian woman in a soiled apron that dragged on the floor opened the door and led us into a dingy kitchen. She could speak only a little English, and it took Hickey, after he had looked around the place to satisfy himself that the boy was not home, ten minutes to make her understand why we were there. When she finally grasped the idea, she was amazed that anyone should be concerned about her son's not being in school. "He's awork," she said, and repeated the sentence two or three times, speaking slowly, as one does to a not very bright person. "He's afind a job. No more school, work now." She was obviously delighted that her son was working, and it was evident from the poverty of the apartment that his wages were badly needed. After another long struggle, Hickey made her realize that according to the law, no child under seventeen can leave school to get a job without the permission of the Board of Education, and she promised to come to his office with her son some day that week to see what could be done.

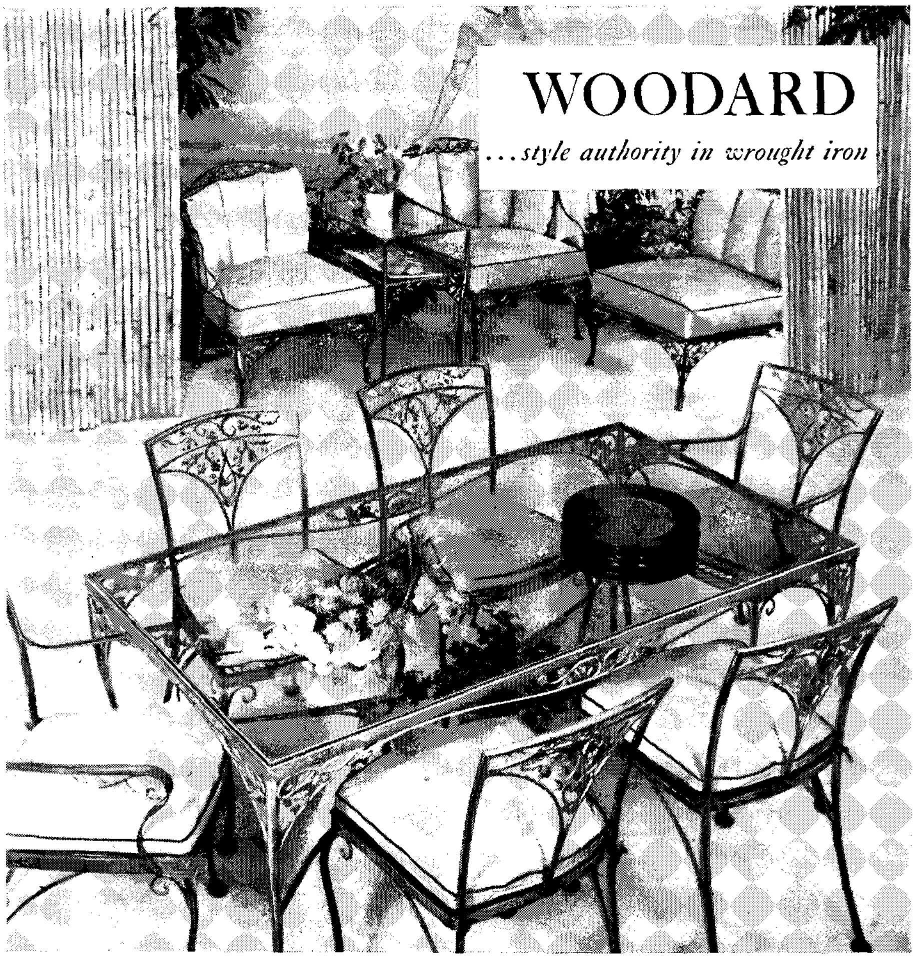
After we left, Hickey told me that the boy would probably have no great difficulty getting the necessary permission, or working papers. "Under the education law," he said, "a child must attend some sort of school until he's seventeen. It doesn't matter if he's rich or poor, clever or dull. The law says that unless something is fundamentally wrong with him, he must go to school, whether he gets anything out of it or not. But a child can get a working permit after he's sixteen, provided he's in good health and his parents insist on it. In such cases, the employer must be willing to allow him four hours off each week to attend a daytime continuation school until he's seventeen, either to learn a trade or take a straight academic course." Most employers, Hickey added, don't want to be bothered with youngsters who have to take time off, but a few concerns—Western Union, for one—have no objections to hiring them.

Our next stop was a flat on East 121st Street, where a pretty, heavily made-up girl of perhaps nineteen opened the door. When Hickey said that he was from the Board of Education, she came out into the hall and closed the door behind her. "My brother's been sick," she said in a low voice. "That's why he's been absent." Hickey asked if her brother was home. "No," she whispered. "He had to go to the doctor for an examination today." The door opened again and a tall, thin woman peered out. "What's the matter?" she asked the girl. "What do they want?" "It's nothing, Ma," the girl replied. "Go on inside. I'll take care of it." Hickey spoke up. "I'm from the Bureau of Attendance of the Board of Education," he said, and three minutes later conceded that he might be called a truant officer. "Well," the woman said, when that was settled, "it's about time you showed up. Come on in here. I want you to see something." Hickey and I followed her and her daughter into the apartment hallway, where the girl whispered a few words to her mother. "You shut up!" the mother said, giving her a shove. "Come in here to the living room," she said to us, "and look behind that radiator." Jammed between it and the wall were three or four books, held together by a strap. "Oh, Ma!" wailed the girl. "What are you doing? You want to get Joe in trouble?" "Aw, shut up!" snapped the woman. "If he's going to get in trouble, he's got it coming to him. Thinks he's fooling me, hiding his books behind the radiator and playing hooky!"

The mother seemed grimly happy that her son was at last going to have to answer for his mischief. She said she had found the books behind the radiator only that morning and had then wormed out of her daughter the fact that she had been helping her brother play hooky for the last two weeks. "She's been grabbing the postcards from the school," the mother said balefully, "and writing excuses to the teacher for him all the time." Hickey asked the girl how old she was. "I'm not playing hooky," she said scornfully, "if that's what you're thinking." "She used to plenty, though," said the mother. The girl laughed. As we left the flat, after the mother had promised to bring her son to Hickey's office, we heard the two women screaming at each other.

It was midafternoon, and Hickey decided that we had made enough visits. On the way back to his office, he stopped off at another of the schools under his jurisdiction, to show me a boy whom the Attendance Bureau had converted from a chronic truant into a model, never-miss-a-day pupil. We went to the principal's office, where Hickey gave the boy's name to a young lady and asked her to send for him. The girl consulted some records and came back with a card. "He's not here," she said. "He's been absent for two days now." Hickey flushed. He took the card and examined it slowly. "He must be sick," he said finally. "He *must* be. He couldn't be playing truant again. I can't believe it."

HICKEY and I parted with the understanding that I would visit his office the following morning to see how truants brought in by their parents are handled. When I arrived, he greeted me with a smile. "I was right!" he said gleefully. "That boy we were looking for at that school *was* sick. I knew he couldn't be a truant." He took me to an office across the hall and introduced me to his immediate superior, a tall, genial, red-faced man named Michael Flavin, the supervisor of the district, whose job it is to listen to the facts about each truant who is brought in and to decide what is to be done. Flavin invited me to sit down beside him at a large desk facing the door. "Before we start hearing cases," he said, "I'd better tell you something about this part of the work. Each attendance officer brings his cases in, one by one, and I let all three of them tell their stories—officer, parent, and child. Most of the time, there's some difficulty in school that the pupil thinks it's easiest to beat by staying away. It may be that he's going to the wrong sort of school or taking the wrong courses. If that's it, and if we can, we switch him to someplace where he'll be happier. Sometimes we talk to a



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his mind, in the hopes that they'll be able to make things smoother for him once they realize what the trouble is. If a child doesn't respond to reason and is difficult to handle, we turn him over to our case-study division, where he gets a thorough psychiatric checkup. If a child has some physical ailment, we send him to our diagnostic clinic. If there's nothing wrong with the kid except plain badness, we bring him into Children's Court and have him committed to the State Training School at Warwick, where the boys are given occupational therapy. But that, fortunately, isn't necessary very often."

Hickey, who had gone out into the hall, stuck his head in the door. Flavin told him to bring in his first case, and he led in the Negro woman we had called on the day before and a tall, slim boy with a darker skin. Flavin motioned the pair into chairs and examined some papers that Hickey, now standing beside the desk, had placed in front of him. "What's the matter, son?" he asked the boy. "Don't you like school?" The lad wriggled about and avoided looking Flavin in the eye. "I like school, all right," he muttered, "but not that kind of school. The teachers don't teach right." "Oh-ho, so the teachers are no good?" Flavin asked with heavy sarcasm. "Maybe you could teach school better?" The woman looked terribly embarrassed. "It ain't that," said the boy earnestly. "It's just that I don't see any use studying French and a lot of stuff like that. I want to go to Samuel Gompers Trade School and learn how to be an auto mechanic, so I can get a job. What's the good of French?" Flavin pointed out to the boy that he had been making exceptionally high marks in school and was probably better fitted for an academic course than for a vocational one. "The real trouble is, you want to go out and work right now—isn't that it?" he asked. The boy nodded. "Well, then," said Flavin, "suppose I get you a job. How'd you like that?" The boy, looking surprised, leaned forward. "What kind of a job?" he asked, trying not to show his excitement. "It'll be with the Red Arrow messenger service," said Flavin. "After school." The boy slumped back in his seat. "Ah, you need a bicycle for that," he said, and turned to stare moodily out the window. "You think you know everything, don't you?" Flavin said sharply. "Well, you don't. They give you a bicycle." The boy studied Flavin for a moment and apparently decided that he could be trusted. "All right," he said. His mother told Flavin that her son would need new shoes before he

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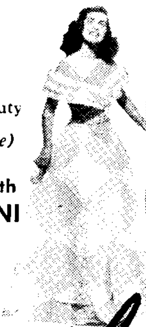

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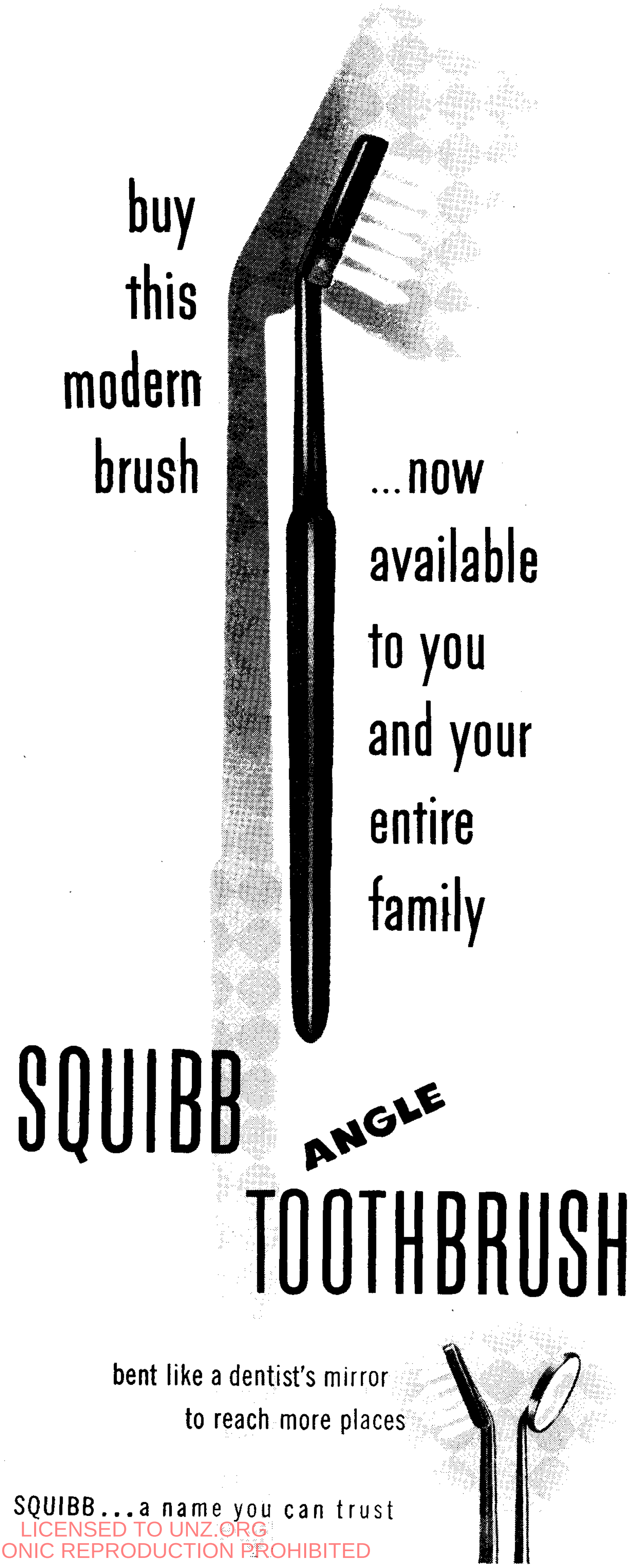
could start working and was assured that he would have them. "We get special help for that," Flavin said, turning to me. "A lot of social-welfare agencies contribute, and the rest comes from the city." Then, turning back to the mother, he told her that he would send word later when and where her son should report for work. The boy was smiling as Hickey led the pair out.

As soon as they had left, another attendance officer came into the room with a haggard-looking woman wearing a moth-eaten cloth coat. The officer whispered in Flavin's ear while the woman politely looked away. "Where's your daughter?" Flavin asked the woman. "Why didn't she come with you?" The woman seemed about to cry. "She couldn't come," she said, fishing in her bag for a handkerchief. "She couldn't come because she's got no clothes fit to wear." I looked at the papers on the desk and saw that her daughter was seventeen and had been away from school for twelve days. "That's why she don't go to school," the woman said. "She's got nothing fit to wear." Flavin asked the woman what her husband did for a living. She snorted. "He don't do nothing," she said. "We're on home relief. I got eight children and none of them's got any clothes except what a neighbor gives them, because their old man's a drinker." Flavin took down the names of all her children and the sizes of suits, dresses, and shoes they wore, and told her that an investigator would be sent around to give the children whatever clothes they needed. "You tell that husband of yours to come down here," he said darkly, "and I'll let him know what kind of father he is." The woman thanked Flavin profusely, promised to try to persuade her husband to appear, and departed with tears running down her cheeks.

After that, Flavin listened to an attractive girl of sixteen who wanted working papers, or "workies," as she called them. That was easy; he simply arranged for her to have a medical examination and told her that she would get her papers if she was in good health and investigation showed that her parents wanted her to work. She was followed by a seventeen-year-old girl who had been a truant from Julia Richman High School for five days and who explained that she had stayed away from school because the teacher in her sewing class was playing favorites among the students. "I want a power machine," she said, "and she keeps me on a foot-pedal one. But she give



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er." Flavin said that he would ask her teacher to give her power and she left, apparently mollified.

I ASKED Flavin where children generally go when they are playing hooky. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll put that question to the next kid that comes in. I know where they go, all right, but you might as well hear for yourself." A boy walked into the room, followed by his father and an attendance officer. The boy had a pronounced lisp and had been staying away from school because the other children in his class made fun of it. Flavin said he would arrange for him to attend a corrective speech course. "Where did you go when you were playing hooky?" he asked. "To the movies," said the boy. Flavin winked at me, and it was clear that the boy had not let him down. Flavin asked the same question of all the rest of the boys and girls who came into his office while I was there. Every one of them had gone to the movies.

"No," said Flavin thoughtfully, when the last case had been heard, "there aren't many other places a city kid can go when he plays hooky, or, at least, not many other places they *want* to go. Their mothers give them lunch money and carfare, so there's no trouble about them affording a twenty-five-cent neighborhood theatre. Sometimes, maybe, playing hooky sounds like sort of an exciting business—you know, the way it's written up in books like 'Tom Sawyer' and all that. Well, it may have been once, when kids would play hooky and explore caves or go out on the river or maybe off in the woods somewhere. But not nowadays. Nowadays, it's not much fun. They just sit there in the dark and look at those movies over and over and over until it's time to go home."

—HYMAN GOLDBERG

•

[LAUGHTER] ON CAPITOL HILL

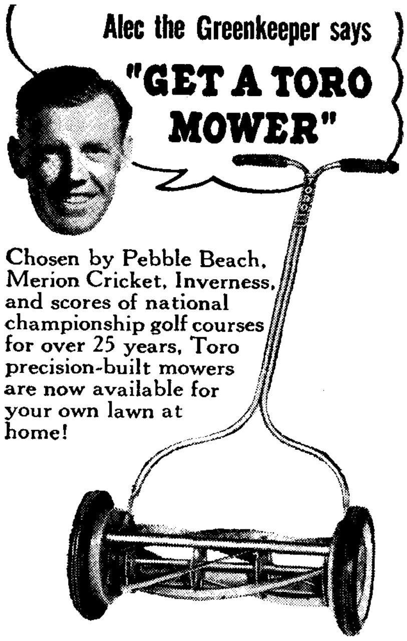
[From the Congressional Record]

MR. CONNALLY. I yield briefly. However, I wish to conclude soon.

MR. BALL. I have not yet heard, however, how the estimates in regard to the tobacco requirements of these countries have increased 56,000 tons for the first 15 months. I suspect that, quite incidentally, the fact that we have a surplus of tobacco had something to do with that.

As a user of tobacco, I can appreciate not only the tax that we pay on it, but also the fact that it is very comforting sometimes. But it seems to me that nearly 300,000 tons of tobacco is a tremendous amount of stimulant.

MR. CONNALLY. That is a lot of tobacco; but if one likes tobacco, it is not



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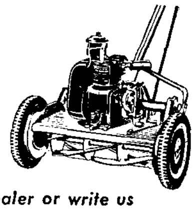

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OF ALL THINGS

Governor Dewey sharply chastises the administration for not having known in advance about the recent trouble in Bogotá. We can assume that his own spies gave him ample warning of the disasters in Wisconsin and Nebraska.

•

Speaker Martin, encouraged by his success in mollifying John L. Lewis, is beginning to turn his attention to Stalin. He says he would be glad to talk with the Soviet chief as one Joe to another.

•

It is now revealed that the White House is badly in need of repair and is something of a fire trap. Nevertheless, the housing situation being what it is, several people are willing to move into the old ruin.

•

As the baseball season opens, the sportswriters favor the Yankees and Cardinals to win the pennants. For some reason, the experts are not impressed by the Dodgers, the champions of the Dominican Republic.

•

The House vote for a seventy-group Air Force would seem to indicate that our representatives are more jittery than the President, who thinks fifty-five groups are enough. This might be because Congress's place of business is about a mile farther east.

•

General Electric has developed a remote-control mechanical-hands device that can mix atoms, deal cards, peel bananas, and uncork bottles. The machine will doubtless be used exclusively for such dangerous work as handling radioactive materials and playing bridge.

•

Henry Wallace's nominating convention, like the two others, will be held in Philadelphia. It is depressing that even our third party shows no signs of originality.

•

A government official proposes that every baby be given a serial number at birth and keep it for identification throughout his life. The system would provide a fine start for boys who intend to be soldiers or criminals.

—Howard Brubaker

"You want to recommend a man? For WHAT?"

EDIE: Well, sir, you know Jack—your Private Secretary? Well, you know he's leaving and I feel we might have a more *alert* man, sir. Presentable. Smart. Personable. You see, sir?

MR. B: I follow you, Miss. Please come to the point.

EDIE: Well, sir, the man I have in mind is a *fine* dresser! He wears Arrow Shirts. You know—with that wonderful Arrow Collar? Like you got on!

MR. B: I know it well, Miss. Proceed. Time is money.

EDIE: This young man is *very* handsome, sir. Has a *terrific* build, too, sir. When he sits back, he certainly does that Arrow *body-tapered fit* a favor, sir! You know that name—er—what *is* the name for that body fit, sir?

MR. B: MITOGA, Miss. MITOGA. But this young man—has he a good education? And a sound sense of values—if I am not taking you beyond your depth?

EDIE: Most certainly, sir! He saves his money in bonds. He was a marine, too, sir. He's just finished college and he wants to go to work. And—he would no more buy a shirt that wasn't *Sanforized* than jump out of the window! Arrows *are*, you know, sir. It—er—

MR. B: Yes, yes, *yes*, Miss! "Fabric shrinkage less than 1%" is what you're reaching for. Well, he *sounds* like a good prospect. Have him see me. Friday. By the way, he isn't your fiancé, is he?

EDIE: Well, sort of, sir. But what's *more* important—he's your *son!* Oh, Mr. Brown! Be calm, sir! BE CALM!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE landed gentry who had hoped that this summer their lawns and terraces would finally burgeon with handsome outdoor furniture of modern design are, I fear, in for disappointment, unless they are particularly sharp at picking and choosing. Good-looking metal tables and chairs of clean, severe lines are being produced somewhere, as is proved by what we see and hear of Hollywood patios, but that will not offer much comfort to local householders, who might as well face the fact that the things available in Manhattan are, with an occasional exception, depressingly banal. One of the happiest of these exceptions is the garden furniture of spare, simple pattern at Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street. Here there are Pompeian-green chairs and tables of extraordinarily light square steel tubing, with straight, sleek legs (it seems beyond the power of most other designers to achieve a straight leg) and no decoration except an apron, or, rather, an airy suggestion of an apron. The glass tabletops are not set in rims, which eliminates the old difficulty with crumbs, and the unusually wide and deep cushions on the backs and seats of the chairs are covered in plastic material or brightly colored sailcloth. The price of a thirty-by-sixty-inch dining table is $89.50, and there are two matching consoles of the same height and width that can be added at the ends, at $48 each. A thirty-by-forty-inch coffee table with a glass top is $66.50, and generously cushioned side chairs are $44. For some reason, the chaise longue in this design is less graceful than the other pieces, but there is a well-proportioned lounge chair, at $69.50, and a matching ottoman, at $42.50, that can be joined together most satisfactorily for full-length reclining.

AT W. & J. Sloane, there is probably as large a collection of pleasing, moderately priced outdoor things as you will find. A superlatively comfortable Pompeian-green iron chair (you will inevitably meet up with a great deal of this weathered-copper color, so it's to be hoped that you like it) is fitted with a one-piece cushion covered in a very attractive powder-blue, weather-resistant material that looks like leather; $59.50. In thin iron, for $20, are some of those sunburst side chairs, enamelled and seats like those the chairs in French parks used to have, and there is a tubular aluminum steamer chair, at $16.50, which, by a mild tug on the arms, can be adjusted to a number of reclining positions. Obscuring these more or less restrained pieces is a collection of lush chaise longues, on wheels and off wheels, with canopies and without canopies, but as every shop has the same things, and as they are all bigger and more strident and somehow have even less distinction than ever, we needn't go into them. You should, though, have a look at Sloane's rattan furniture, some of which is very nice. There is an almost limitless variety of glass-topped rattan tables, all of which have been treated with a shiny finish that makes them weather-resistant. Prices begin at $45, for a coffee table. Innumerable rattan chairs include a fine, deep-seated, unvarnished one with fat green cushions, at $100.

THERE is a lot of this rattan furniture at Hammacher Schlemmer, too, in sizes and shapes that you won't find elsewhere. For instance, an enormous rattan *pouf* on rollers is quite large enough to seat six on its exaggeratedly high, green-and-yellow canvas cushion, if you happen to know six people who like to sit in a circle on a round, backless seat that costs $120. Another outsize piece is a low rattan table with a glass top big enough to hold tea paraphernalia for a considerable company; $130 for this. What I like best at Hammacher, though, are some low willow beach chairs with pretty cushions (what *has* become of all those lovely willow garden chairs?), which are almost flush with the ground and would be nice for sprawlers who demand no more than a seat and a back rest; $42. The rattan frames of other decorative beach chairs, whose seats are also very close to the ground, are laced with bright-colored webbing; $44. If, after all, your heart is still set on having your garden sprout white-painted metal furniture, Hammacher has plenty of it that is less ornate than most.

AT Altman, there is a table that consists of a round, frosted-glass top set on a yellow tubular-metal frame,

about calories.”

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which is a change from the stereotyped white and antiqued green. It can seat six people, and while it's nothing very handsome, it would go under an apple tree near a kitchen door, say, without looking as self-conscious as the more pretentious curlicued iron. The price is $50.65. Altman has, too, some tubular-steel reclining chairs, at $60.75, that are strung with white yacht cord, which makes a seat as firm and tight as any woven material. They are most comfortable, and the lines are certainly simple enough, but for a reason that I can't explain, the design isn't very appealing; as it is brand-new, though, you had better see it and judge for yourself.

METAL furniture being as unexciting as it is this season, Lord & Taylor have quite wisely left the outdoor stuff to their competitors and concentrated on delightful, summery-looking pieces for interiors or covered terraces. Most of them are of unvarnished rattan (to which even the cautious phrase "weather-resistant" cannot be applied but which is much prettier than the treated variety) imaginatively combined with blond ash. There are many such tables, some with frosted-glass tops set in a broad band of ash on a graceful rattan base, others with nicely finished ash tops. Prices begin at $45, for a square coffee table with a light-colored wood top over an apron of split rattan, and go up and up for full-size dining tables. The rattan side chairs ($27), which have orange, chartreuse, or yellow webbing, are, I think, as decorative and useful as anything you will find; they are also extremely comfortable and yet straight enough to use around a dinner table, and they are so light they can be carried indoors without much trouble. One would be very cheerful in a modern kitchen. There are so many important pieces here (buffets, a lovely sectional sofa, and such) that you might very well be apt to overlook a simple butler's tray in orange or yellow on a high, folding rattan stand, which is as pretty as it is serviceable; $19 complete.

RICHARD L. SANDFORT, a designer who has a showroom at 22 East 49th Street, has translated an ingenious idea into some highly original aluminum furniture, in various light colors, that can be put together, more or less on the construction-set principle, to form chairs, settees, chaise longues, and so on. The basic unit is a twenty-six-inch-square seat set on a blocklike frame of symmetrically patterned fretwork; a

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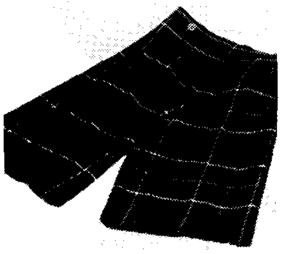

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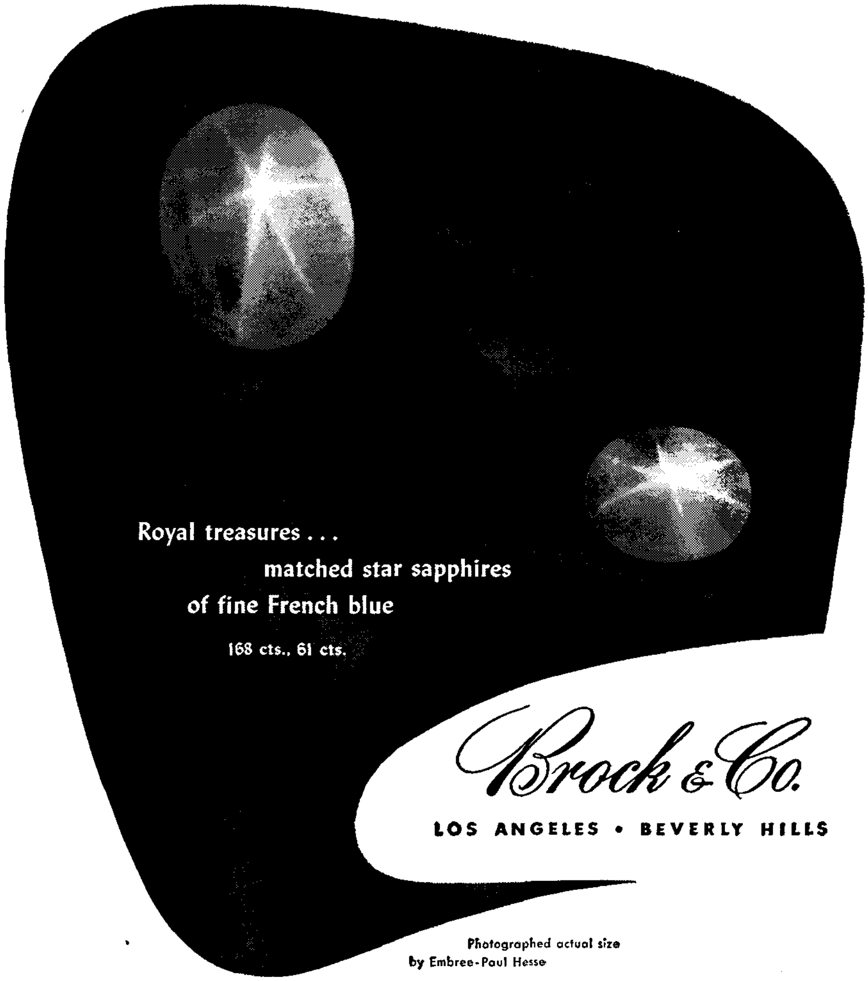
back and arms of the same fretwork can be screwed on to make a lounge chair, and a settee can be put together by sandwiching two squares with backs between two one-armed seats. Adding a square to the lounge chair produces a chaise longue; putting two basic units between two end-to-end lounge chairs makes a chaise so very longue that two facing people can sit on it. You may object that the rather busy-looking fretwork design is not a restful decoration for a garden, but you are bound to find the pieces delightfully comfortable and their possibilities of combination almost inexhaustible. At the showroom, Mr. Sandfort can—and will, unless you are firm—line up a hundred and twenty arrangements of his basic squares, which cost $60 apiece plain, and $99 with a back and two arms. Cushions are included in the price.

IF you are not wholly preoccupied by a quest for tables and chairs, you should, I think, investigate some summer floor coverings that have arrived at Sloane from the South Sea Islands. These rugs, or mats, which come only in the brownish, natural color of the *lauhala* fibre from which they are woven, are a great deal sturdier and better-looking than the somewhat similar Mexican *petates* that have been around for a long time; in really hot weather, there is nothing like them for creating an illusion of freshness, both on country-house floors and in a town apartment. Prices run from $4, for a twenty-seven-by-fifty-four-inch mat, to $61.50, for one nine by eighteen feet, and there are plenty of sizes in between. . . . Altman, for the first time since the war, has some large, oval woven-rush rugs, much more conventional than the South Sea variety and very thick and durable. They are natural color, and come with or without foot-wide borders of blue or green checks. They measure nine by twelve feet, and they cost $49.50.

OLD-FASHIONED vacationists who disparage such modern contraptions as the glider and the canopied chaise longue may be glad to know that Abercrombie & Fitch and Lewis & Conger have canvas hammocks that can be swung from two trees. A. & F. have a very wide one, at $21.50, that is hand-woven of sturdy white cord. . . . Other out-of-date items are inexpensive roll-up blinds, which have been resurrected by Macy in a number of models. One is made of narrow strips of bamboo, with a bamboo pole across the top



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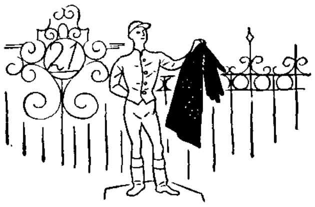
LOST AND FOUND

LOST: At "21" one of my dearest loves, the left hand to my new, black **dawnelle** *gloves; its hand-em-broidered stars form as interesting a constellation as any adorning the bar.* "Lover come back to me." MU 5-2883.



P. S. You'll find **dawnelles** *at your favorite local store*

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and bottom; the three-by-six-foot size costs $5.98, and the four-by-six $7.98. Porch blinds, seven feet long and ten feet wide, of flimsy wooden slats, stained brown or green, are $15.98, and unpainted thirty-four-by-sixty-six-inch roll-up window blinds of the same material, at $2.98, should offer fun to amateur decorators who are handy with a paintbrush. In white or pale green, these would give a pleasant, summery look to windows in an informal living room, and in Shocking pink they would be light and frivolous in a bedroom.

IT is a long step from such makeshift window fixings to the startlingly beautiful window coverings woven by Dorothy Liebes and sold by Lord & Taylor. The foundation of these artful things is a bamboo pull-up blind, between whose rather widely spaced slats are run narrow strips of rich fabric or metallic braid. Mrs. Liebes has bound these horizontal bands together with a vertical warp of heavy velours thread, and the result is a blind the like of which you never saw. For one of those noble Thermopane picture windows, I can imagine no more satisfactory shade. All the Liebes blinds are custom-made in various materials; the one I saw had vertical threads of pale-yellow velours crossing bands of bright-gold braid that had been inserted between the bamboo slats, and was seventy-nine inches long and sixty-seven inches wide. The price was $195, and, unlike so many things that are offered to us at $195 this season, it was worth every penny of it. —S. H.

•

I, Charles P. Cobb, 814 Hewitt Pl., Bronx, have changed my name to Howard DePaul Indiancorn, U.S. authorities data.
—*Public notice in the Herald Tribune.*

Feel better?

•

Reiner jumped to the tracks, snatched up the dog, threw him onto the platform and then climbed up himself just as the train bounded past.—*The Journal-American.*

Must have been the Wolverine.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

DENVER (AP)—Scott W. Cummings lost his wallet containing $15 while fishing from a boat on Monarch Lake more than

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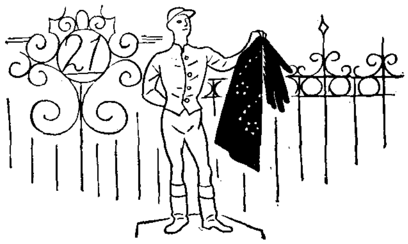
LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: Outside "21", one slim, black, **dawnelle** glove minus pretty owner. Finder anxious to hold hands. MU 5-2883



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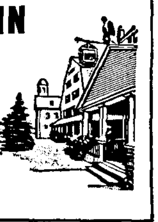

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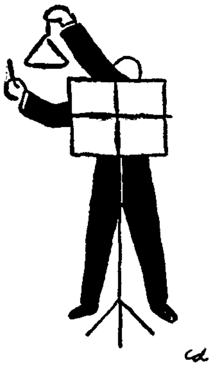
MUSICAL EVENTS

Semester's End



THE Philharmonic-Symphony concluded its hundred-and-sixth season last week with a distinguished performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis in D Major," conducted by Bruno Walter and presented with the assistance of four vocal soloists—Eleanor Steber, Nan Merriman, William Hain, and Lorenzo Alvary—and the Westminster Choir. The "Missa Solemnis" is, as you know, an extraordinarily taxing work for singers; its devotional value can hardly be transmitted unless its exacting technical problems are solved skillfully and, above all, unobtrusively. Both the choristers, under the direction of John Finley Williamson, and the soloists sang with sensitivity and grace, drawing attention to the remarkable music rather than to their own efforts to master it. The orchestra's playing was on the same high level, and Mr. Walter's interpretation of the composition was an outstanding one.

THE latest musical work to be appropriated by our rather predatory choreographers is Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," to which Antony Tudor has composed a new ballet, "Shadow of the Wind." It was produced for the first time last week by the Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mahler's composition is a succession of songs, based on poems by Li Po, for contralto, tenor, and orchestra, and the ballet, which makes use of the vocal as well as the instrumental music, consists of six dance sequences suggested by the moods and colors of the songs and forming an ingenious and attractive complement to them. One of the dances, "The Abandoned Wife," is a brief drama; the others reminded me of drawings in action. They were all done effectively by a large cast, in a charming Chinese set designed by Jo Mielziner. The singers—Louise Bernhardt and Robert Bernauer—were charged with delivering Li Po's verses, in the German translation, from the orchestra pit; they may very well have recited excellently, but I'm not sure, because from where I sat

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

"HE HAD A STROKE." How often we have heard that said about a friend! In all the years I've never talked to anybody who had one, nor have I read anything about what a stroke involves. The other day, though, O. H. Prestemon, a U. S. mailman who writes a column for the Columbia Heights (Minn.) Record, turned out what I think is a masterful job of description. Here's the way he describes it:

"I WAS IN DES MOINES Dec. 16 and had gone to work in the mail car at 5 p.m. An hour later I felt a paralysis of my right arm and leg. This also affected my sight and speech. I hoped it was only of a passing nature, so I did not mention it to my partners, but first walked a half block to the railroad station to see if the walk in the fresh air would help and also to be near a telephone, just in case. By the time I reached the station I had lost the use of my right side completely and my speech was difficult and incoherent. I managed to explain to the fellows in the railroad office my predicament and gave them my wife's telephone number. A police ambulance was called and it was there almost as soon as the telephone was back on the hook. It was decided to send me to the city hospital first for subsequent transfer to whatever available room might be found in any private hospital.

★

"THIS AMBULANCE RIDE was a memorable one. I struggled desperately against a threatened blackout. I had the darnedest time with that right arm. It was heavy as lead and then it would fall kerplunk to the floor and rest on some sharp projections. This caused pain. I reached over with my left hand and tugged at it until I had it draped over my chest, but if I let go of it, a lurch of the ambulance and off it would roll again, so I would start tugging all over again. I stroked my right cheek. I felt the sharp bristles of my day-old beard against my hand but no feeling in my face. I kept testing my speech. I repeated over and over, 'Blessings on thee little man, barefoot boy with cheeks of tan.' I don't know why I chose those lines, but each time I repeated them they sounded more and more like the blubbering of a very drunk man and it kind of bothered me. I said to myself, 'My gosh, something has to be done about this.'

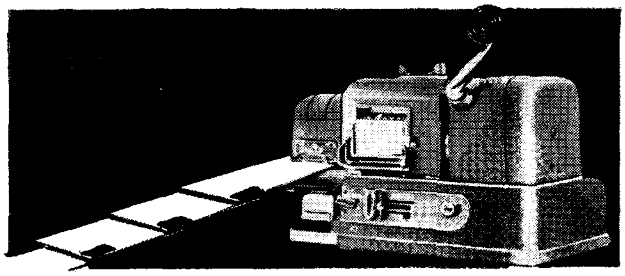
★

"OF COURSE I KNEW it was a stroke and there is nothing to do. If that bleeding continued too long, it would be lights out, that's all. That didn't disturb me a bit, but my interest in the step-by-step approach of what I thought was the end was stimulated to an intensity hard to describe. My main interest was to stay conscious. I wondered, 'Now how is this going to end—will paralysis of the chest muscles stop my breathing, or will the heart stop first?' Really it wasn't a bit important, but interesting just the same. Then I would think about my wife and what a dirty trick this was on her, and tears would stream down my cheeks. Then I'd check my children and grandchildren over one by one and I remembered their smiles and how they say grandpa, and oh I wished they could pass before me just once more. And my brothers and the in-laws and so many of my friends. Swiftly they all passed before my mind's eye, and I was really in a hurry."

★

Well, that's the story—written on his hospital bed by a man who lived to tell it. I used the story in my Minneapolis Star and Tribune column because it's the kind of reporting that adds warmth and reader-appeal to the best-read, best-liked newspapers of the Upper Midwest . . . THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE (combined daily circulation: more than 425,000) and THE MINNEAPOLIS SUNDAY TRIBUNE (circulation: more than 550,000).

Mailing's fleeter



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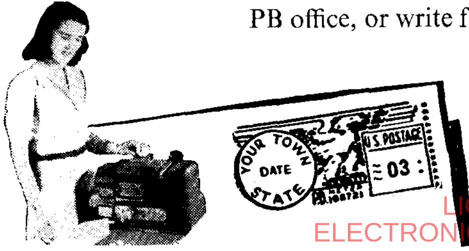

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Postage Meter

PITNEY-BOWES, Inc., 1640 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
Originators of Metered Mail. Largest makers of mailing machines. Branches in 68 cities in U. S. and Canada.

they were all but inaudible. The orchestra, under Max Goberman, performed handsomely.

Among the Ballet Theatre's livelier recent offerings was Igor Stravinsky's standard "Petrouchka," which was strikingly executed by the principals—Alicia Alonso, Hugh Laing, and Dimitri Romanoff—with valuable coöperation from the orchestra.

SPEAKING of Stravinsky, I might point out that he has had quite a rich season hereabouts, which culminated last week in an all-Stravinsky program by the Chamber Art Society at Town Hall. Mr. Stravinsky himself directed "Danses Concertantes" and a revised version of the "Symphonie d'Instruments à Vent." Robert Craft, the musical director of the Society, took over for the "Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra," with Elly Kassman as soloist, and for the Symphony in C, which was having its first concert performance in New York. This symphony is full of interesting detail in Stravinsky's more recent idiom, and I expect that it will be heard fairly often in our concert halls. The selections were directed ably and were generally well played by a medium-sized orchestra.

THE San Carlo Opera Company, which is back at the Center Theatre for its annual cycle of operatic staples, has got off to a fine start with sound performances of "La Traviata," "Carmen," "La Bohème," and "Rigoletto." As usual, the group is introducing a few new singers, and I'll probably have something to say about them later on. The operas that I attended were conducted by Carlo Moresco, who kept things moving brightly and managed to maintain good touch with the cast over the barren spaces of the theatre's apron.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Pare, core and quarter 6 medium-sized peas. Cook slowly till almost tender, then add ½ lemon, cut in pieces. Sweeten to taste and cook till soft. Remove lemon before serving.—*Boston Globe.*

You can leave our lemon in, please.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser*]

The bite of a mad dog is particularly dangerous if it is on the face or neck, the hands and any other part of the body.

VISITORS TO MRS. STARRETT

"I DON'T know whether Dorrice should go over to Mrs. Starrett's or not," Mrs. Pollard said to her husband. "After all, she's never seen a dead person."

Mr. Pollard said, "Mrs. Starrett was very kind to her. She was always so much more patient with Dorrice than most of the neighbors are. She seemed to understand her. I think you ought to see that Dorrice makes some sort of gesture. The old man would probably appreciate it. She *did* like Mrs. Starrett, didn't she?"

"Oh, I think so," Mrs. Pollard answered, frowning. "I mean as much as I could tell she seemed to like her. I never can be sure, naturally, but she went over there a lot."

"Of course, Mrs. Starrett played records for her and gave her cake and things," Mr. Pollard said. "There was that angle."

"As much as I could tell," Mrs. Pollard repeated, raising her voice a trifle, "Dorrice thought of her as a friend."

"Well, you can ask her what she'd like to do," Mr. Pollard said, settling into his chair and unfolding his evening paper. "Ask her if she'd like to go over and see her. You don't think it would frighten her?"

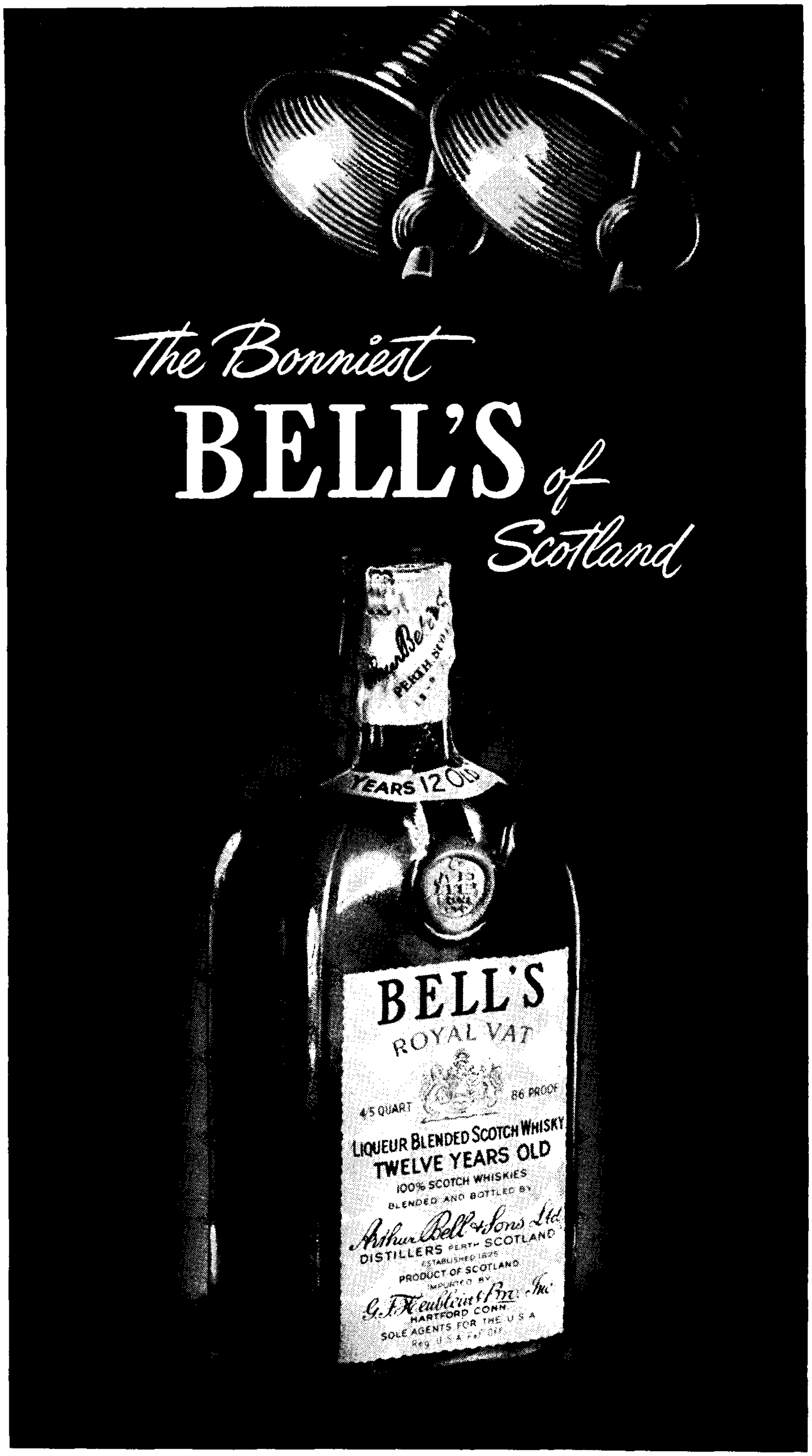
"I'm not sure," Mrs. Pollard said thoughtfully. "We wouldn't stay long, in any case. If I saw her becoming frightened or—or anything else, we'd leave right off. I do think it's the thing, though, to take her over. Out of respect."

"Ask her, then," Mr. Pollard said. He began to read his paper, but when his wife got up to go into their daughter's room, he lifted his head and watched her. Although he was only about forty-five, he had a tired, hopeless, rather gray look, as if he were a much older man.

Mrs. Pollard went into her daughter's room and stood for a moment looking at the fifteen-year-old girl who sat by the window watching the cars come and go next door. "Dear," Mrs. Pollard said, "would you like to go over with me and say goodbye to Mrs. Starrett?" When Dorrice turned, her mother quickly smiled the bright, fixed smile she wore whenever she was speaking to the girl.

"Mrs. Starrett's dead," Dorrice said flatly.

"Well, I mean pay our respects,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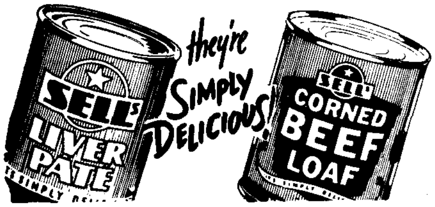

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dear," her mother said. "Show that—well, show Mr. Starrett that we feel sorry, you know. Friends are a very great comfort to a person when they lose a dear one. Mrs. Starrett was so nice . . ."

"She was ugly," Dorrice said.

"Would you like to put on your pretty navy-blue dress and go over for a minute?" Mrs. Pollard went on, smiling. Dorrice sat looking at her.

"There'll be lots of pretty flowers," said Mrs. Pollard in a light, coaxing tone. She went over to the closet and took out Dorrice's dark-blue dress. "Let's slip into this and just go over for a minute." She took the dress off its hanger and shook it out.

"I'll bring flowers, too," Dorrice said, suddenly interested.

"We've already sent flowers, dear," Mrs. Pollard said. "I'll show you our bouquet when we get there." She brought the dress over to her. "Now, let's just put this on."

Dorrice got into the dress and stood silent while her mother brushed her hair. She looked steadily into her mother's eyes while the brush stroked her rather long, light-brown hair. Then they went out of the room and down the hall to the front door.

It was not quite dark. The narrow band of daylight far down in the west was like a crack of light through a half-shuttered window. On the sidewalk, Mrs. Pollard took Dorrice's hand and said in a low tone, "We'll just look at Mrs. Starrett for a moment and then come right back. I'll show you the flowers we sent. We won't—we won't *say* anything, because poor Mr. Starrett feels so bad."

"We'll say goodbye," Dorrice murmured.

"Our *visit* is our goodbye," Mrs. Pollard explained. "I mean by coming to see her we are saying goodbye. We don't say it out *loud*, you see, for of course Mrs. Starrett couldn't hear us."

"Dead and deaf," Dorrice said, and then, again, "Dead and deaf," as though intrigued by the similarity of the words.

THE Starretts' front door was open, and Mr. Starrett was talking with a man and a woman in the entrance hall. He turned as Mrs. Pollard and Dorrice went in, and smiled tiredly. He was a white-haired man, tall and gaunt, who in the last few days had begun to seem stooped. He held out his hand to Mrs. Pollard, and when she took it, his fin-

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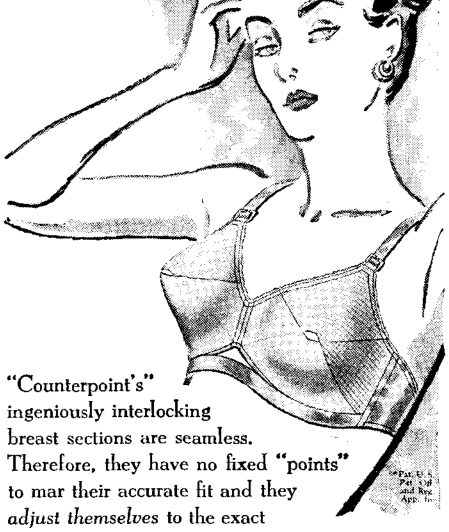
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them warmly, looking sympathetically into his eyes but saying nothing. The man and woman left, and Mr. Starrett turned to Dorrice.

"Hello, Dorrice," he said. His eyes filled with tears as he remembered how gentle and kind his wife had been to this girl. "Your flowers were lovely," he said to her. "Beautiful white roses. See? There they are, just by her head." He pointed through an open door into the living room, where ten or fifteen people stood about in groups, and flowers in baskets were set around the casket.

They went into the room, which was warm and sweet-smelling and very neat, and Dorrice walked to the casket. She looked down at Mrs. Starrett for a moment and then said loudly, "Goodbye."

Mrs. Pollard came up beside Dorrice, took her hand, and held it firmly. "We won't say anything more," she whispered. She looked into the casket briefly and then led Dorrice toward the door. There she paused to speak to Mr. Starrett. "Perhaps I shouldn't have, but she was so sweet to Dorrice . . ." Abruptly, she found herself on the verge of tears and turned her head away.

Mr. Starrett laid his hand on her arm. "I'm glad you did. Thank you both," he said.

MRS. POLLARD, still holding Dorrice's hand, went down the steps and along the walk with her head lowered, blinking rapidly. Dorrice, with a musing smile on her lips, was softly humming. "Goodbye, goodbye," she murmured. "Goodbye, you ugly old woman."

Her mother wrenched at her hand and, when they reached their own house, pulled her quickly up the steps. "Oh, you bad, bad girl! You wicked girl!" Mrs. Pollard sobbed. "And she

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was so nice to you—so nice!" She pushed Dorrice into the hall ahead of her and stood for a moment inside the door with both hands covering her face. Mr. Pollard came into the hall and touched her arm. "Evelyn," he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Pollard. "Yes." She drew in a deep breath. Then she smiled at Dorrice, who stood before her with a puzzled, half-frightened look on her face. "Would you like a piece of cake and a glass of milk before you go to bed, dear?" she asked her.

Dorrice looked from one to the other with a sudden dark stare of suspicion and resentment. Because most girls her age wore lipstick, she had a curiously unfinished appearance without it. She did not answer her mother but turned and went down the hall to her room. They heard her door slam.

Mr. Pollard passed his hand across his forehead. "How was it?" he asked his wife.

"All right," she said tonelessly. They went into the living room and sat down. "She looked very nice. There were lots of flowers. Ours were lovely. Mr. Starrett is—seemed to be bearing up wonderfully."

They sat silent then, in the still house, considering without rancor the peace and good fortune that had come to Mrs. Starrett.

—Dorothy Hunt Schofield

•

Johnny Farrow is writing "The Life of Christ" for the movies. I'm not at liberty at this time to tell you who his collaborator is.—*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times.*

Well, the Thomas Committee will ferret it out.

•

Should Mr. Dewey win the preference vote in Nebraska, such a victory would go far to offset his defeat in Wisconsin. Should he fail to do so—particularly if Mr. Stassen should be the winner—his candidacy for the Presidential nomination would receive another blow.—*James A. Hagerty in the Times.*

That clear *that* up?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Walden," by H. D. Thoreau*]

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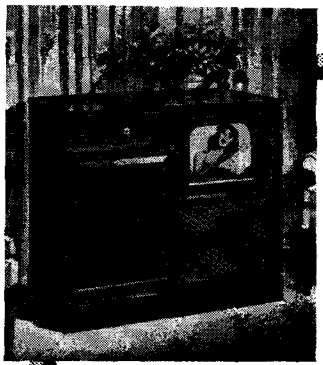

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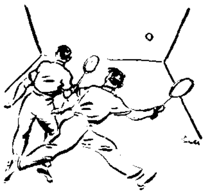
ON THE COURTS

Winner and Still Champion



IN about fifteen years, there may be a good job open for an athletic, gregarious young man whose ambition it is to have plenty of free time, no worries, a lot of congenial companions, and an annual take of comfortable proportions. All an applicant has to do is become a *maître-paumier*, or master court-tennis player, win the World Court-Tennis Championship, and then defend his title every five or ten years. Pierre Etchebaster, who has held this sinecure since 1928, when he took it away from G. F. Covey, the English professional, defended his title at the Racquet & Tennis Club last week against Ogden Phipps, United States amateur champion, with an ease best described as consummate. Etchebaster is nearing fifty-five, and it is reasonable to assume that when he's seventy, he may step aside in favor of a younger man.

Etchebaster, a Basque who was born and brought up in St.-Jean-de-Luz, showed no interest in court tennis until he was twenty-eight, but as an adolescent he was French champion of three faintly similar sports: *chistera*, a game not unlike pelota or jai alai; *pala*, which is played with a wooden implement resembling a broken canoe paddle; and *mains-nues*, a Basque variant of handball. In 1908, he abandoned these pursuits to go to Chile as an apprentice in his family's export business. When the war started, he returned to France and joined the Army as a machine-gunner, a job he worked at for four years without being wounded—something of a record in itself. After being demobilized, he returned to St.-Jean-de-Luz, where, in the summer of 1921, Jacques Worth, the couturier, then court-tennis champion of France, saw him play *chistera*. Worth was so impressed that he persuaded Etchebaster to come to Paris to study court tennis at the Jeu de Paume, on the Rue Lauriston, under Ferdinand Garcin, the rather senescent *maître-paumier* there. Etchebaster learned the intricate game so fast and so well that the following year he became a successful professional, a feat roughly comparable to taking up baseball in April and playing for the Yankees in July. In 1928 he came to this country and won

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the United States Championship from Jock Soutar at the Philadelphia Racquet Club, seven sets to one. A few months later, he sailed for London and took the world title from Covey, at the Prince's Club, by another lopsided score. When Etchebaster had acquired these titles, he became *maître-paumier* at the Racquet & Tennis Club, an arrangement that remains in effect to this day. He is technically on call at the club at all times, but he is in such demand during the winter for lessons and exhibitions at the other hotbeds of the game—Aiken, Tuxedo, Boston, and Philadelphia—that his mileage would do credit to a railroad conductor. Summers he spends at the Piping Rock Club, keeping a fatherly eye on the lawn-tennis situation. He is planning a brief trip to France next month to play a series of exhibition court-tennis matches in Paris and Bordeaux. Then, back to the salt mines at Piping Rock.

THE match last week was for the best seven of thirteen sets, the customary procedure when a world championship is at stake in this seven-hundred-year-old game. Four sets were played on each of the first two days, and Etchebaster won both blocks, three sets to one. He played with such skill and depth of stroke, and his floor shots and variety of service were so consistently aggressive and deceptive, that Phipps never had a chance.

The final set was played last Saturday. Etchebaster won, 6–2, and was given as fine an accolade of foot-stamping, the court-tennis audience's equivalent of hand-clapping, as has been heard in the Racquet & Tennis Club in years. Phipps is, without much question, the world's No. 2 player—in the final of the Amateur Championship matches in February, he beat Alastair Martin 6–0, 6–0, 6–2—so it doesn't appear that Etchebaster's preëminence is in any immediate danger. Tentative plans have been made for a World Open Championship competition at the Racquet & Tennis Club next year, with entries from France and England. Etchebaster won't participate, but the winner is supposed to challenge him. According to reports from those countries, there's no one who could beat Phipps, let alone the Master.—P. W. W., JR.

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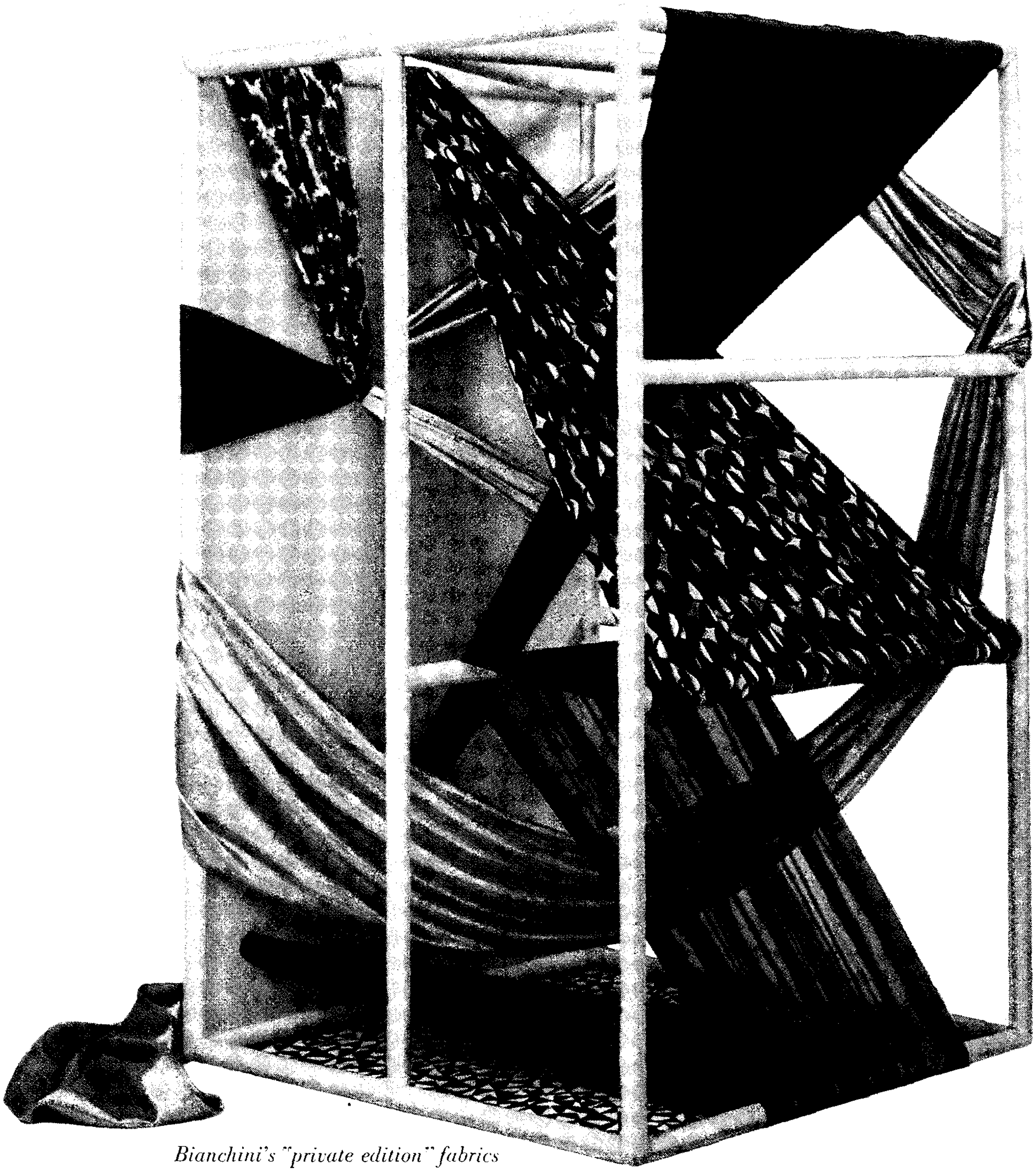

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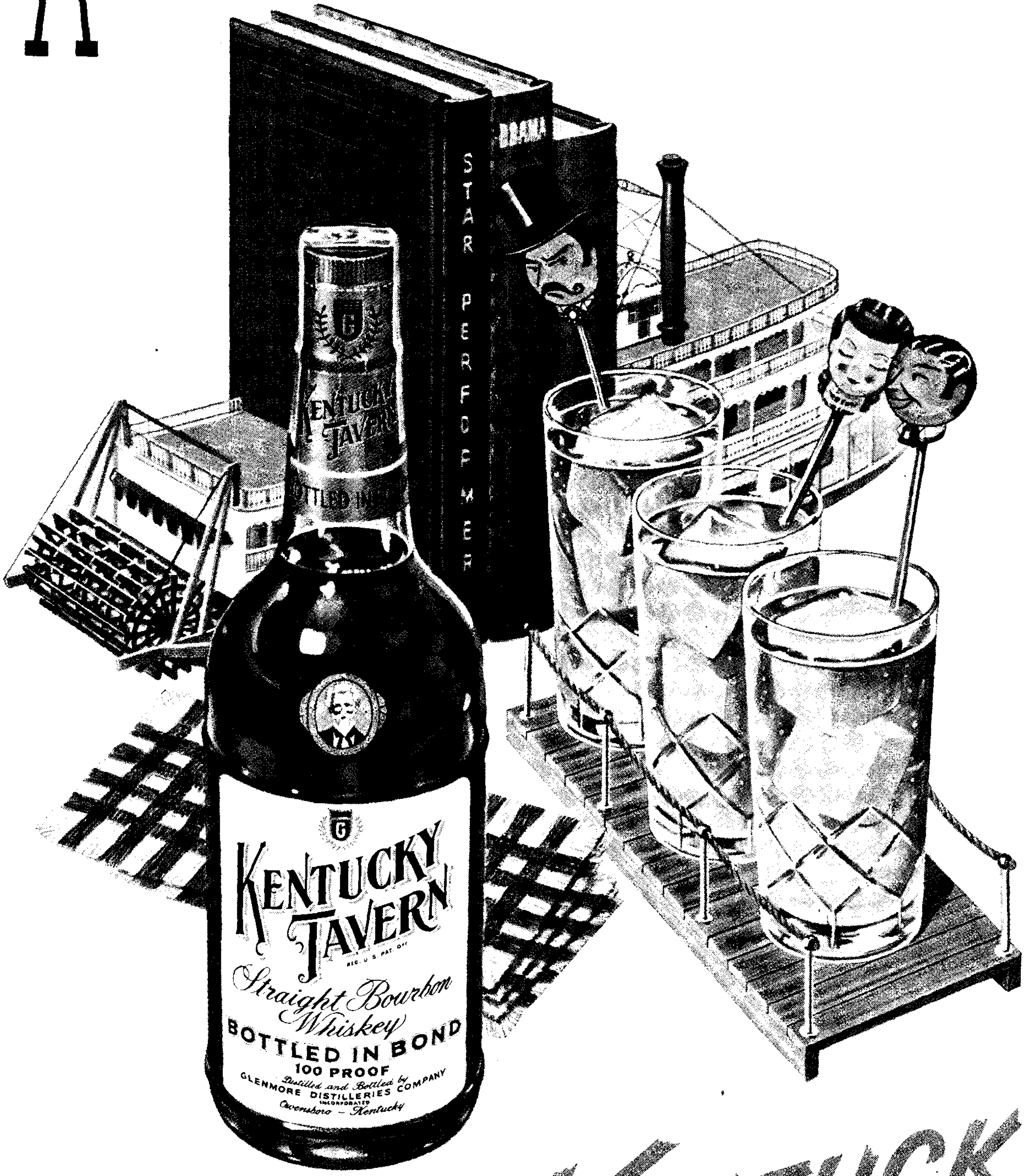
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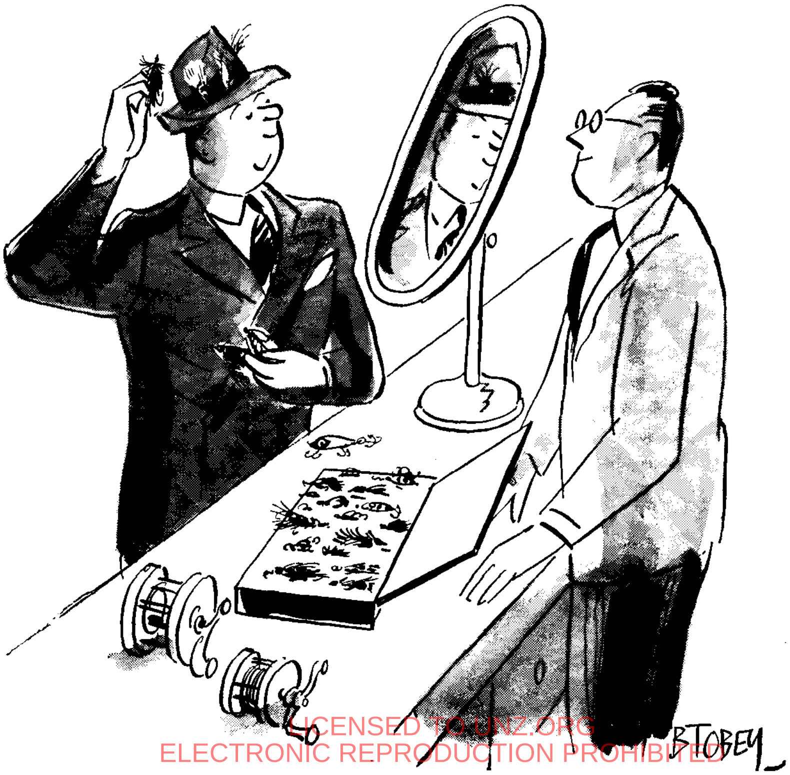
BOOKS

The Reasoning Man

DR. ALFRED E. COHN is among the rare remaining examples of that declining species, *Homo sapiens*. He believes in the duty of man to think, and he is convinced that there cannot be effective argument unless there is an attempt not only to agree upon the premises of thought but to make those premises bear some recognizable relation to the reality of the world about us. One result is his new volume of essays, entitled “No Retreat from Reason” (Harcourt, Brace), which itself may have two wholly admirable results. It may give both pleasure and instruction to the lay reader, since Dr. Cohn writes with style and bears lightly a weight of learning, and it may even prick his fellow-scientists into the realization that there is still an important truth in that classic but half-forgotten dictum of T. H. Huxley's that science is organized common sense. It is an extremely varied fare with which Dr. Cohn presents us. There are two skillful portraits of distinguished medical men, John Wyckoff and Simon Flexner. There is an article celebrating the tercentenary of the great William Harvey that is a model of how a specialist should make his expert knowledge available to the ordinary reader. There are two essays that may be termed the public expression of a deep private faith. One is an apologia, in Newman's sense, the other an ironic approach to those stern academic rules that put the man of science or learning on the university shelf, as a rule, somewhere between the years of sixty-five and seventy. In the rest of the essays, Dr. Cohn is mainly concerned with the impact of science, especially of medical science, upon the complex society in which Man plays his timid and bewildered part.

What I have found superbly interesting in this book is Dr. Cohn's attempt to paint a picture of the influences that have shaped the mind of a man who could achieve the position of a very eminent specialist in diseases of the heart without ever ceasing to be a humanist. The history of science, regarded as an integral part of any effort to understand civilization; the meaning of art; the observation of a number of his remarkable contemporaries—James Mackenzie and E. H. Starling, in London; Jacques Loeb and Rufus Cole, in New York; a curator of fine arts such as William Ivins; a lawyer such as Mr. Justice Frankfurter, who has never confounded the decisions of a court with the achievements of justice—it is to these, and to men like these, that Dr. Cohn has gone to school. From them, he has learned the great truth that, as the English philosopher R. G. Collingwood put it, you cannot get the right answers unless you ask the right questions, and, almost as important, that even if you ask the right questions, it may well prove that the discovery of the answers to them is beyond our powers. Dr. Cohn's is an attitude that, very justly, begets skepticism, humility, the refusal to believe that from chance bits and pieces of dubious history and undependable observation we can build a faith, any faith, that is a permanent guide to the riddles of the universe. It is an attitude that is anxious to be tolerant, because it is aware that even on pretty simple matters it is almost fantastically easy to be wrong. It is therefore always ready to admit that beliefs are not truths merely because they are old. Not less important, it denies that beliefs are truths merely because they are new. It recognizes that there are not necessarily any harmonies in the universe and, above all, that the universe does not express a preordained pattern the majestic lines of which we catch through some sudden glimpse of the poet's imagination or the patient toil of the scientists who piece together its nature by collecting and connecting their innumerable efforts toward some ever more embracing general law. And while it insists that the only weapon upon which we can rely is reason, it recognizes the frailty of reason's hold upon man, the deep power of his emotions, unconscious even more than conscious, to make him employ his reason in the service of his own personality. Dr. Cohn knows how easily each of us assumes that the world has been built to culminate in his own self-expression, and how fatal it is to the balance of mind and to that wisdom that is the sense of proportion if we cannot understand that our universe is always either neutral or hostile. Faiths are edifying mythologies, but they are the toys of children who resist with fury the inexorable demands of a mature civilization. That is why, so often and so catastrophically, desire is the master of reason. That, also, is why Dr. Cohn is so amply aware that the status of *Homo sapiens* carries with it thought and sacrifice and the knowledge that if man is more than a beast, he remains less than a god. Something like this emerges from these illuminating, often moving pages.

I must admit that I



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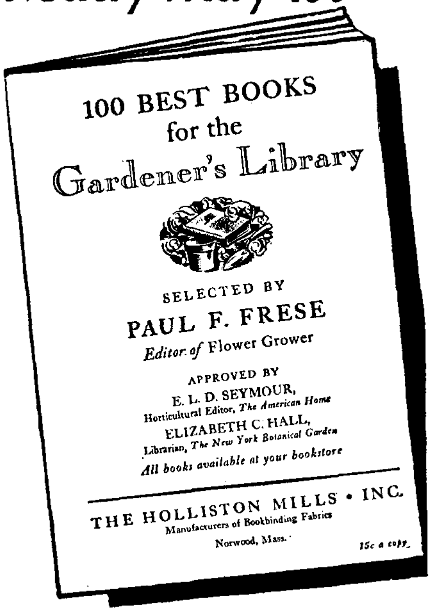

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pleasure in catching Dr. Cohn out in a piece of special pleading, behind the superficial placidity of which there are deep emotions. He is in his seventh decade, and the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, of which he is now a member emeritus, is unwilling to leave in power those of its members who pass the middle of that decade. I suspect that Dr. Cohn enjoyed the routine of power and was not wholly content with the obligation to retire when the given boundary line was passed. So, a little whimsically but not without a wistful irritation, he makes, in one of his essays, an urgent plea for the Methuselahs who, like him, have passed their sixty-fifth year and yet continue to be capable of creative achievement. They are a brave and elegant company: Cervantes and Goethe, Mr. Stimson and General Marshall, Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis—I select at random from among his names. As an Englishman, I give to Dr. Cohn Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Churchill, Thomas Carlyle and Charles Darwin, to bring support to his plea that antiquity, being the possible repository of experience, may also be the proud parent of wisdom. And yet, for all his statistics, Dr. Cohn is enormously one-sided in his argument. Many of the great mathematicians and physicists made their supreme discoveries before they were thirty-five, sometimes—like Galois—before they were twenty-one. Keats and Shelley and Byron, in England, did not need the Psalmist's span of life for their achievement, nor did Edgar Allan Poe or Sainte-Beuve, Renan or Dickens, Dostoevski or Pushkin. Statesmen like Pitt the younger, and Alexander Hamilton, and Lincoln, who died at fifty-six, and Lenin, who died at fifty-four, stand on at least the same eminence as his examples. "Ripeness is all" in Shakespeare at fifty-two. Let us give to the mature men everything that they may fitly claim, but let us admit that this is a realm in which everyone is really unique and that no Gaussian curves tell us anything except the danger of putting too much reliance upon the lessons of Gaussian curves when applied to human material. No one has been more persuasive than Dr. Cohn himself in making us realize that there are always unknown and explosive variables in equations involving men.

Is there anything worse than the judge who ought to retire and will not? Perhaps only the politician who mouths the platitudes of an age that has passed him by, or the professor who is repeating for the fortieth year his course on

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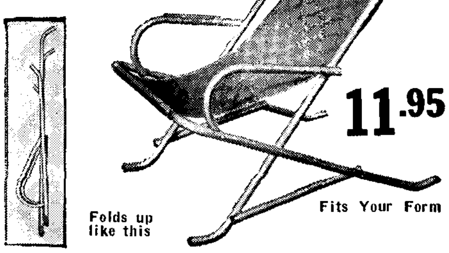

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English composition. Extraordinary men are rare enough, and even more rare are the extraordinary men who can exercise power long without being poisoned by it. So I do not lend myself to Dr. Cohn's serene blandishments. If one of his extraordinary beings retires, he makes way for a younger man, and the younger men also need the chance of looking the world over from the top of the ladder. Retirement is not, in the seventh decade of life, a sentence of death but a chance of liberation. The dull routines lie behind; the opportunity has come to speculate irresponsibly. There are no longer office hours or the grave pretenses of that enemy of creative thought, the never-ending round of inescapable committees. The retired politician can tell the truth; the retired judge can, if he will, help in the urgent task of reforming the law; even the retired professor, if he has mind and heart, can work to emancipate the students in our universities from the grim academic jungle into which they have been driven by "educators." In fact, Dr. Cohn ought to have seen that only after sixty-five or seventy is the eminent man really a free man, who can chuckle appropriately at his past and afford a sense of humor about the future. For the free men are the men who have escaped from the trappings of power. They have evaded their foes, and they no longer need to compel their friends. I venture the remark to this great friend of civilized living that he has reached the gateway where, at last, he can enter the promised land. —HAROLD J. LASKI

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SONG OF THE FLEA, by Gerald Kersh (Doubleday). A further display of Mr. Kersh's apparently inexhaustible knowledge of how Londoners, particularly those who circulate around Bloomsbury and Covent Garden, occupy themselves after dark. Most of them seem to be up to no good, a fact that becomes increasingly apparent to the novel's chief character, a writer who occasionally drops his serious work to pick up extra money by writing feature stories on the city's irregular neighborhoods for the newspapers. There are some good satirical touches on the off-duty behavior of artists, petty criminals, and lawyers, but these good marks are cancelled out by the author's predilection for tasteless vulgarity.

SOMEDAY, BOY, by Sam Ross (Farrar, Straus). About a tough young man

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The styling is Chippendale to the letter—the wood a beautifully-grained solid Honduras Mahogany. And isn't the combination lovely? A 56" double dresser base from an open stock group which includes a high 4-poster or panel bed (twin or full size), a 6-drawer chest-on-chest, a 5-drawer chest, a vanity base and mirror, bench and nightstand. The piece shown is $249 and the mirror is $55.

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from the big city who repays society for his impoverished youth by devoting his adult years to the study and practice of chicanery. Mr. Ross tells the familiar story competently but hasn't introduced any new departures, unless you regard as an innovation the fact that the hero, after coming off second best in a shady real-estate transaction, decides to marry his childhood sweetheart and get out of town.

PARRIS MITCHELL OF KINGS ROW, by Henry and Katherine Bellamann (Simon & Schuster). This book, completed by Mrs. Bellamann after her husband's death three years ago, is the second installment of what was to have been a trilogy dealing with a small Midwestern town's transition from a somnolent late-nineteenth-century glen into an accelerated modern community. The forces of progress are typified by the young man, now in his mid-thirties and a psychiatrist, who dominated the first volume. Despite reactionary opposition to his brand of therapy, he moves confidently among his fellow-townsmen in the days just preceding the first World War, distributing professional formulas for mental health to all who seek him out. Concurrently, he finds time to give political counsel to those of his neighbors who are upset about American participation in the war and to sort out some of his own problems, notably a tense situation in his home life. Mediocre.

THE TOWN BELOW, by Roger Lemelin (Reynal & Hitchcock). A survey of the folkways and economic procedures prevailing in the socially submerged quarter of the city of Quebec. In the course of a thorough sweep through that dreary area, the author, himself a French-Canadian, turns a restrained critical beam on the French separatist movement, the financial and emotional relations between his characters and their church, and the attitude of Quebec's various social classes toward one another. The less specialized side of the story has to do with an impassioned friendship between a young convent graduate and the spirited son of a laborer. Interesting in a mildly exotic way.

PROCEED AT WILL, by Burke Wilkinson (Little, Brown). A dressed-up thriller about a young Englishman with a hyperthyroid appetite for danger who, a few days before the Allied invasion of Normandy, does his success by venturing forth in a midget submarine and personally blowing up a German battleship. There is also on hand a beautiful young lady whose presence, added to the hero's fretfulness (he frequently indicates that he would just as soon be working for the Germans if they had something equally exciting to offer), contributes to the atmosphere of near disaster that surrounds the enterprise during its long period of rehearsal. Diverting if you have the time.

PLUNDER, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House). A story of personal and political immorality in Washington, in which Mr. Adams belabors most of the nefarious activities that have sprung up in the capital since he wrote "Revelry," in 1926, and also manages, by setting the story in 1950, to lambaste legislative evils yet unborn. The chief object of his robust satire is a wealthy industrialist whose talent for corruption finally establishes him as one of the most powerful men in Washington. An alternate target, on which the author does his most felicitous job, is a poisonous legislative committee that greatly resembles the tireless little band headed by Parnell Thomas.

THE GOLDEN HAWK, by Frank Yerby (Dial). Very high adventure in the Caribbean during the final years of the seventeenth century. At the center of the commotion is a free-lance buccaneer who, when not distracted by his numerous amours, spends his time competing in an incessant decathlon of land and water contests with rival pirates and port authorities. By the author of "The Foxes of Harrow."

GENERAL

ON ACTIVE SERVICE, by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy (Harper). Mr. Stimson's candid personal record of his career as a public servant, starting with his early days as a United States Attorney under Theodore Roosevelt and ending with his resignation as Secretary of War, in September, 1945. Over half the book deals with the second World War, providing an intimate account of the big strategy of that conflict, as well as appraisals of the major political and military figures on the Allied side, from President Roosevelt to General de Gaulle. It gives a clear idea of the real differences between the British and the

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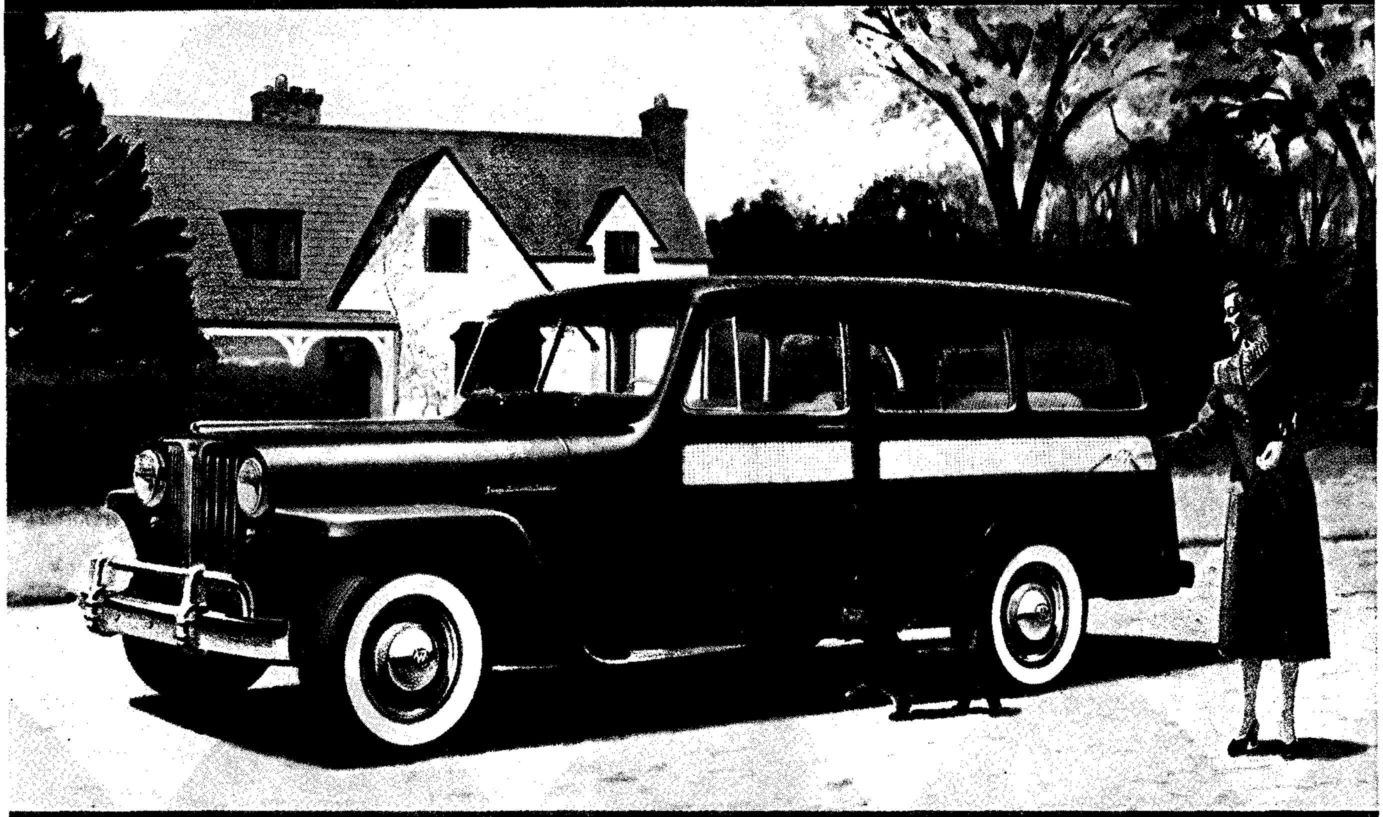

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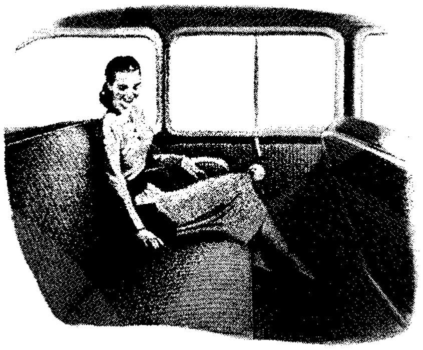

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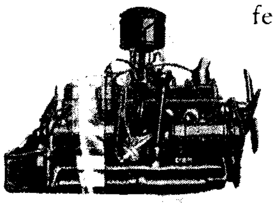

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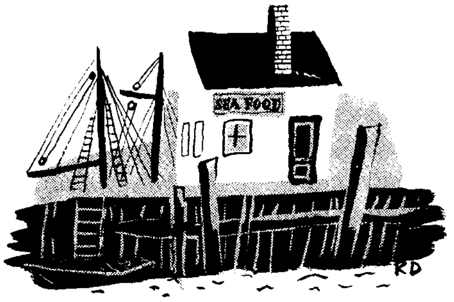
war in Europe and disposes of many of the commonly imagined ones, such as the charge that Churchill opposed the Normandy invasion because he wanted an assault farther east, to limit the Russian orbit of influence. In these matters, of course, Mr. Stimson's testimony is, historically, of the first importance.

Toward World Peace, by Henry A. Wallace (Reynal & Hitchcock). A simply written, sometimes eloquent statement of Mr. Wallace's beliefs on the important issues of the day—the future of the United Nations, inflation, civil liberties, and the crisis in international affairs—to which is added a program for attaining "peace without appeasement." As expressed in this book, the author's views on such explosive topics as Russia and Communism are quite mild and almost middle-of-the-road, altogether different from the opinions he has been represented as holding by many commentators and editorial writers.

Lenin, by David Shub (Doubleday). A straightforward and apparently unbiassed biography by a man who knew and worked with Lenin in the old Russian Social Democratic Party when Lenin was one of the Party's leaders. The author quotes frequently from Lenin's writings, including part of the famous "Testament," now suppressed in Russia, in which Lenin warned Party leaders against Stalin's lust for power, advised them to get rid of him after his own death, and told them to keep an eye on Trotsky, too. The main implication of the book is that Lenin, because of the durability of his philosophy, the force of his personality, and his influence on the men who inherited his power, still runs the Soviet Union.

The Hatfields and the McCoys, by Virgil Carrington Jones (Chapel Hill). Annals of one of the most famous and most extensive private wars in American history, the feud between the Hatfields of West Virginia and the McCoys of Kentucky, which nearly resulted in a full-scale battle



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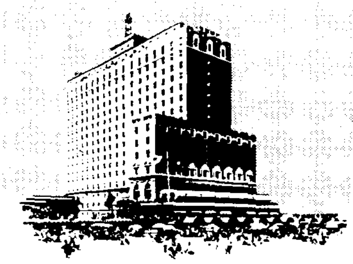

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between the two states. Mr. Jones, who has obviously done a lot of research, deflates the customary exaggerated claims as to the bloodthirstiness of the feuding (he found records of fewer than a score of deaths in about twenty years of fighting), but he does not deny that it was a hard-fought war, and his chronicle of the struggle between the two clans and their leaders, Devil Anse Hatfield and Rand'l McCoy, is an entertaining one. Illustrated.

Tell the West, by Jerzy Gliksman (Gresham). Another eyewitness report on slave labor in the Soviet Union, this time by a Polish lawyer and Socialist who was arrested, for reasons he never fully understood, by the N.K.V.D. shortly after the invasion of Poland and shipped off to a concentration camp to be "remolded" into a useful citizen by "productive work and suitable educational approach." The remolding, Mr. Gliksman says, consisted of nothing more than systematic starvation, ill treatment, and a losing battle to fill hopelessly high daily work quotas; it killed many of his fellows and would have killed him if amnesty had not been granted Poles willing to fight the Germans. Calmly written, and thoroughly documented.

Hollywood on Trial, by Gordon Kahn (Boni & Gaer). The story of the ten motion-picture writers, producers, and directors who were indicted for refusing to answer specific questions on their political beliefs at hearings of the Thomas Committee on Un-American Activities. The book is made up of excerpts from testimony heard before the Committee, with narrative interpolations by the author. There is a foreword by Thomas Mann.

New Geography of American Antiques, by Carl W. Drepperd and Lurelle Van Arsdale Guild (Doubleday). A valuable handbook not only for collectors but for anyone with an interest in the origin and development of our native crafts. The emphasis is on furniture, but there are also informative discussions of American glass, silverware, and textiles, and, as an aid to the easy identification of the styles of early cabinetmakers, innumerable sketches of detail—all of which make the volume extremely useful for reference. Copiously illustrated.

The Art of Italian Cooking, by Maria Lo Pinto (Doubleday). The "Art" of the title is slightly misleading, since what the author gives us are good, though certainly not inspired, dishes from *la cucina borghesia.* There is, however, a great deal that Americans can learn from Italian family cooking, and in spite of her weakness for substitutions (peanut oil for olive oil, canned tomatoes for fresh, and so on), Miss Lo Pinto is, apparently, the woman to teach us.

Scandinavian Cookery for Americans, by Florence Brobeck and Monika Brilioth Kjellberg (Little, Brown). The growing and very sensible interest in the sort of Scandinavian cookery that goes beyond the greatly publicized hors-d'œuvre should find encouragement in this collection of recipes, impartially drawn from Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and Finnish kitchens. The recipes are intended for the use of average American cooks, and it is reassuring to note that they have not been adapted out of all resemblance to their succulent originals.

The Physiology of Taste, by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (Liveright). A reissue of the unabridged translation of one of the most quoted and, possibly, least read of French classics. A singular feature of the reprint is that the foreword, signed by the publishers, includes, without any reference to their author, nine pages of the engaging foreword written by the late Frank Crowninshield for the 1926 edition.

VERSE

An Anthology of Irish Verse, edited by Padraic Colum (Liveright). Mr. Colum has now added to his well-arranged collection, first published in 1922, a selection of work by poets both of Eire and of Northern Ireland who began to appear in print after 1920. Both the native Gaelic and the later Anglo-Irish traditions are represented, and the editor's introduction and biographical notes point up the historical background. Mr. Colum, fortunately, has not been influenced by modern Irish literary piety to leave out heretical figures like James Joyce and Frank O'Connor.

The Divine Comedy, translated into English blank verse by Lawrence Grant White; illustrations by Gustave Doré (Pantheon). This blank-verse rendition is, compared to Laurence Binyon's translation into English *terza rima*, rather pedestrian, although clear and straightforward. The volume is large and beautifully printed. The seventy Doré illustrations, high points in nineteenth-century Romantic imagination, are an excellent complement to the text.

Figures for an Apocalypse, by Thomas Merton (New Directions). The third volume by that Trappist monk, written at Our Lady of Gethsemani Monastery, in Kentucky. Merton continues to combine strong religious feeling with striking gifts of language and observation. His dislike for Mammon, though patently real, often pushes him into a shrill prophetic tone that sounds strained and uncharitable compared to the tone of his purely devotional verse.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Dreadful Summit, by Stanley Ellin (Simon & Schuster). Grisly suspense stuff about a sixteen-year-old New York boy who is driven to commit murder because—to name the most influential of a good many reasons—he has soaked himself in the more lurid comics for years. As a psychological study of a youth who has been well enough cared for physically but ignored in almost every other respect, the novel makes its point, but it is extremely repetitious about a good many of the more intimate phases of adolescence. Technically excellent, except for a trick ending, apparently the trademark of suspense stories these days.

The Missing Widow, by Anthony Gilbert (Barnes). Mrs. Emily Watson, a rich, stupid, and sorely put-upon widow, falls into a trap set by a murderous doctor who seeks patients for a rest home in a remote region of England. Mrs. Watson's plight is alarming indeed until Arthur Crook, the ungenteel but canny London lawyer, insinuates himself into the case and beats the police to the rescue. Familiar ingredients, skillfully handled.

Detroit Murders, edited by Alvin C. Hamer (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A collection of nine factual accounts of murder, and the latest addition to this regional series. Detroit, like Chicago, seems to have gone in for large-scale exterminations, of which one of the best chronicles is Charles T. Haun's "Night Terror," dealing with the intimidating activities of the Black Knights gang in 1936. The interesting material on which the stories are based is, unfortunately, more often than not obscured by mediocre writing.

A Treasury of Science Fiction, edited by Groff Conklin (Crown). Another thumping big anthology,

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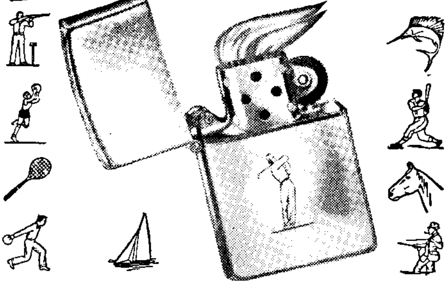
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comprising the sort of pulp-magazine fiction that is currently being widely spoken of as likely to supplant the traditional murder story. Among the better items are H. F. Heard's well-known and truly hair-raising piece "The Great Fog" and William Tenn's "Child's Play," the latter notable chiefly because it's quite funny, a rare quality in this field. Otherwise, the contents are almost indistinguishable from those of "The Best of Science Fiction," the predecessor to this volume, even though the stories are, of course, different ones.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Memorandum from a staff colonel of an Army post*]

29 March 1948

Memorandum: To Allied Students.
Subject: Reception for General——, Sunday, 4 April—Golf Club.

1. The following data concerning the reception for General ——, to be held on Sunday, 4 April 1948 at the Golf Club, are published for your information:

a. The Commandant requests that all Allied Students attend. Their wives are cordially invited to accompany them.

b. In order to provide an orderly constant flow through the Receiving Line, a sequence and approximate time schedule has been directed. The sequence is as follows: Staff; School of Personnel instructors; School of Intelligence instructors; Air Section; Navy Section; British Section; Allied Officers Section and Allied Students; School of Combined Arms instructors; School of Logistics Instructors; Department of Analysis and Research; U. S. student officers personally acquainted with General ——. The Schedule for the Allied Officers Section and Allied Students is as follows:

(1) Report to Assembly Area (Entrance Hall of Club) at 1610 hours. (If you arrive before 1610, go downstairs until 1610 hours.)

(2) Move to Ready Line (near fireplace in Lounge) by 1615 hours. (To expedite the flow through the Receiving Line, please do not attempt to form by country nor by relative grade.)

(3) Move to Starting Line (door leading into Main Hall) by 1621 hours.

(4) Col. —— will introduce officers and wives of British Commonwealth, starting at 1621 hours, followed by Col. —— who will introduce all other Allied students and wives as well as members of the Allied Officers Section and wives.

(5) Please wear your name card.

c. Short dresses are recommended for wives, as the reception will end at 1800 hours.

[Editors' Note: Accompanying the above memorandum was a map showing the route through the lounge to the Ready Line, thence past the fireplace to the Starting Line and the Receiving Line. We have deleted it for security reasons.]

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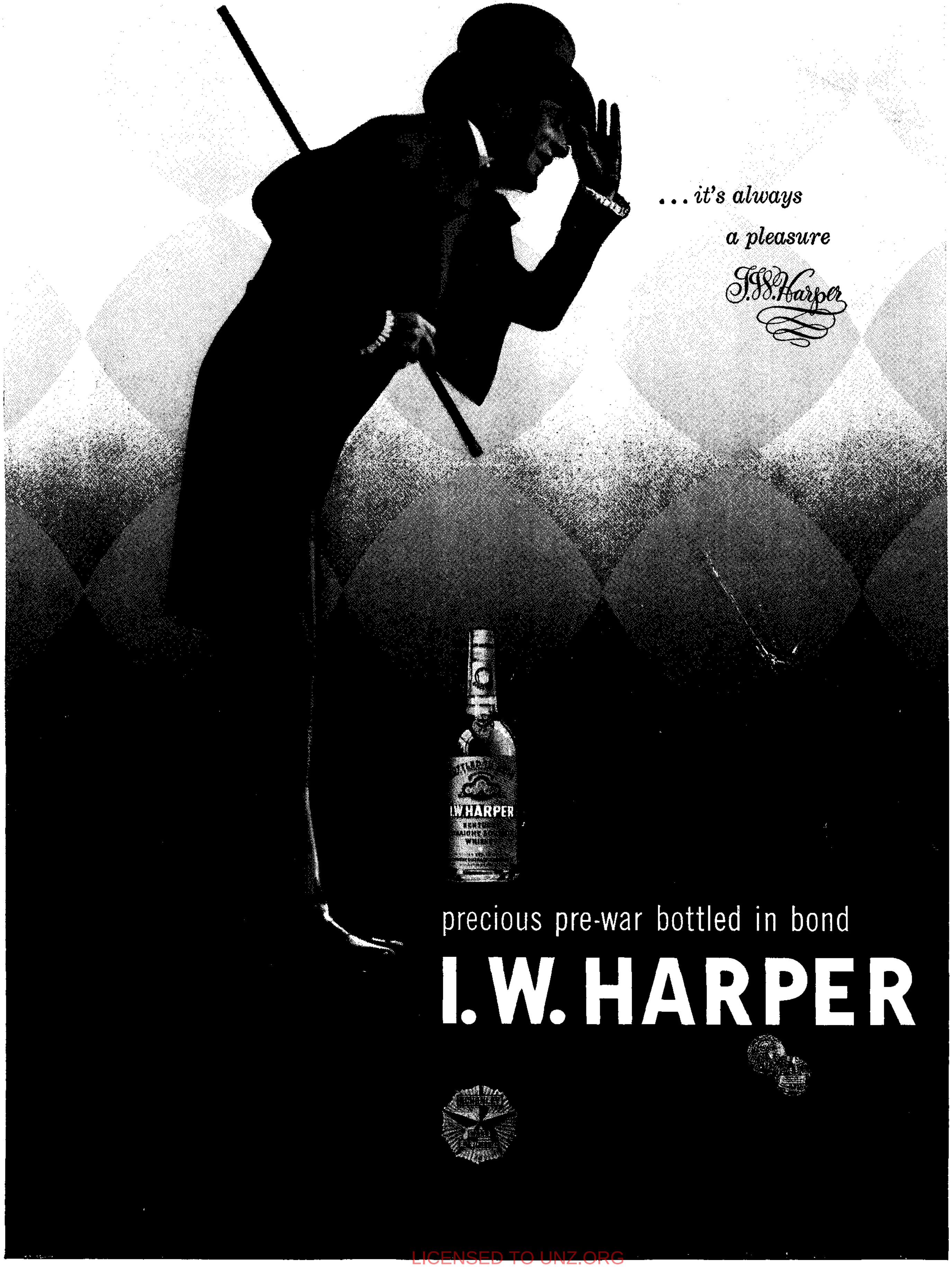
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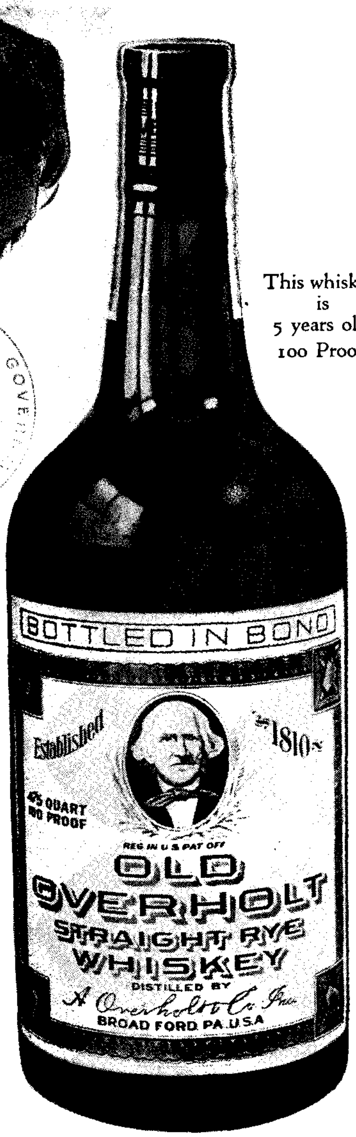
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STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.

This whiskey
is
5 years old
100 Proof

Over the years with

Old Overholt

ITS GOOD TASTE ALWAYS STANDS OUT

National Distillers Products
Corporation, New York, N.Y.